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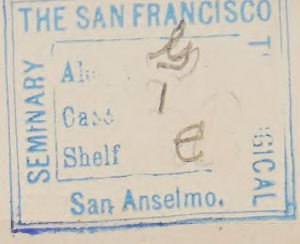

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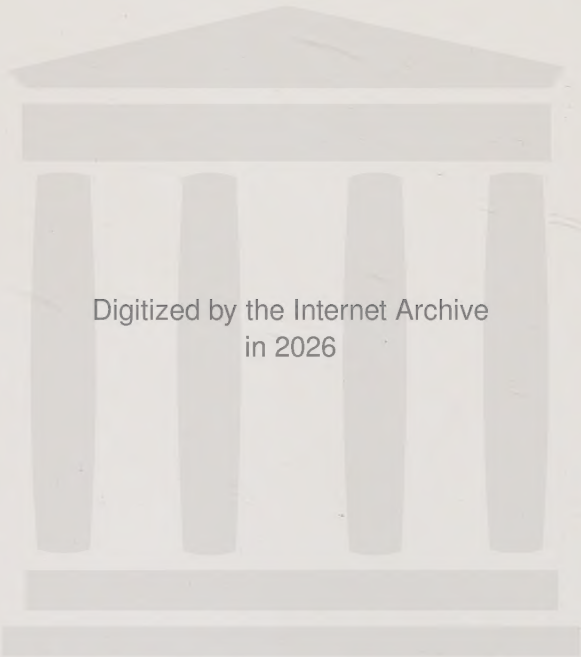

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BUNYAN'S LIFE, TIMES, &c.

LIFE TIMES

AND

CHARACTERISTICS

OF

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE

LIFE,

TIMES, AND CHARACTERISTICS

OF

JOHN BUNYAN,

AUTHOR OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

494

BY

ROBERT PHILIP,

AUTHOR OF

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WHITEFIELD ; THE EXPERIMENTAL GUIDES, &C.

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION
San Francisco Theological Seminary
Arlington Road, San Anselmo, CA

Though thou hast "lien amongst the *pots*, yet shalt thou be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."—David.

NEW-YORK:

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M DCCC XXXIX.

H. LUDWIG, PRINTER,
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TO

THOMAS THOMPSON, ESQ.

AND

THE HONOURABLE MRS. THOMPSON,

OF POUNDSFORD PARK, SOMERSETSHIRE,

AND VANBURGH HOUSE, GREENWICH,

THIS

Ark of Bunyan's Remains,

IS DEDICATED,

BY THEIR FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

Newington Green,
Jan. 1, 1839.

PREFACE.

FOREIGNERS have long wondered, that a century and a half should have passed away without producing a Life of Bunyan. We ourselves can hardly explain this anomaly in our biographical literature. It has certainly not arisen, however, from any national indifference to Bunyan. Perhaps, the real reason is, that we identify him with his Pilgrim: for CHRISTIAN is, in one sense, as Montgomery has well said, "a whole-length Portrait of the Author himself." We thus feel that we can know nothing *better* of Bunyan; and therefore we let our curiosity fall asleep. And yet, it ought to occur to us, that he was not likely to tell all the *best*, concerning himself, even in an Allegory; for he was as modest as he was frank. Besides, his Pilgrim never writes Books, nor preaches Sermons; and thus neither the literary nor the ministerial life of Bunyan has any place in the Allegory. In like manner, neither Doubt-

ing Castle, nor the Cage at Vanity Fair, is any emblem of his own imprisonment in Bedford Jail.

These considerations would have weighed with the public, and even led to a *demand* for a real Life of Bunyan, long ago, had not every new biographical Sketch, repeated merely the *old* facts. This repressed curiosity; especially when neither Dr. Southey nor Mr. Conder added any thing to the old facts, but new and beautiful forms. Even Mr. Ivimey, the historian of the Baptists, made but few discoveries, although he threw some valuable lights upon both "the Pilgrim" and "Grace Abounding."

There is neither censure nor sarcasm in these remarks. No one, perhaps, who had only a *literary* purpose to answer, "would have prepared an Ark for the saving" of Bunyan's Remains: whereas, the Author of this Volume had to complete the design of his "Experimental Guides for the Perplexed and Doubting," by an explanation of the wonderful and mysterious experience of John Bunyan. He had thus a motive which compelled him to search diligently. He had also, on both sides of the Atlantic, a circle of readers, large enough for his ambition, and upon whom he could calculate, if his researches were successful. They have been so, beyond even his most sanguine expectations.

He discovered much that was unknown or unnoticed hitherto, as well as much to enlarge and illustrate what is best known in the history of Bunyan. Whilst, therefore, the Work is partly experimental, it is chiefly *biographical*, and intended equally for the world and the Church. It claims, indeed, to be as complete a Life of Bunyan, as his own documents, or the traditions of his country, can furnish, at this late period: for although as the ARK of his Remains, it has more *pitch* than paint upon it, and is rather Puritanical than fashionable in its shape: it is not ill stored with facts, nor overloaded with private opinions. There are, indeed, both opinions and principles in it, and not few of them; but they are neither "*creeping things*" in their form, nor *uncatholic* in their spirit. They are not ceremonious; but they are never sectarian, except *Protestantism* be so.

This Volume will be followed by a Standard Family Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, from Bunyan's revised text; and illustrated by old Prints or new Drawings of its local Scenery, and with Notes chiefly from his own pen. Some of the Prints were intended for his Life; but only that of his Cottage could be finished in time. When ready, however, they may be had, separately, to bind up with this Volume.

The Author has been much facilitated in his researches by Librarians especially. As usual, he is not a little indebted to his friend Joshua Wilson, Esq. and to the Rev. Mr. Belcher of *Bunyan* Chapel, Greenwich. His obligations to friends at Bedford are acknowledged in the body of the Work. To his friend Mr. William Dash, of Kettering, he is indebted for the *best* of the old editions of the Pilgrim's Progress; to Mr. Althens, Jun., for the loan of Boetius a' Bolswerts' Pilgrim, of 1627; to Mr. R. Baines, for not a few scarce books; to B. Hanbury, Esq. of the Bank; and last, though not least, to the Baptist College at Bristol.

R. P.

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THE

LIFE OF BUNYAN.

CHAPTER I.

BUNYAN'S BOYHOOD.

A STRANGER, who admires and loves Bunyan, approaches Bedford as a poet or a divine would enter Smyrna; the former thinking only of Homer, and the latter only of Polycarp; and both trying how vividly they can realize the image of their favourite, amidst the scenes once consecrated by his presence, and still enshrined by his memory. It is no difficult thing, I suppose, for a real poet, if he believes Herodotus, to imagine the rocks of Smyrna vocal yet with the harp of Homer; nor for a real Christian, if he credits Eusebius, to mistake the evening sun-light upon them, for the last glimmerings of Pylycarp's martyr-pile. Even I felt no difficulty, on entering Bedford, and walking around it, to associate every thing with Bunyan, or to enshrine any thing with his Pilgrim. The town, indeed, did not seem to me "the City of Destruction;" and the bridge was too good, and the water too clear, to allow the river to be regarded as "the Slough of Despond:" but it was hardly possible not to see Christian in every poor man who carried a burden, and Christiana in every poor woman who carried a market-basket in one hand, and led a child with the other. One sweet-looking peasant girl, also, might have been MERCY'S youngest sister. She would have been

beautiful anywhere; but she was enchanting upon the spot where Bunyan's Mercy (that finished portrait of female loveliness) had *walked and wept.* In like manner, any ragged urchin, if only robust and boisterous enough, and evidently the ringleader of fun or mischief, seemed the *boy* Bunyan himself, although only a few minutes before a venerable old man had seemed the very personification of the Baptist Minister of Bedford: but no one seemed to be the Glorious Dreamer, although many looked sleepy enough.

There is wisdom as well as weakness in such reveries, when the memory that inspires them is really immortal. If Dr. Johnson was warranted to say at Icolmkill, "Far from me be such frigid philosophy as would conduct us indifferent or unmoved over any ground dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue: that man is little to be envied whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona—that illustrious island, from which savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion;" any man who can feel may rationally give way to all his feelings at Bedford bridge, where the Glorious Dreamer conceived and wrote The Pilgrim's Progress. That one book has diffused more light over Christendom, than Iona ever did over the Hebrides, even when it was "the luminary of the Caledonian regions." Iona will never be the light of the North again: but the Pilgrim will be one of the chief lights of the world until the end of time.

It is strange, but it is true, that the mind, although occupied, and even absorbed, with the remote as well as the immediate visions of Bunyan's incalculable influence upon the world at large, should yet keep the eye of the musing visitor searching the fields and hedges around Bedford, for spots where the wild tinder-boy was likely to have played at cat, and taken dangerous leaps, and robbed orchards. It is, however, impossible not to pause every now and then, as if the marks of his heels were yet visible on the other side of the ditches, and the marks of his knife upon the old trees. He was such a thorough scapegrace whilst a boy, that all marks of mischief and daring seem left by him alone.

Bunyan was born in the year 1628, at Elstow, a village near Belford. His father, although a tinker, and thus, of course, a *tramper* often, and very poor, does not seem to have had any real connexion with the gypsy tinkers. Bunyan says, indeed, "My father's house (meaning his descent) was

of that rank that is meanest and *most* despised of all the families of the land." This implies that they had somewhat identified themselves with the gypsies, or allowed themselves to be classed with them. He does not, however, say, nor insinuate, that his parents were *personally* despised by their neighbours, or that they were profligate. I have now before me two old Sketches of his Life, which state that they were "honest, and bore a fair character." He himself records with gratitude, that notwithstanding their meanness and inconsiderableness, God put into their hearts "to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write, according to the rate of other poor men's children."—*Life by Himself.*

This is so rarely done by tinkers, even now, that the fact warrants the report of the "fair character" of his parents, at least for honesty and industry. It deserves special notice also, that Bunyan does not ascribe any of his own vices to their example. He says nothing, indeed, against them. On the other hand, however, he says but little in their favour, except that they sent him to school; and that most likely, cost them nothing. The Harpur Grammar School in Bedford, founded in 1556, by Sir W. Harpur, Mayor of London, for teaching "grammar and good manners," was then open to the children of the poor; and Elstow itself, as the seat of one of the oldest abbeys, may have had some charitable foundation of the same kind. It was then in the possession of the Hildersons, and continued in that family until *Whitbread* purchased it. The abbey was founded in the reign of William the Conqueror, by Judith, his niece, the then Countess of Huntingdon: a fact which had, perhaps, no small influence upon her illustrious successor, Selina, when she consecrated her wealth, as well as her heart, to the glory of God.

If Bunyan was educated at the Harpur School, he certainly did not learn "*good manners*," whatever "grammar" he acquired there. "From a child," he says, "I have but few equals, (considering my years, which were then but tender and few,) for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me."

Thus the school, whatever it was, had no moral influence upon the pupil. Bunyan says nothing of his master, as having ever interfered by the rod or reproof to check or warn him, when he began his open ungodliness. There is, therefore, some reason to suspect, that his teacher never tried at all, nor

his parents much, to bring him up in the fear of God. This is a painful conclusion: but I know of nothing to soften it; except we suppose that he drew the picture of his own boyhood, partly, in the early life of his BADMAN. He says of him, "From a child he was very bad. He used to be, as we say, the ringleader and master-sinner from a child; the inventor of bad words, and an example of bad actions. When a child, his parents scarce knew when to believe he spake true. He was also much given to pilfer and steal the things of his fellow-children, or any thing at a neighbour's house. Yea, what was his father's could not escape his fingers. All was fish that came to his net. You must understand me, of *trifles*: for being yet but a child, he attempted no great matter, especially at first. He was also greatly given, and that whilst a lad, to grievous cursing and swearing. He counted it a glory to swear and curse; and it was as natural to him as to eat, drink, and sleep."—*Life and Death of Mr. Badman.*

This is not only very like what Bunyan says of himself in his own Life; but it is told with an ease and a point, which experience alone could have reached. Mr. Badman was, no doubt, a real character, whom Bunyan knew and studied: but he certainly studied "the young rogue's" boyhood, because of its resemblance to his own. He either saw himself reflected in that lad; or he completed Badman's image from his own features, to heighten its effect. This being evidently the fact, it may be equally true that he refers to his own parents, when he says, "To my knowledge," young Badman's "way of living was a great grief to his parents; for their hearts were much dejected at this beginning of their son. Nor did there want counsel or correction from them to him, if that would have made him better. He was told over and over again, in *my* hearing, that all liars should have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." "I *dare* (to) say, he learned none of his wicked things from his father and mother, nor was he admitted to go much abroad among other children that were vile, to learn to sin of them."

If there be any reference here to his own parents, it will account for the fact, that he never blames them for a bad example; and it will explain his "fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation," whilst he was but a boy. That is unaccountable, perhaps, otherwise. The following picture of his conscience tells at once, that solemn truths had been

lodged in his memory, and fixed in his imagination, by some *human* means, whatever they were. "Even in my childhood, the Lord did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with fearful visions. For often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted while asleep, with the apprehension of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them : of which I could never be rid.

"Also I should at these years, be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire : still fearing, that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.

"These things, I say, when I was but a child,—but nine or ten years old—did so distress my soul, that then in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith : yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also, *then*, so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors ; or that, if it must needs be I went thither, I might rather be a tormentor than be tormented myself."

All this is somewhat too much, both in vividness and variety, even for the mind of Bunyan ; unless we suppose that his parents, or his schoolmaster, or somebody else, had occasionally plied him with scriptural arguments against sin. True, the mental elements of the man were in the boy, even then ; and he had evidently read the Scriptures, and remembered their haunting visions of the wrath to come. It is impossible, however, to refer to them his wish to be a devil, that thus he might be a tormentor, instead of being tormented by devils. There is nothing in the Bible to suggest this daring and desperate wish : whereas there is, and always has been, in the vague generalities of popular talk, something akin to the idea, that the devil and his angels inflict more suffering upon the lost in hell than they themselves endure.

I am not anxious to arrive at a certain conclusion in this matter, although I thus go into the question of the origin of his "fearful dreams," and of his daring imaginings. All I want to show is, that whilst his night-dreams may be traced to the Bible, his day-dreams about the work of devils in the

invisible world must be traced to some other source ; and none is so likely as parental warning. We know from Bunyan himself, that his father was not unacquainted with the Bible : "I asked my father," he says, "whether we were Israelites or no. For, finding in Scripture, that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of the race, my soul must needs be happy. My father told me, 'No, we were not.'" Now, although this question was put *after* his marriage, still, it reveals his opinion of his father's knowledge ; for after having pondered the query long, he says, "At last I asked my father." One reason for this was, no doubt, a fancy that there might be some connexion between the Jews and the gypsies : but it is equally evident that he had also some confidence in his father's judgment. Hence, when that was against him, he said, "Then I fell in spirit as to that hope, and so remained." Once also, when he was silenced and put to shame by a reproof from a godless woman, he says, "I wished, with all my heart, that I was a little child again, that my *father* might learn me to speak without swearing."

Even his "fearful dreams and visions" themselves prove, by their effect upon his spirits, and especially by the despair they threw him into when he awoke, that he must have seen and heard others, who had similar views of Eternal Judgment. A mere boy was utterly unlikely to apply to himself the fiercest terrors of the wrath to come, if he had never met with any one to point him to them, as deserved by himself. The fear of them haunted him even in the "very midst of his sports and vain companions :" a fact which proved that he knew the opinion of some of his neighbours in regard to himself. Indeed, nothing is more likely, than that he was often reproved and warned by the Puritans of Elstow and Bedford. His vices were just those, which the godly men and women of that age would most loudly condemn, and most solemnly threaten. His very *sports* were an abomination to them : for the popular games were then associated with principles which the Puritans both hated and dreaded. He would, therefore, have been often warned and reproved on the common, when a Puritan passed by, even if oaths and blasphemies had not been mingled with his sports ; and as they were the very *shouts* of his gambols, he was as sure to hear a "testimony" against both, as Scott's "Cuddie Headrig" from his *mither*, against the popinjay.

Besides, there is good reason to suppose that Bunyan, if not invited into the houses of the Puritans, was allowed to be present in more then one or two of them, when they read to their families books of "Christian piety." Accordingly, he says, "It was a *prison* to me, when I have seen some read these books. In these days, the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me. I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should."

These hints throw some light upon the readiness with which his conscience applied to himself "the terrors of the Lord:" but they leave to the Bible and his incipient genius, all the solemn majesty of his young dreams. These, like his Pilgrim, were his own creations: for, although we may have dreamt of the Day of Judgment, much in the same form as Bunyan, we only dreamt *his* dream over again. We had his example to help our duller imaginations: whereas the tinker boy had read nothing but his Bible. No Glorious Dreamer had sent him to bed, full of solemn thoughts, or dazzled with glaring visions. He himself knew, and never forgot, that fact; and hence he ascribed his night vision to God alone:— "I have with soberness considered," he says, "that the Lord, even in my childhood, did scare and affrighten me with fearful dreams."

Bunyan's dreams, then, were not always unsoftened in their issue. Ivimey has quoted one, to this effect: "Once he dreamed that he was just dropping into the flames amongst the damned, when a person in *white* raiment suddenly plucked him as a brand out of the fire." This is the creation of his own mind, from the visions of Zechariah and John: and as "a dream cometh of a multitude of business," a part of his business on that day must have been the perusal of part of *two* books of the Holy Scriptures. We know also where he must have read on the morning of the day, when he dreamt "that the end of the world and the day of judgment were arrived; and thought that the earth quaked, and opened her mouth to receive him."—*Ivimey's Life.* Indeed, his own versions of such dreams (as we shall see) all manifest an extensive familiarity with the Scriptures, and a keen perception, yea, vivid realization, of whatever is most appalling or magnificent in eternal things. He dreamt like a prophet, whilst he was only a boy.

The finest illustration of this, Bunyan put into the lips of the man in the "chamber," at the Interpreter's house. That

dream may, indeed, be a compound of *many* of his own; but it is all his *own*, and evidently selected from distinct recollections of his own midnight visions in youth: it belongs, therefore, to his life, as much as to his allegory; and is the first grand disclosure of the real power of both his mind and conscience, in boyhood. He himself did not write it for this purpose, nor think, perhaps, that it would ever reveal the original elements of his genius. That, however, is no reason why we should not view it in that light. Modesty as much binds us to say, that the boy Bunyan dreamt, as it bound him to say, "the man rising out of bed, in a chamber," said, "This night, as I was in my sleep, I dreamed, and behold, the heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in such fearful wise, that it put me in an agony. So I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds rack at an unusual rate: upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a man sit upon a cloud, attended with thousands of heaven. They were all in flaming fire; also the heavens were in a burning flame. I heard then a voice saying, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment.' And with that, the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein came forth. Some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some sought to hide themselves under the mountains.

"Then I saw the man that sat on the cloud, open the book, and bid the world draw near. Yet there was, by reason of the fierce flame which issued out, and came before him, a *convenient* distance betwixt him and them, as betwixt the judge and the prisoners at the bar. I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the man that sat on the cloud, 'Gather together the tares, the chaff, and the stubble, and cast them into the burning lake.' And with that, the bottomless pit opened, just whereabout I stood; out of the mouth of which there came, in an abundant manner, smoke and coals of fire, with hideous noises.

"It was also said to the same persons, 'Gather my *wheat* into the garner!' And with that, I saw many catched up and carried away in the clouds; but I was left behind! I also sought to *hide* myself, but I could not; for the man upon the cloud still kept his eye upon me. My sins also came into my mind, and my conscience did accuse me on every side; for, as I thought, the Judge had always his eye upon me, showing indignation in his countenance. But what affrighted me most was, that the angels gathered up several, and left me *behind:*

also, the pit of hell opened her mouth just where I stood."—*Pilgrim.*

Splendid as this painting is, there is not a feature of it, which was not shadowed out in his own first dreams. It only embodied fully, and emblazons a little, what disturbed the sleep of the *lisping* blasphemer of Elstow, when neither the fatigue nor the excitement of daring sports could put down the energies of his mind or conscience.

These energies, however, are not seen in all their early strength, in the current versions of his young dreams. I therefore subjoin another version of them, from the sketch of his Life, in the British Museum:—

"He has often, since his conversion, confest with horror and detestation of himself, that when he was but a child, or at least a stripling youth, he had but few equals for lying, swearing, and blaspheming God's holy name, which became then to him as a second nature; not considering that he must die, and one day give an account before the dread tribunal of the God of all the earth; living, as it were, without God in the world; the thoughts of which, when, by the light of divine grace, he came to understand his dangerous condition, drew many showers of tears from his sorrowful eyes, and sighs from his groaning heart.

"The first thing that sensibly touched him in this his unregenerate state, were fearful dreams, and visions of the night, which often made him cry out in his sleep, and alarm the house, as if somebody had been about to murder him; and being waked, he would start, and stare about him with such a wildness, as if some real apparition had yet remained; and generally these dreams were about evil spirits, in monstrous shapes and forms, that presented themselves to him in threatening postures, as if they would have taken him away, or torn him in pieces: at sometimes they seemed to belch flame, at other times a contagious smoke, with horrible noises and roaring.

"This continued for some time, and there came others somewhat of another nature, seemingly more pleasing and alluring to entice those sweet darling sins that so much bewitch the world, and carry men away to the pit of destruction, as carnal concupiscential desires, thirst after rich and unlawful gain, vain-glory, and pomp, with many others of the same black stamp; yet, when he began somewhat seriously to consider, even these wrought darkness and confusion in his soul,

and took him with unaccountable melancholy. Once he dreamt he saw the face of the heavens, as it were, all on fire, the firmament crackling and shivering as with the noise of mighty thunders, and an archangel flew in the midst of heaven sounding a trumpet, and a glorious throne was seated in the east, whereon sat one in brightness like the morning star; upon which he, thinking it was the end of the world, fell upon his knees, and, with uplifted hands towards heaven, cried, 'O Lord God, have mercy upon me! what shall I do! the day of judgment is come, and I am not prepared!' when immediately he heard a voice behind him exceedingly loud, saying, 'Repent;' and upon this he awoke, and found it but a dream. Yet, as he said, upon this he grew more serious, and it remained in his mind a considerable time.

"At another time he dreamed that he was in a pleasant place, jovial and rioting, banqueting and feasting his senses, when immediately a mighty earthquake rent the earth, and made a wide gap, out of which came bloody flames, and the figures of men tossed up in globes of fire, and falling down again with horrible cries, shrieks, and execrations, whilst some devils that were mingled with them laughed aloud at their torment; and whilst he stood trembling at this sight, he thought the earth sunk under him, and a circle of flame inclosed him; but when he fancied he was just at the point to perish, one in white shining raiment descended and plucked him out of that dreadful place, whilst devils cried after him to leave him with them, to take the just punishment his sins had deserved; yet he escaped the danger, and leaped for joy when he awoke and found it but a dream. Many others, somewhat to the same purpose, I might mention, as he at sundry times related them; but, not to be tedious, these for a taste may suffice."

Under such circumstances, and in spite of such feelings, Bunyan grew up into a reckless lad; for, although wickedness of any kind in professors of religion would shock him even then, he himself was not afraid of sin: indeed, he feared nothing, when he could forget his dreams. He mentions one remarkable instance of fool-hardiness. "Being in the fields," he says, "with one of my companions, it chanced that an *adder* passed over the highway: so I, having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back; and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her tongue out with my *fingers;* by which act, had not God been merciful to

me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end." Dr. Southey says, "If this were indeed an adder, and not a harmless snake, his escape from the fangs was more remarkable than he himself was aware of." No one, however, was more likely to know an adder from a snake than Bunyan; for no one was more amongst the hedges and bosky banks: and although he was never, perhaps, fully aware of all the venom of an adder's fangs, he has certainly made his escape appear as *remarkable* as if it had been a miracle; for, what more could any one say of it than he did?

CHAPTER II.

BUNYAN IN THE ARMY.

That a young man of Bunyan's roistering habits and reckless spirit should have enlisted as a soldier, is only what might be expected; but it is somewhat strange (if true) that he should have preferred the Parliamentary to the Royal army. True; he seems never to have been a drunkard; and it is certain he never was licentious; but still, as he himself could not only "sin with delight and ease," in his own way, but also take "pleasure in the *vileness* of his companions," the Royalists were most suited to his moral tastes. His blasphemy and blackguardism would have pleased them, and their profligacy would not have offended him. He joined, however, the Parliamentary troops; and, whatever cant or hypocrisy, vulgarity or vice, was prevalent amongst them, it was not of Bunyan's kind, nor of the *cavalier* order and style. There were both sleek and sly villains in Cromwell's army; and some of them men of no mean rank. Bunyan says, that he himself overheard one of them tempting virtue "in Oliver's days," by proposing to ascribe the fruit of shame to a miracle. "I heard him say this and it greatly afflicted me. I had a mind to have him accused before some magistrate; but he was a *great* man, and I was poor, so I let it alone; but it troubled me very much."—*Badman's Life.*

This revolting at crime, although an anomaly in Bunyan's character, was not a new thing with him, when the criminal professed godliness. Years before he entered the army such inconsistencies shocked him. "I well remember," he says, "that even when I could take pleasure in the vileness of my companions, wicked things by those who professed goodness, would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was at the height of my vanity, yet hearing one *swear* that was reckoned godly, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache."

He was not, of course, often shocked by swearing whilst amongst the Roundheads, whatever vices he may have de-

tected in some of them beneath the mask of religion. Hume himself being the judge, the character of the Parliamentary army was very high when Bunyan joined it in 1645. "The private soldiers," Hume says, "employed their vacant hours in prayer, in perusing the Holy Scriptures, in ghostly conferences, where they compared the progress of their souls in grace, and mutually stimulated each other to further advances in the great work of their salvation. When they were marching to battle, the whole field resounded, as well with psalms and spiritual songs adapted to the occasion, as with instruments of military music; and every man endeavoured to drown the sense of present danger, in the prospect of that crown of glory which was set before him. In so holy a cause, wounds were esteemed meritorious; death, martyrdom; and the hurry and dangers of action, instead of banishing their pious visions, rather strove to impress their minds more strongly with them."—*Hume's England*, vol. vii.

Such, in general, were the men with whom Bunyan associated, when he became a soldier. It was well for him. Had he joined the ranks commanded by Rupert he might have become as vile as "desolute Wilmot," or "licentious Goring," as Hume styles them. They are well designated. Such leaders would not have been allowed to *follow* Cromwell.

It is well known that Cromwell's own regiment was composed of select men, "most of them freeholders, or freeholders' sons, who, upon matter of conscience, engaged in the quarrel," under him. It is not so well known, however, that he endeavoured to assimilate other regiments to his own, by means of *Hampden* especially. The following account of this will be readily recognized as his own. The speech was addressed to the Parliament, when they conferred with him upon their proposal, that he should assume the title of king; "From my first being captain of a troop of horse, I did labour as well as I could to discharge my trust; and God blessed me as it pleased him. I had a very worthy friend then—Mr. Hampden; and he was a very noble person; and I know his memory is very grateful to all. At my first going out into that engagement I saw *our* men were beaten on every hand—I did, indeed; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army, of some new regiments. And I told him, it would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old decayed serving

men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows: and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. And do you think that the spirit of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? You *must* get men of a spirit; and, take it not ill what I say, of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go: or else, I am sure, you will be beaten still.' I told him so.

"He was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an unpracticable one. I told him, I could do somewhat in it; and I raised such men as had the *fear* of God in them, and some *conscience* of what they did. And from that day forth they were *never* beaten; but whenever they engaged the enemy, they beat continually."—*Peck's Cromwell.*

Thus Sprat, of Oxon, had no occasion to unsay as a bishop what he sang whilst a poet:—

> "Others, by thee, great things did do;
> Triumph'dst thyself, and madest them triumph too."
> *Pindaric Ode.*

This is enough for my purpose, concerning both Cromwell and the Parliamentary army. What they were in relation to law or policy belongs to the historian. I have, of course, my own opinion; and, as a *monarchical* man, I devoutly wish that kings would cultivate Cromwell's manliness, without his cant; and the army the religious habits of his soldiers, without their vagaries. I certainly think *him* a usurper; but I quite agree with Locke, in thinking him "a mighty prince; greater far" than "Julius or Augustus." He so ruled in peace, what he gained in war, that his character turned Locke into a poet for the moment. There is *understanding*, as well as imagination, in the Metaphysician's sonnet to Cromwell:—

> "You sure from heaven a finished hero fell,
> Who thus alone two pagan gods excel."
> *Banks' Critical Rev. of Cromwell's Life.*

That Bunyan was in the Parliamentary, not the Royal army, is not to be learned from himself, so far as I know: and it is not proved by those who say that he was at the siege of Leicester, in 1645, except to those who know more than Hume tells. Bunyan himself says, "that he was drawn out to go to a place to besiege it;" but he does not name the place. Now the

only siege of Leicester *described* by Hume, in 1645, was by the King's troops.

That Bunyan was in the service of the Parliament is, however more than probable. Bedfordshire was one of the first counties to declare against the King. Its Annalist says, the King had "no visible party, or fixed quarters" there. It was, however, in Bedford that Bunyan enlisted: besides, the author of the Sketch of his Life (preserved in the British Museum,) who evidently knew him personally, and, had had many interviews with him, says expressly, "He often acknowledged, with uplifted hands and eyes, a wonderful providence: for, in June 1645, being at the siege of Leicester, he was called out to be one who should make a violent attack on the town, (then) vigorously defended by the King's forces against the Parliamentarians." This is decisive; and the fact is worth proving, because it will go far to prove also, that Bunyan was in the battle of Naseby; and there, as well as at the second siege of Leicester, caught some of those military tactics which enabled him, afterwards to write his "Holy War." This is my chief reason for going into the question.

Now, the siege of Leicester, at which Bunyan was present, although it did not exactly begin on the very day after the battle of Naseby, was prepared for on that day, although it was the Sabbath-day. Rushworth says, that Fairfax marched on Sunday to Leicester, with *all* his army, to besiege it. Naseby was fought on the Saturday: the besiegers of the town were, therefore, the conquerors from that field. It is thus evident, that Bunyan was in the field; for only the army of that day was at the siege, and he was one of the besiegers. He saw, therefore, on that day, *Ireton* maintaining his post against the fiery Rupert, even after his thigh was run through with a pike; and *Skippon* refusing to quit the field, at the desire of Fairfax, although dangerously wounded; and *Cromwell* overwhelming Landale, and routing the King.

We shall see, by and by, that he must have been an attentive observer of both the men and the manœuvres of this great field-day. Indeed, he seems to have been a better observer of others than an expert soldier himself. This does not appear from his own account; but his *first* biographer says expressly, "He appearing to the officer to be somewhat *awkward* in handling his arms, another man voluntarily thrust himself into his place."—*Life from the Museum Sketch.*

I mention this before giving his own account of the matter,

because that is too serious to be interrupted by any explanation. He says, with great emotion, "This, also, have I taken notice of with thanksgiving:—when I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it, but when I was just ready to go one of the company desired to go, in my room: to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head and died. Here were judgment and mercy; but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation."

Bunyan's reason for not specifying the side on which he fought, nor the place of this escape is obvious. He was a prisoner for nonconformity when he wrote his Life; and as such, had but too many enemies, without the addition of political foes. His Book also was dedicated to his flock and friends, who were persecuted for conscience' sake at the time; and he had too much regard for them, to enable political or ecclesiastical libellers to *twit* them with the charge of adhering to an old Republican. Besides, he was contemplating at this time his "Holy War;" and, that the Leaders in that Allegory might not be identified with the Generals on either side in the civil wars, he wisely gave no clue to the sources of his knowledge. There was much wisdom in this silence; as we shall see, when that Allegory comes to be analyzed. The only thing necessary here is, to remember his extreme youth when he became a soldier, and the short period of his continuance in the army. He could hardly be seventeen years of age when he enlisted, and he left before he was nineteen. Now, although there was much to be seen in a short time, where Cromwell and Fairfax led the way, it required no ordinary eyes to trace their movements, and appreciate their tactics. Young Bunyan did both, and remembered them all through life, although he had no motive whilst observing them, but the gratification of his own curiosity. Neither the battle nor the siege suggested to him a single thought, at the time, beyond their political bearings, or their military character; but both came back upon him in all their "*circumstance*," as well as "pomp," when he became "the prisoner of the Lord." Then he sang:—

> "'Tis *strange* to me, that they that love to tell
> Things done of old, yea, and that do excel
> Their equals in Histriology,
> Speak not of Mansoul's wars; but let them lie

Dead, like old fables, or such worthless things,
That to the Reader no advantage brings;
When men (let them make what they will their own)
Till they know *this*, are to themselves unknown.—
I saw the Prince's armed men come down
By troops, by thousands, to besiege the town;
I saw the Captains; heard the Trumpets sound;
And how his forces covered all the ground.
Yea, how they set themselves in battle 'ray,
I shall remember to my dying day.
I saw the Colours waving in the wind;
I saw the Mounts cast up against the town,
And how the Slings were placed to beat it down;
I heard the Stones fly *whizzing* by my ears,
(What's longer kept in mind, than got in fears?)
I heard them fall, and saw what work they made,
And how old MARS did cover with his shade."

Holy War.

CHAPTER III.

BUNYAN'S MARRIAGE.

His moral reformation, such as it was at first, began with his marriage. This interesting fact has been too baldly told hitherto. There was more information to be obtained than the bare fact, that his "career of vice received a considerable check, in consequence of his marriage."—*Scott's Life*.

Bad as Bunyan was, he had still some friends at Elstow, or in Bedford. This appears from the sketch of his Life in the British Museum. "The few friends he had, thought that changing his condition to the married state might reform him, and therefore urged him to it as a seasonable and comfortable advantage. But the difficult thing was, that his poverty, and irregular course of life, made it very difficult for him to get a wife suitable to his inclination: and because none of the rich would yield to his solicitations, he found himself constrained to marry one without *any* fortune.

"She was very virtuous, loving, and conformably obedient and obliging; having been born of good, honest, and godly parents, who had instructed her, as well as they were able, in the ways of truth and saving knowledge. Her husband going on at the old rate, she endeavoured to make him see his wicked ways, and laid before his eyes the vanity of sin, and the danger that attended its wages—being no less than death, and that not temporal, but eternal death: and having two or three books left her, which, it seems, was all, or the greatest part of her dowry, she frequently enticed him to read in them, and apply the use of them to the reforming his manners and saving his soul."—*P.* 15.

This, as we shall see, may be safely taken for fact, although the author, in the next page, mis-states the time of Bunyan's enlistment, which he places *after* the marriage. He mistakes, however, more than dates. He assigns, as Bunyan's reason for enlisting, the want of work to "support himself and his *small family*" during "the unnatural civil wars." He adds, however, his own refutation, although unawares; for he places

him at the siege of Leicester in 1645; and then, we know, he was only *seventeen* years of age. Besides, he himself says expressly, "Presently *after* this, I changed my condition into a married state." He does not mean, however, presently after the siege; but after quitting the army, which he seems to have done soon. Dr. Southey says, that Bunyan was probably not nineteen when he married. This conclusion is just, although not warranted by the premises it is drawn from. "He married presently after his substitute had been killed at the siege of Leicester," the Doctor says. The conclusion from this would be, "probably, therefore, when he was only *seventeen;*" for he was born in 1628, and the siege occurred June 17th, 1645.

But, whatever the interval was, between his discharge and his marriage, it was during that interval he made the *friends* who planned and urged his marriage. And on his return from the army, Bunyan was *likely* to gain friends, although he returned home unimproved in character. He had seen the wonders of Naseby, and the recapture of Leicester; and, if he followed Fairfax to Taunton, he had encamped at STONEHENGE by the way, and thus seen the mysterious temple of Druidism, (*Rushworth*)—scenes which would not be lost upon him. His bold and vivid imagination was sure to be fired by them, and his fluency enabled him to depict them. We have seen that he both observed well when in the army, and remembered well afterwards. It is, therefore, no conjecture, that the soldier of even this single campaign would be welcome at Bedford. The royal cause had few friends there: the parliamentary had many. Thus Bunyan would soon be in request, even amongst men who had formerly shunned his company. Curiosity, at a time of high excitement, can easily invent for conscience an excuse for getting information from any quarter, on a favourite subject.

Besides, Bunyan's *signal* escape at the siege would draw upon him the special notice of godly men then. They were close students of Providence, and firm believers in that sovereignty of grace which occasionally arrests some of the most reckless. It is, therefore, highly probable, that when the young Blasphemer returned *unhurt*, some of the aged Believers in Bedford would feel deeply interested in him, under the hope that God had some wise and gracious *end* in view, for thus wonderfully sparing such a rebel. And thus, between what God had done for him, and what Bunyan had seen and

could say of the campaign, a new class of men were very likely to seek his company, when he resumed his craft.

It is on these grounds, I feel warranted to adopt the *oldest* version of the origin of Bunyan's marriage : " the few friends he had, thought that changing to the married state might *reform* him ; and therefore urged him to it as a *seasonable* advantage." If this reasoning be valid, he was not, even in his worst state, a cruel or unamiable man. He was boisterous, and perhaps turbulent ; but not harsh, nor vindictive. Had he been so, no decent woman could have been tempted to marry him ; for he had literally nothing in the world but the *tools* of his craft. In like manner, had he been a sensualist, his friends could not have induced " a very virtuous woman, born of good, honest, godly parents," to have him. There must, therefore, notwithstanding all his faults, have been something *loveable* about him. The very fact, that they had not so much between them " as a dish or a spoon," proves that he must have had some endearing quality. It proves, too, I readily grant, that *she* had but little prudence, even if she married him for the express purpose of mending him.

That this was her purpose, is evident. Bunyan himself says, " My *mercy* was, to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. She would be often telling of me what a godly man her father was, and how he would correct and reprove vice, both in his house and among his neighbours ; and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in words and deeds."

Bunyan's second wife was certainly a *heroine*, well deserving, as we shall see, a comparison with Lady Russel, or with the wife of Grotius : but it required as much, if not more heroism, although of another kind, to attempt the conversion of the Tinker, as to plead the cause of the Prisoner. And this was done so wisely, by showing him what he should *be*, in vivid pictures of what her father had *been*, that I must, in spite of the lack of both " dish and spoon " betwixt them, withdraw my charge of imprudence from her memory. Dr. Southey says, " There was *no* imprudence in this early marriage :" and I will believe him, although not for the first reason he assigns, that " Bunyan had a trade that he could trust ;" but for the second (putting my own sense upon the words), that " she had been trained up in the *way* she should go." She went the *right* way to work, in trying to reform her husband. An imprudent woman would have reproved him ; but Mrs. Bunyan

led him to realize how her *father* would have called him over the coals, had he been alive. Bunyan was just the man to *realize* this; and it was only what he would have expected from a Puritan. It was not, however, what he would have *brooked* at that time from his wife. She had both the good sense, and the good taste, to perceive this; and, therefore, instead of upbraiding her husband, praised her father, until Bunyan saw, as in a glass, the contrast between them. I will not say, that she was a "believing wife" at this time; but she certainly pursued a wiser plan of reclaiming an ungodly husband, than some believing wives do. Accordingly, her "chaste conversation, coupled with fear," had a winning influence upon him. His oldest Biographer says, "She frequently *enticed* and persuaded him to read" the books left her by her father, and "to apply them to himself."

These books were only two, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety." It was, however, to "*the relation*" (and Bunyan evidently meant by that, what his wife *related* concerning her father's "holy life") as much as to the books, that he ascribed his first desires to amend at all. His own account of the matter is, "In these two books, I would sometimes read with her; wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; but all this while I met with no conviction." He then states what she often told him about her father, and adds, "Wherefore these books, with the relation, though they did not reach my heart, to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some *desires* to reform my vicious life, and to fall in very eagerly with the *religion* of the times."

What these desires led to will be seen in the next chapter. In the meantime, it is evident, that to Mrs. Bunyan must be traced, under God, Bunyan's first steps in the path of duty. She, not the books, *won* him to reflection. Indeed, but for her, he would not have read the books; yea, *could* not have read them. Hence, his oldest biographer says, "To the voice of his wife he hearkened, and by that means *recovered* his reading, which, not minding before, he had almost lost." This is no exaggeration: he himself says, "To my shame, I confess, I did soon lose that little I learnt,—even almost utterly,—and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul."

Thus his wife had to make him her *pupil*, as if he had been a child: a triumph which none but a wife, and that a wife

combining prudence with sweetness, could have achieved over a *ringleader* of sports and impiety. True, Bunyan would be an apt scholar, and soon recover his lost learning; but she also must have been "apt to teach." The difficulty was to keep him within doors after his work was done, and to draw him to her side with a book in his hand, whilst the roisterers on the village green were playing at trap, and his own bat and ball lying dry in the chimney-corner. All this was "tempting fruit" to him. Her voice must, therefore, have sounded sweeter than even the bells of Elstow, and her smile been brighter than the laugh of the merry-makers, whenever she kept him at home to read.

I dwell, I confess, upon her influence, with a fondness bordering on extravagance. I do not feel, however, that I am exaggerating, in ascribing so much to its instrumentality. He himself calls it a "mercy," and says, "Until I came into the marriage state, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness." Her character, however, will come out more fully, as we trace the progress of the reformation of his character, in the next two chapters. And it is worth bringing out; for although she was incapable of directing his inquiries, or solving his difficulties, when he entangled himself amongst the thorns and briars of unanswerable questions, she bore with silent meekness all the wayward moods of his wounded spirit, and kept his home a sanctuary, where he could weep unseen.

CHAPTER IV

BUNYAN'S FIRST REFORMATION.

It was *some* reformation in his case even to go to church at all on the Sabbath. By the influence of his wife, and her father's books and memory, he fell in eagerly with the religion of the times. His own account of this change is equally minute and graphic. "I went," he says, "to church twice a day, and that with the foremost; and there I would very devoutly both *say and sing* as others did, yet retained my wicked life. But withal, I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I *adored*, and that with great devotion, even all things belonging to the church; the high place (pulpit), priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else; counting all things *holy*, that were therein contained; and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants of God, as I then thought, and were principal in his temple, to do his work therein.

"This conceit grew so strong in a little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest (though never so debauched and sordid in his life), I should feel my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit to him. Yea, I thought, for the love I did bear unto them (supposing them the ministers of God), I could have laid down at their feet, and have been *trampled* upon by them; their name, their garb and work, did so intoxicate and bewitch me."

Dr. Southey says of this, "Bunyan describes himself as having a *most superstitious* veneration" for the servants and service of the church; and very properly adds, "The service, it must be remembered, was not the *Liturgy* of the Church of England, but the *Directory* of the victorious Puritans, substituted for it."—*Southey's Bunyan.*

Now, I have no objection to this distinction. I even think the Directory "*meager*," when compared with the Liturgy. What, however, is the design of this contrast here? Does the meagerness of the Directory account for Bunyan's gross superstition? Would the Liturgy have prevented "most superstitious reverence," for either priest, service, garb, or

what else? If it would then, it does not now. Its very excellencies—and I think them *glories*—win, from wiser men than Bunyan then was, veneration for priests who utter nothing *evangelical but* the liturgy. It is easy to laugh at Bunyan's veneration for the clerk; but veneration for Archbishop Laud is far more laughable, and superstitious too, if Bishop Hall's opinion of him was just, or Hume's honest. I have much sympathy for Laud on the scaffold: his dying prayer, as given by Rushworth, I love more than I can express. Its opening petitions breathe a penitential faith of the highest order, because of the humblest character. But Laud on the scaffold, and Laud on his own throne or behind the King's throne, is not the same person. His life was a *curse* to the Church, whatever ornament his death became. They are more superstitious than Bunyan, who canonize either Laud or Charles.

It was whilst this superstitious fit lasted, that Bunyan consulted his father about the Jews. They, like the gypsies, had come out of Egypt originally; and as tinkers and gypsies were often identified, he fondly hoped that there might be some connexion between the two races. "The Israelites," he says, "were once the peculiar people of God: if I were one of them, thought I, my soul must needs be *happy*. I found a great longing to be resolved about this question; but could not tell how I should." He asked his father, and he told him, "No, we were not." He then fell in spirit, as to the hopes of that. The fact seems to be, that he was *unhappy* in his own mind; but still wishing for an easier way to heaven, than he had found church-going to be, easy as he made that duty by sport afterwards. He wanted to be one of the "*peculiar* people," that he might have nothing peculiar to *do*, as he thought. So think many, who conclude their own election from less resemblance to the elect, than what subsists between Jews and gypsies.

"But all this while," he says, "I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin. I was kept from considering, that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought of HIM, nor whether there was such a one or no."

What must the Directory have been, it may be said, seeing it left him thus ignorant of the Saviour? Very inferior, I grant, to the Liturgy, except when filled up by the prayers of eminently devotional men; I have, however, known of not a few instances of similar ignorance, under the Liturgy. The

sober experimental fact is, that the prayers rarely teach the ignorant the way of salvation, however much they edify the pious. Wherever the Pulpit contradicts the Desk, the prayers soon become a dead letter. This is a *solemn*, as well as a sober fact; for if any thing human could counteract bad preaching, the Liturgy would do so; but it is itself counteracted wherever the Gospel is not preached.

Whatever else Bunyan's "parson" was, he seems to have been a *Puritan*, in reference to the Sabbath. It was well for Bunyan he was so. A sermon against amusements on that day, made him feel what he never felt before—*guilty* before God. "One day," he says, "amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was, to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports or otherwise. Now I was, notwithstanding my religion, one that took much delight in all manner of vice; and especially that was the day I did solace myself therewith. Wherefore I fell in my conscience under this sermon; thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to show *me* my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before, that I can remember: but then I was, for the present, greatly *loaden* therewith, and so went home when the sermon was ended, with a great burthen upon my spirit.

"This for that instant, did benumb the *sinews* of my best delights, and did embitter my former pleasures to me. But hold —it lasted not! for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course. O, how glad was I, that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight."

Dr. Southey says, "It is remarkable to find a married man engaged in games which are now only practised by boys." This seems to imply that Bunyan was *singular*, in thus desecrating the Sabbath. Would he had been so! But he was not. Married men, and *greybeards*, as well as boys, then acted up to the letter and the spirit of the Book of Sports. Besides, what else was to be expected from Bunyan? He was no Puritan, whatever his Minister may have been. If he was any thing, he was now a high-Church bigot, according to the *cavalier* style of Churchmanship; saying or singing any thing within the Church, and doing as he liked when he came out.

So far the Doctor's remark is inexplicable. It is preceded, however, by the following *fling* at the Puritans: "Notwithstanding the outcry which they have raised against what is called The Book of Sports, they found it necessary to *tolerate* such recreations on the Sabbath." This is an unfortunate remark, in connexion with a sermon against such sports, which had set on *fire* the conscience of Bunyan. The sermon which did that could not have been very *tolerant* to Sunday recreations. The preacher may have been obliged to *wink* at such things, from inability to enforce the law against them; but this was not tolerating them.

Bunyan's dinner did not quench the fire which the sermon had kindled. Dr. Southey says well, "The dinner sat easy upon him; the sermon did not." Bunyan says better, "But the *same* day, as I was in the midst of a game of Cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole,—just as I was about to strike it a second time, a voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my *soul*, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this, I was put into an exceeding maze. Wherefore, leaving my Cat on the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my *understanding*, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me; and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices."

At this point, as might be expected, Bunyan's biographers differ. Ivimey lets the vision alone. Mons. Suard tells it with a true French sneer. Dr. Southey says, "The voice Bunyan believed to be from Heaven; and it may be inferred from his relation, that though he was sensible the vision was only seen with the *mind's* eye, hedeemed it not the less real." J. A. St. John says, "The passage translated into common English, means no more than that the thought arose in his mind; and being an incitement to *good*, must, he supposed, proceed from Heaven." Scott of Aston Sandford says, "The consciousness of his wicked course of life, accompanied with the recollection of the truths he had read, suddenly *meeting* in his mind, thus produced a violent alarm, and made such an impression on his imagination, that he seemed to have *heard* these words, and to have *seen* Christ frowning and menacing him. But we must not suppose that there was any miracle wrought; nor could there be any occasion for a new revelation to suggest or enforce so *scriptural* a warning."

This last explanation of the matter is the best, so far as all but Bunyan himself is concerned. It is also the *true* explanation of the vision, so far as *means* were concerned. This was not the way, however, in which Bunyan explained it to himself. He saw more in it, than the *junction* of recollected truth and conscience. He says, indeed, that it was darted into his *soul;* conceived in his *mind;* seen with the eyes of his *understanding:* and special metaphysical pleading might make a great deal of these words, to prove that he reckoned the whole matter only a very vivid creation of the mind itself. Be it remembered, however, that by the time Bunyan *wrote* his own account of it, no man knew better than he did what vivid imaginings were. Many thoughts had been virtually *realities*; and many ideas *sensations*, to him. But no familiarity he ever acquired with mental phenomena, led him to strip this signal providence of the *supernatural* entirely. He was too wise to call it a miracle, but he was too pious to exclude the hand of God from it: that hand, indeed, cannot be excluded from the event, by any philosophy which deserves the name.

I have called Scott's explanation both the best and the true one, because Scott does not intend to exclude the agency of the Holy Spirit, although he mentions only the *meeting* of Truth and Conscience. It is only justice to Thomas Scott, to say this. He was, I both grant and regret, too much afraid of what he calls "those *impressions*, which constitute so large a portion of Bunyan's religious experience." He thought it "not advisable to recapitulate" them. Dr. Southey judged more wisely, although less kindly towards the agency of the Holy Spirit, when he said, "Bunyan's character would be imperfectly understood, and could not be justly appreciated, if this part of his history were kept out of sight." He therefore brings them fully into sight; but, as a "*Stage of burning enthusiasm*, not less terrible than that of the Pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death." Thus whilst Scott's object was to guard the doctrine of Divine influence from being confounded with visionary impulses, Southey's object was to fasten the charge of "rampant fanaticism" upon Puritanism, as well as to make Bunyan "admired as he ought to be admired." "The enthusiasm," he says, "was brought on by the circumstances of an age in which hypocrisy was frequent, and fanaticism rampant throughout the land."—*Southey's Life.*

There is only too much truth in this picture of the prevalence of hypocrisy and fanaticism, so far as certain sects, or rather *cliques* of the day, are concerned: but there is no truth

in the supposition, that Bunyan's enthusiasm was "*brought on*" by the circumstances of the age. No man had hated, or kept more out of the way of religious professors, than he had done. Up to the very day of his arrest upon the village green, he had read no books of a fanatical order, and seems to have taken no counsel but from his wife; and she had been "trained up," Dr. S. himself says, "in the way she should go." Thus, neither Hypocrites nor Fanatics had anything to do with Bunyan's first mighty impulse. Even the sermon which preceded it seems to have been merely practical. No former sermon of "our Parson's," as Bunyan calls him, had produced any effect of the kind. He says, that he had never thought of Christ before, nor felt what guilt was; no slight proof, that the preacher was not very puritanical. I will suppose, however, that the Sermon against Sabbath-breaking proclaimed Christ to be "the Lord of the Sabbath;" and even threatened transgression with his hot displeasure; yea, that it closed by the appeal "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?"

I am even inclined to think, that it *must* have run somewhat in this strain. Still, not even all this concession will account for the effect produced on Bunyan, when his recollections of the appeal assumed the aspect of a vision. Then it plunged him into despair; whereas the Sermon, although it had made him feel guilty before God, had not excited the fear of perishing. Its immediate effect was confined to *embittering* his old pleasures; and that bitterness was soon at an end. Accordingly, after dinner, he went with "*great delight*" to his old sports. He was not, therefore, doing much *violence* to his understanding or conscience, in returning to play. Accordingly, he struck the *first* blow at Cat, and that in "the *midst* of the game," without fear or compunction. It was not until he was about to strike the second, that he was startled. This deserves notice. Had he left his house as he entered it, greatly burdened and embittered in spirit, the first stroke would have been the most difficult. Conscience, had not its "fire been put out," would have flashed up at the first outrage offered to it; and his heart, had it not become "glad," would have made his hand tremble. He was not, therefore, doing violence to his better judgment or feelings, when he began to play. He went to Cat with great delight, and struck the first blow with perfect freedom; but the second he could not strike. He left his cat on the ground, and looked up to heaven.

Now, although this arrest may be accounted for, by a happy *meeting* of Truth and Conscience, that effectual meeting itself remains unaccounted for. They had met before dinner, without producing fear; but now tormenting fear accompanied a sense of guilt. Why? Undoubtedly, because the spirit of all grace brought Truth and Conscience into closer union. It was His striving with the man, that arrested the man. He convinced him of "sin and judgment," although not of "righteousness" also, then: and the conviction falling upon a mind highly imaginative, and but recently excited, was wrought by fancy, into visible forms and audible sounds.

Those who have been afraid to say this, were deterred by what Dr. Southey well calls "the *insane* reasoning" which followed. It was insane to conclude, as Bunyan did, that he *must* be damned; that it was now too late to look after heaven; that Christ would not pardon his sins. This reasoning, however, was not founded upon the visionary form which the conviction assumed. The *first* words which darted into his soul, should have prevented this despair; for they were, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven?" This "good thought" was worthy of the Holy Spirit to suggest, and directly calculated to awaken a good hope through grace. And even the succeeding words, "or wilt thou have thy sins and go to Hell?" awful as they are, presented an *alternative*.

There is, therefore, no reason for being ashamed or afraid to ascribe to the Holy Spirit the conviction, as it flashed *into* Bunyan's mind. In its original form, it was in the words of both truth and soberness. It was Bunyan's *own* spirit that flashed it back into the firmament, in visionary and terrific forms; and thus neither with these, nor with the insane reasonings which followed them, had the Spirit of God anything to do.

It is by overlooking this distinction, that many good men are very *shy* to acknowledge, or even to recognize, the presence of the Holy Spirit in this remarkable event. There is, however, no occasion for such timidity. What followed the *divine* conviction, was all a human perversion of both its character and design.

The insane reasoning will prove this. Bunyan says, "I had no sooner conceived thus (the anger of Christ,) in my mind, but, suddenly, this conclusion was fastened on my mind (for the former hint did set my sins again before my face,)

that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions; then I fell to musing on this also;—and whilst I was thinking of it, and fearing it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair; concluding it was too late."—*Southey's Life.*"

There was nothing to warrant this conclusion, even in the supposed frowns or threatenings of Christ. "Some grievous punishment," was all that they suggested to Bunyan, whilst he *gazed* on these vivid embodyings of his own fears. It was not until he began to *muse* on them, that he plunged into despair. They were all quite over and gone before he began to muse. His rash conclusions were, I grant, very rapid: not, however, unnaturally so. Such thunder usually follows hard after swift lightning, and rolls both longer and farther than the flash indicates. Penrose understood the rapid movements of Despair, when he sang:—

"Drawn by her pencil, the Creator stands,
(His beams of Mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling Vengeance wide.
Hope, at the sight aghast, affrighted flies,
And dashed on Terror's rocks, Faith's last dependence dies."

Accordingly, when Bunyan mused until he despaired, he soon became desperate. "Concluding it was too late, I resolved to go *on* in sin: for, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I *leave* my sins; (see how he forgets the first words suggested to him by the Holy Spirit!) and *but* miserable if I follow them." Now he *perverts* the divine conviction! What, I ask, could be expected but that this process of reasoning should end in the horrid conclusion, "I can *but* be damned; and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for *many* sins, as for few." Awful as this is, it is not very uncommon. I have known many instances of it. Bunyan himself, although the recollection of it shocked him to the very end of his life, had ceased to *wonder* at it before he recorded it. "I am very confident," he says, "that this temptation of the Devil is more usual among poor creatures than many are aware of; even to overrun the spirits with a scurvy and seired frame of heart, and a benumbing of conscience; which frame he stilly and slyly supplieth with such despair, that, though not much guilt attendeth such, yet they have continually a secret conclusion within them, that

there is no hope for them; for they have loved sins, therefore after them they will go." He confirms his opinion by quoting the following texts:—"But thou saidst, There is no Hope: no, for I have loved strangers, and after them I will go." "And they said, There is no Hope; but we will walk every one after our own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart."—*Jer.* ii. 25; xviii. 12.

It is worthy of notice, that Bunyan, although horror-struck by the vision, had pride or self-command enough to keep silence all the time. He was unable to hold his Cat; but he held his peace. Not a word betrayed the cause of his sudden stop from playing. "I *stood*," he says, "in the midst of my play before all my companions; but yet I told them nothing." They wondered, no doubt, to see their ringleader drop his Cat, and stand stock-still. He saw that wonder in their looks, and was too proud to confess his secret. He could not *look* so bold or calm as they did; but he did not *own* himself crest-fallen. He could not brook the idea of seeming a coward or craven, before those who had always seen him the master-spirit of their revels and blasphemy. His expression, "I told *them* nothing," tells *us* a great deal!

It was some such considerations, I have no doubt, that kept him silent. He saw at a glance, that his fame would be gone forever, and his leadership lost, if he breathed his fears or his forebodings upon the village green. He knew that he would be twitted and taunted by the only companions he had, for allowing himself to be frightened by "our Parson," in the morning. All this had more weight with him at the time, than he himself suspected when he wrote the emphatic words, "I told them nothing." It was that they might discover nothing, and suspect but little, that he rushed "desperately to his sport again."

This, also, is no uncommon thing, even amongst young men who have far more literary and social resources to fall back upon than the Tinker had; and much stronger family reasons for quitting the chair of the scorner and the haunts of the wild. Many "keep it up," as they phrase it, because they would be laughed at if they let it down. Oh how—

"The world's dread laugh"

can bind young men to the chariot-wheels of some *dashing* Leader of vice or vanity, although he himself is just as much

bound to his chariot by the same laugh, as they are to its wheels! They are afraid of his jibes, and he is afraid of their scorn: and thus both keep it up, although both are often *sick* of each other. I knew, in early life, an old man, the oracle of a village, who seemed inspired with new life from day to day, as he spread Infidelity among raw lads. I wondered at his apparent hilarity. After a time I heard that he was dying. I went to see him. He had swallowed poison, and was cursing both himself and his dupes for their folly. It was an awful scene! I succeeded however, in saving his life, by forcing him to swallow tar-water. He said, that he would *unsay* all his old maxims before his young dupes. But he never did. I had to tell them the tale of horror. He recovered, only to drink and speculate. They soon rallied their spirits, to laugh at the tar-water.

CHAPTER V.

BUNYAN'S SECOND REFORMATION.

BUNYAN's first reformation, as we have seen, did not amount to much, nor last long. He turned over a new leaf, and but *one* leaf; and that he soon turned back to its old place; for he seems neither to have gone to Church again, nor to have read with his wife, for some time, after he determined "to go on in sinning."

This will not be wondered at, when the form of that determination is read. We have seen that he returned desperately to his sport on the green, when his pride rallied his spirits. This he did, he says, "under a kind of despair," which possessed his soul with a persuasion, that he "could never attain to *other* comfort, than that which sinning could furnish. This would have been an ensnaring temptation to any man. To Bunyan it was an *inflaming* one. It set on fire the whole course of his nature. "Heaven was gone," he says; "wherefore I found within me a great desire to take my *fill* of sin: still *studying* what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it. And I made as much *haste* as I could to fill my belly with its delicacies, lest I should *die* before I had my desires:—for that I greatly feared."

This is as explicit as it is awful. And yet Dr. Southey says, that swearing was the *only* actual sin to which he was addicted!" Bunyan himself says of the preceding confession, "In these things, I protest before God, I lie not; neither do I frame this sort of speech. These were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires. The good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive my transgressions! Now, therefore, I went on in sin with great greediness of mind; still grudging that I could not be satisfied with it as I would."

Now, although Bunyan often calls vanities, vices; and follies sins; and sinful desires, transgressions; both his sense and Saxon are too good to allow such a confession to be interpreted of swearing only. I know that it does not mean sen-

suality, nor habitual drunkenness; but I am quite sure that it means more than swearing, or even than blaspheming. It means *theft* also: petty, it may be; but still theft. Hence, when his conscience became tender, he says, "I durst not *take* a pin or stick, though but so big as a straw; for my conscience now was sore, and would smart at every touch." In like manner, one of the first compliments paid to him on his reformation, by his neighbours, was, that "now he had become a truly *honest* man." Thus he had not been distinguished for honesty before. Tinker-like, he had no doubt, taken so many stakes from the hedges, and stray fouls from the farms, that neither the farmers nor their wives would have countersigned the assertion of Dr. Southey, that swearing was his only actual sin."

But, whatever the confession included, Bunyan says, "This did continue with me about a month or more; but one day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, cursing and swearing, and playing the *mad-man* after my wonted manner, there sat within, the woman of the house, and heard me; who, though she was a loose ungodly *wretch*" (in this all the old accounts of her agree), "yet protested, I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me: and told me farther, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was enough to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company."

Bunyan little expected such a reproof from such a quarter. "It wrought more with him," says one of his early Annalists, "than many that had been given him before by the sober and godly." His first Biographer says, "I remember he declared, that the first impulse upon his mind, was the sharp rebuke of a woman who was reputed to be of slender virtue, who hearing him *garnish* his discourses, as he termed it, with oaths at the beginning and end, severely reproved him, and admonished his companions to shun his conversation, or he would spoil them and make them as bad as himself." Bunyan himself says, "At this reproof, I was silenced, and put to secret shame; and that too, as I thought, before the God of Heaven."

I have recorded this minutely, because it had a better effect upon him than his supposed vision, and because from that hour his second reformation began. He stood by the shop window, as he had done on the play-ground, silent, indeed, but "hanging down his head," and musing more wisely, although more

openly rebuked. "While I stood there," he says, with touching simplicity, "I wished with all my heart that I might be a *little child* again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing: for, thought I, I am so much accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation: for, I thought, that could never be."

He was now touching again the very rock upon which his former convictions made shipwreck. He remembered this well, and felt it deeply when he came to record it in his life. Hence he says, "How it came to pass *I know not;* but I did, from this time forward, *leave off* my swearing, that it was a great *wonder* to myself to observe it. And, whereas before, I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before and another behind, to make the words have authority; now I could speak better without it, and with more pleasantness than ever I could before."

Thus it is not so useless for the bad to reprove the worst, as the Proverbs, "Satan rebuking sin," and "The kettle calling the pot black," imply. The latter proverb originated most likely, amongst the Tinkers, and had been often used, perhaps, by Bunyan himself, to turn the laugh against ordinary reprovers; but now he could not employ it, although it was never more applicable. The fact is, very *unexpected* reproofs do their work upon the conscience, before the memory can send an answer into the lips. Perkins of Cambridge, (an able Puritan divine afterwards) was shamed out of his drunken habits at once, by overhearing a poor woman say to her crying child, "Hold your tongue, or I will give you to drunken Perkins yonder." Thus, whilst it is all very well to say with David, "Let the righteous smite me," there is more occasion for shame when the *wicked* may repeat the blow, without injustice. Then it is *pitiful* to say, "Look at home," or to talk against "Satan reproving sin." Reproof for a specific sin or inconsistency, must be richly deserved, before the wicked would think of administering it.

How long Bunyan's reformation was confined to the abandonment of one bad habit, cannot now be ascertained with certainty. It seems, however, to have been so for a considerable length of time. Hence he says, "All this while, I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did leave my sports and plays." Thus he was not carried far by his second convictions, nor influenced by any regard to the love or the authority of Christ. This is what he means by not *knowing* Jesus Christ. Accord-

ingly, he adds, "I was ignorant of the corruptions of my nature, and of the want and worth of Christ to *save* us."

Soon after this, happily, Bunyan was led to take great delight in reading the Scriptures. This, as might be expected, enlarged his views of personal reformation, and increased his improvement. It had, however, from its *random* character, another effect; it laid the foundation for most of the sad mistakes which embarrassed and embittered his spirit, when he became deeply concerned about his salvation. This is a *startling*, remark, I am aware. Indeed I intend it to be so. In no other way could the reader be prepared for the strange fancies, or the haunting fears, which mark the early religious experience of Bunyan. These spring chiefly, however, from reading *first*, and *spiritualizing* in his own allegorical vein, as he went on, the historical parts and ceremonial precepts of the Old Testament. He thus began with things which had no direct bearing upon his eternal interests, or his moral improvement. Even the Apocrypha was more interesting to him than the Gospels; and Paul's Epistles, he could not "*away with them*" at all.

This fact has been too little noticed hitherto, or brought in too late to be useful. Bunyan's narrative of it is in his best style. "I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I *then* thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures, and of the matter of religion. Wherefore, falling into some love and liking to what *he* said, I betook me to my bible, and began to take pleasure in reading: but especially in the historical part thereof; for, as for Paul's Epistles, and such like Scriptures, I could not away with them, being as yet ignorant either of the corruptions of my nature, or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save us." Such was his reading; partial and irregular. His new counsellor, also was a dangerous man; for although not then, what he soon afterwards became, "a most devilish Ranter," and eventually an Atheist, he must have been a mere talker, and a thorough speculator, however "pleasantly" he could speak about the Scriptures and the matter of religion: for men who soon come to "deny that there is a God, angel, or spirit," never had any fixed principles, even if they were not, as this man showed himself to be, licentious at the heart's core. I do not now, however, enter upon his history any farther than just to show that Bunyan fell into bad hands, when this masked libertine became his "intimate companion." He, indeed, neither knew

nor suspected him to be rotten at the core then. In fact, he became acquainted with him when he was least dangerous; for the man was then trying a *moral* religion, for once in his life, after having run the gauntlet through all the ranks of speculation. He came soon, however, "to laugh at all sobriety" and decency; and, therefore, it is not unfair nor rash to assume that from the first, he had a strong disposition to "wrest the Scriptures."

These facts of the case will keep the reader on the watch for their influence upon Bunyan's *mental* habits. The Bible, however, even as he read it then, had a decided influence upon his moral habits. "I fell," he says, "to some outward reformation, and did set the Commandments before me, for my way to Heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep; and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes. And then I should have comfort. Yet now and then, I should break one, and so afflict my conscience. But then, I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better; and there got help again; for, then, I thought I pleased God as *well* as any man in England."

This self-complacency, whilst it sprang from his own unrenewed heart, was nourished by public applause. He was now a new man, although not "a new creature;" and as his neighbours were ignorant of this Scriptural distinction, "they did marvel much," he says, "to see such great and famous alteration in my life and manners. They did take me to be a *very* godly man—a new and religious man." He himself admits also, that the alteration was *famous:* "and indeed so it was," he says, "though I knew not (then) Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for as I have *well* since seen, had I died then, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness, to something like a moral life. And truly so they well might; for this my conversion was as great, as for Tom of Bedlam to become a *sober* man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. And O, when I understood *those* were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well."

It is impossible not to imagine, that his worthy *wife* brought the best of these "words and opinions" home to him, from both church and market. Public respect was a new thing to

the Tinker; and as he enjoyed it mightily, she would naturally keep upon the outlook for whatever compliments were most likely to gratify him; for it would never occur to her, that she was feeding his vanity, or ministering to his self-righteousness. The only thing she saw was, her husband becoming like her father; and the only thing she felt was, that the example she had so often held up for imitation, was now taking effect. I can see her now, hanging over his chair with rapture; and can hear her say, "O, John, dear, that is so like what father was." Who does not feel that there is more fact than fancy in this vision of Bunyan's fire-side, when Bunyan was "talking bravely" about religion?

I do not forget that Bunyan himself felt differently, when he wrote the history of his Pharisaism. Any thing, however, is better than blackguardism, especially in a husband; and that wife is more nice than wise, who would not hail and help on the moral improvement of her husband, even if she knew that his motives and his spirit were legal—for they would not become *evangelical* by finding fault with them—nor by calling what he means for good, by ill names. The Cross of Christ can never be endeared or commended to *unconscious* Pharisees, by unmasking abstract Pharisaism.

Bunyan was, however, although he knew it not at the time, a thorough Pharisee. Accordingly, when he reviewed this period of his life, he said, "As yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite; yet I loved to be talked of, as one that was truly godly. I was *proud* of my godliness; and, indeed, I did all I could, either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of by men. And thus I continued for about a twelvemonth, or more."

During that year, his conscience began to question the lawfulness of his favourite amusements—bell-ringing and dancing. And, in regard to the former, his conscience was not at all too squeamish; for the ringing he had loved occurred chiefly on Sabbath; and that not to summon the parish to worship, but to serenade them after worship. It is also not unlikely, that the dancing he was so fond of, followed the merry peal of the Sabbath-evening bells. It is not easy, otherwise, to account for the following struggles he had to make before he could give either up; unless, indeed we suppose that the *company* in the steeple-tower, or on the green of Elstow, were no longer suited to his taste. "Now you must know," he says, "that before this, I had taken much delight in ringing; but my conscience

beginning to be *tender*, I thought such practice but vain; and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind *hankered*: wherefore I would go to the steeple house (it was a distinct house from the Church), and look on, though I durst not ring.

"But I thought this did not become religion neither: yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after I began to think, How if one of the Bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main-beam, that lay overthwart the steeple from side to side; thinking, there I might stand sure. But then, I thought again, should the Bell fall with a *swing*, it must first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me, for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple *door*. And now, I thought, I am safe enough; for if the Bell should now fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

"So after this I would yet go and hear them ring; but would not go farther than the steeple door. But then it came into my head, How if the *steeple* itself should fall? And this thought did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple door any longer; but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

"Another thing was, my dancing. I was full a year before I could quite leave that. But, all this while, when I thought I had *kept* this or that commandment, or did, by word or deed, any thing I thought was good, I had great peace of conscience; and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be *now* pleased with me! Yea, to relate this in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I! But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness: and had perished therein, had not God, in mercy, showed me my state by nature."

All this is in Bunyan's "*own way*," in more senses than he attached to the expression. He meant only his own style; and that he had a right to call his own. It was wholly his own: at least, it *smacks* only of Moses and the evangelists. Who, therefore, can regret that he had read so few other books? The best contemporary Works would have spoiled both his language and his taste. It is, however, his reasonings and imaginings in the bell-tower of Elstow, that deserve the chief attention here. They throw more light upon his *temperament*, than even his reformation itself: and I am gathering such lights, even more carefully than I record it, (much as I

feel interested in every step of it,) because we shall soon want strong lights, in order to follow him through the devious and capricious mazes of his spiritual history, or what Dr. Southey calls, "the hot and cold fits of a spiritual Ague." These fits would have been less mysterious to the eloquent biographer, had he studied the hot and cold fits of Bunyan, produced by the question of bell-ringing. That called into natural and full play, the original elements and tendencies of Bunyan's mind. The man who could, and did, go through such a process of hope and fear, observation and conjecture, experiment and suspicion, calculation and hesitation, in the case of an *improbable* danger, and in spite of all the massive architecture of the Tower staring him in the face, is just the kind of man who may be expected (for he is sure) to examine every thing which interests him; not only on all sides, but to turn it inside out, and outside in; and after having scrutinized all its parts, in all lights, he is almost sure to take up with the *darkest* view of the subject, so far as he himself is concerned in its bearings. Bunyan was not, indeed, a slothful man, to invent Lions in the way; nor a nervous man, to suspect Lions: but he was a moody and mighty Magician, to conjure them up anywhere, and at all times, and in terrific forms. For let it ever be remembered, that it was the same powers of mind, all unknown to himself as talents, and all unbalanced by knowledge or example, that played the fool and the madman alternately with scraps of Scripture in early life, which afterwards invented the Pilgrim's Progress, with the tact of Shakspeare, the wisdom of Plato, and the precision of Locke. The powers which created that work, were sure to run *wild*, whilst they knew not their own strength, and had no guide, and nothing delightful enough to satisfy their cravings when they concentrated their exercise.

But I forbear: I was not made for philosophizing. What I mean by these hints will be obvious in the next Chapter, however they may cloud the end of this one.

CHAPTER VI.

BUNYAN'S CONVERSION.

Hitherto, Bunyan was, at best, only a "brisk talker" about religion, as he calls himself; and that only as it bore upon opinion and a few practical duties. Nothing he knew of religion had humbled him at all, either before God or man; and all that he practised only made him proud before both. Like many who turn over a new leaf in morals, he never looked at the *old* leaf, which was still uppermost in his heart.

In his case, this can hardly be wondered at. He had met with none who knew "the plague of their own hearts;" and his reading had not turned at all upon the necessity of a new heart, or of a right spirit, before God. His wife, also, although well disposed, was not well informed on this subject. He remembered all this when his attention was drawn to the state of his heart; and gratefully recorded the means of it. Hence he says, "Upon a day, the *good* providence of God called me to Bedford, to work at my calling: and in one of the streets of that town (would we knew *which* street!) I came where there were three or four women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God. And being now willing to hear what they said, I drew near, to hear their discourse—for I was now a *brisk* talker of myself in the matters of religion —but I may say, I heard, but understood not; for they were far above, *out* of my reach.

"Their talk was about a new birth—the work of God in their hearts; as also, how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what Promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil."

All this was new to Bunyan; and especially that part of it which related to the devil. Of him he had never thought before, as a Tempter to anything but wickedness or crime:—as a Tempter to despair, distrust, impatience, or unbelief, he had

never heard or dreamt. Accordingly, he paid unusual attention to what the poor women said on this subject. "Moreover," he says, "they *reasoned* of the suggestions and temptations of Satan, in particular; and told to each other, by what means they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, and of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight, and abhor their own righteousness as filthy, and insufficient to do them any good."

All this perplexed him, and compelled him to feel that these new things were *strange* things to him. And yet, he seems to have asked for no explanation of any of them; not even of Satan's temptations, which were an utter mystery to him. This is the more remarkable, as he evidently had a fair opportunity; for the women were communicative, and he was either sitting or standing close by them. This is certain. Accordingly, when they had finished their conversation, "I left them," he says, "and went about my employment again." Thus, he did not *overhear* them, as he was mending kettles; but was in their company. He might, therefore, have asked questions; for the speakers evidently wished to draw him out. They were talking *at* him, although not in a wrong spirit. They knew their *man;* and gladly set themselves, like Priscilla with Apollos, to teach him, "the way of the Lord more perfectly."

This is the true reason of their conduct. They were not religious *gossips*, who would have told their experience to any one. They were "holy women," who knew what Bunyan had been; and what he had become by the reproof of a bad woman; and what he was likely to turn out if left in the hands of his *canting* companion, the masked Ranter, who could talk "pleasantly" about religion. They knew this, and took care that *he* should not have all the talk to himself.

I am not ascribing to these poor women more knowledge of Bunyan and his companion, nor more zeal for Bunyan's welfare, than they really possessed: for they were accredited Members of the Baptist Church in Bedford; which was then too young, too small, and too pure, for any of its members to overlook or neglect any *returning* Prodigal, however far off from his Father's house; or to mistake any wolf in sheep's clothing, however woolly. The honour of religion was too dear to the truly Godly of these times, for that. And this will be equally intelligible and credible, to all who know any

thing of the regular Dissenting Churches of that day, or of our own times. All spiritual Churches *episcopize* in this way. Bunyan did not know this at the time: perhaps he never suspected it afterwards, in his own case. But the poor women certainly talked of themselves, that they might teach him.

How well they spoke of experimental religion, will be best seen from his own account. "Methought, they spake as if *joy* did make them speak. They spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if I had found a new world; as if they were 'people that dwelt *alone*, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbours.' At this, I felt my own heart began to shake, and mistrust my condition to be naught: for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation, the new birth did never enter into my mind; (*Nicodemus-like!*) neither knew I the comfort of the word and promise, nor the deceitfulness of my own wicked heart. As for *secret* thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I *understand* what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted."

The last part of this confession, although not the most interesting, had most to do afterwards with Bunyan's strange fears and fancies: and I mark it out, as another of those *lights* which we shall soon need, when he is "led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." He did not understand Satanic temptation when he first heard of it, nor when it began to harass his mind. The Enemy came in upon him "as a flood;" but he saw only the flood itself, and not the Enemy who poured it around and over him.

His ignorance on this point, however, did not hinder his profiting by what he had heard about the religion of the heart. That arrested and humbled him. It followed him to his work like his shadow; nor did he try to shake it off. "I left," he says, "but their talk and discourse went *with* me: also, my heart would *tarry* with them; for I was greatly affected by their words; both because by *them* I was *convinced* that I wanted the tokens of a truly godly man, and also, because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed *condition* of him that was such a one. Therefore, I would often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people; for I could not stay away. And the more I went among them, the more I did question my condition: and, as I *still* remember, presently, I found two things

within me, at which I did sometimes marvel: the one was, a very great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under conviction of what, by Scripture, they asserted; and the other was, a great *bending* in my mind to a continual meditating on it, and on all other good things, which at any time I heard or read of.

"By these things, my mind was now so turned, that it lay like a *horse-leech* at the vein; still crying out, 'Give, Give;' and was so fixed on eternity, and on the things of the kingdom of heaven (that is, so far as I *knew;* though as yet, God knows, I knew but little), that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats, could *loose* it, or make it let go its hold. And, though I speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed, a certain truth, that it would have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind *from* heaven to earth, as I have found it often since, to get it again from earth to heaven."

Bunyan himself, marvelled, as he well might, at this child-like and angel-like *turn* of spirit; "especially," as he says, "considering what a blind, ignorant, sordid, and ungodly wretch, but just before I was." It hardly requires spiritual discernment, in order to see *beauty* in this change. Mere Philosophy, either moral or mental, must admire it. It is indeed, the Lion become a lamb! How Mrs. Bunyan must have enjoyed it! Her husband was now more gentle and humble than her father seems to have been. Even those who attach no importance to the religion of the heart, must wonder at the change of the Tinker's heart; it was so sudden and great, and yet so simple withal. His spirit softened like furrows under spring showers; and, like them, soon sent forth "the tender blade." And all this was produced, not by visions or dreams, but by words which dropped as the rain, and distilled as the dew, from the lips of simple-hearted women, who used no direct persuasion. Christians see, of course, the hand of God in the effect: and even a mere philosopher must confess, that he never sees the *same* effect produced by the most eloquent maxims or appeals of his ethics, although he tries their force on more cultivated minds. True; there was latent genius in the Tinker, to work upon. What then? Neither the Tinker himself, nor his Teachers knew of it. They had never heard of genius. It was not the less there, I grant. Where was it, however, in the women, who sat

"Knitting in the sun?"

They had not minds of Bunyan's order: and, yet the truths of the Bible had the same sweet influence upon them. Besides, what is philosophy worth, as a Reformer of the world, if it require *genius* as the soil for its seed to root or ripen in?

One of the first-fruits of Bunyan's conversion was, a tender concern for those whom his former example had misled or hardened. Having found, therefore, in his own case, how good is a word spoken in season, and in a kind spirit, he began to try the experiment upon others. He was, however, very unsuccessful, in the first instance: because, perhaps, he began too soon; or before his new *spirit* was as much known as his new character. "There was a young man in our town," he says, "to whom my heart before was knit, more than to any other: but he being a most wicked creature, for cursing, and swearing, and whoring, I now shook him off, and forsook his company: but about a quarter of a year after I had left him, I met him in a certain lane, and asked him how he did. He, after his old swearing and mad way, answered he was well. 'But, Harry,' said I, 'why do you curse and swear thus? What will *become* of you if you die in this condition?' He answered me in a great chafe, 'What would the Devil do for *company*, if it were not for such as I am?'"

This is, perhaps—reckless and horrible as it is—as fair a specimen of the spirit of the ungodly Cavaliers and Roisterers of that day, as could be selected. Many Roundheads were as great rogues; but they did not thus glory in their shame, nor laugh at the wrath to come. It is not, however, for the sake of illustrating this feature of the Times, that I quote the fact. I would not have quoted it, had it not been the anecdote which revealed to me the fact, that Bunyan himself is the speaker in the Life of Badman, under the name of Wiseman. The anecdote occurs in that work, exactly as it stands here, so far as the *point* of it is concerned. In other respects, the only difference is, the word "*huff*" instead of "chafe." On the margin of the old Editions there is, also, this note of Bunyan's:—"The desperate words of one H. S., who once was my companion."

This was a sore disappointment to Bunyan. He says, "I make mention of him to my shame. That young man was my play-fellow, when I was solacing myself in my sins. Young Badman was as like him as an egg is like an egg; and so far as I could ever gather, he lived and died as Mr. Badman did." This was not Bunyan's only trial at the time. He not only

strove in vain to reclaim others, but had to resist some who attempted to corrupt himself. "About this time," he says, "I met with some ranters' books that were put forth by some of our countrymen; which books were also in high esteem by several *old* professors." One of these professors was the "pleasant Talker about the *matter* of religion," whom I have already branded as a masked libertine. He now threw off the mask, and "gave himself up to all manner of filthiness, especially to uncleanness." Bunyan adds of him, "About this time he became a most devilish Ranter."

It will be seen at once from this, that the sect were every thing but what the modern Ranters are. The ranting of the latter is mere *violence* of language and gesticulation, in preaching and praying. In all other respects, they are, I believe, exemplary and orthodox: whereas, the old Ranters were equally profligate and heterodox. I do not choose to *detail* their creed or their character. They were Familists; and whoever wishes to know their character, will find its original in the Nicholaitan's, and its impersonation in "that woman Jezebel," mentioned in the epistles to the seven Churches of Asia. I know, however, that it is not justice to Bunyan, to give no account of the books of the Ranters, seeing he signalized his prudence by the manner in which he treated them. But he can *afford* to have less than his *due* in this matter: whereas, it is not every one who can read Error with safety; even when the antidote is stronger than the poison. Many of Doddridge's students verified this fact, although all the error they read was speculative, and contradicted equally by his own devotional character, and evangelical preaching.

Nothing exhibits the child-like disposition of Bunyan more now, than the recoil of his spirit from Antinomianism. He *read* both the books and the men that advocated the system; but he shrunk with holy jealousy from the former, and with loathing disgust from the latter. He could not answer their arguments; but he *prayed* against their influence. "I was not able," he says, "to make any judgment about them: wherefore, as I read them, and thought upon them, seeing myself unable to judge, I would betake myself to hearty prayer in this manner: "O Lord, I am a *fool*, and not able to know the truth from error. Lord, leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve of or condemn this doctrine. If it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not

embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul in this matter only at *thy* foot ; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee.'"

We feel instinctively, that such prayer was sure to be answered by God. "The meek will he guide in judgment." "If any man do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Bunyan verified these promises at the time ; and afterwards set to his seal, that God is true. "Blessed be God," he says, "who put it into my heart to cry to him, to be kept and directed ; still distrusting my own wisdom. For I have *seen* since, even the effects of that prayer, in his preserving me, not only from Ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since." He did more, however, than pray for preservation. He also shook off his old companion the Ranter. That man had gone on from bad to worse, until he laughed at all truth and duty. "Wherefore," says Bunyan, "abominating these cursed principles, I left his company forthwith, and became to him as great a stranger, as I had been before a familiar." No wonder ; the last words of the wretch to Bunyan, accompanied with loud laughter at his own wickedness, were, "that he had gone through *all* religions, and could never hit upon the right till now ; and that all professors would turn in a little time to the ways of the Ranters." On this, they parted, to meet no more, forever.

Bunyan's danger was not over, however, when he shook off this Viper from his hand. He was still a *travelling* Tinker, and could not often choose his company, nor change the subject of conversation, when he was from home. He was thus thrown amongst Ranters occasionally, by his Craft. He also found, here and there in the county, men whom he had formerly known as "*strict* in religion, drawn away" to Antinomianism. But still, the pans and kettles of both required mending as usual, and he could not afford to refuse a job. He had thus to listen to the "sounding brass" of Antinomians, whilst soldering their culinary brass. "They would tell me," he says, "of *their* ways, and condemn *me* as legal and dark : pretending that those only had attained to perfection, that could do what they *would* and not sin."

This "bestial herd," as Dr. Southey justly calls them, were not produced however, as he unjustly insinuates, by "Baxter, and other erring, though good men," who marvelled "at mischief which never would have been effected, if they had not mainly assisted in it." True ; Baxter said when he saw it, "We intended not to dig down the banks, or pull up

the hedge, and lay all waste and common, when we desired the Prelates' tyranny might cease." Baxter, however, never regretted the downfall of that tyranny itself, nor ever thought that *such* Prelacy would have preserved either the morals or the maxims of the Reformation. Besides, if the Puritans are to be held accountable for the *monstrocities* of the Commonwealth, the Prelatists must answer for the wider-spread *enormities* of the Restoration. Bunyan saw both, and spared neither, as we shall see by and by.

He felt deeply, and has told frankly, the seductive power of Anti-nomianism, as it then appeared to his passions. "Oh these *temptations!*" he exclaims; "I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime." It deserves special notice here, that he ascribed to a hope that God had designed him "*for better things*," the strength of that Godly fear, by which he was kept from embracing the "cursed principles" of the Ranters.

He verified, also, at this time, in his own experience, the truth of David's answer to the question, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy Word." Never did young or old man take better heed to this rule than Bunyan did, whether travelling or at home. "The Bible," he says, "was *precious* to me in those days. I began, methought, to look into the Bible with *new* eyes; and read as I never did before; and especially the epistles of the apostle St. Paul were sweet and pleasant to me. And, indeed, I was never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation: still crying out to God, that I might know the truth and way to heaven and glory."

Now his reading became impartial, and for the right purpose. And yet, even at this time, that *cast* of his mind, which I have already hinted at, showed itself. Both the marvellous and the mystical, had peculiar charms to him. He even preferred the *abstract* to the simple and plain, except where practical duty was concerned. Hence, instead of taking his views of faith from the *definitions* of Paul or John, he took them first from Paul's catalogue of the miraculous or extraordinary gifts of the Spirit; where faith has evidently and certainly the same reference to the Miraculous, which Tongues or Prophesy had. 1 *Cor.* xii. 9.

There is also, in connexion with his peculiar mind, something *suspicious* in the very way he speaks of searching the Scriptures. Instead of saying, he *met* with such a passage,

he says, he *hit* upon it; and he evidently regarded it as a "happy hit." A mind of this order, without a guide, is sure to *miss*, and that widely at times. Accordingly, Bunyan's first notions of faith were equally vague and visionary.

"As I went on and read," he says, "I *hit* upon that passage, 'To one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; and to another faith,' &c. On this I mused, and could not tell what to do: especially this word *faith* put me to it! for I could not help it; but sometimes must question, whether I had faith or no. But I was *loath* to conclude I had no faith; for if I do so, thought I, then I shall count myself a very castaway indeed." This was wisely resolved; but unwisely reasoned. "No," said I to myself, "though I am convinced that I am an ignorant *sot*, and that I want those blessed gifts of knowledge and understanding that other people have, yet, at a *venture*, I will conclude, I am not altogether faithless, though I know not what *faith* is." He made this venture, because he was "loath to fall quite into despair." Thus he never thought of asking himself, *what* he believed. That was too plain a question for his taste; too simple a path for his feet. Accordingly, he saw no faith in his cordial belief of the truth, although he loved the truth so far as he knew it. There was no *perverseness* of heart in this mistake. It sprang from sheer ignorance, and the fear of taking up with a mere nominal faith. He saw that those who "conclude themselves in a faithless state, have neither rest nor quiet in their souls;" and therefore he was afraid to meet the question fairly, in his own case, lest he should be driven into despair: for he saw "for certain," that if he had not faith, he was "sure to perish for ever." This, he says, made him "afraid to *see* his want of faith," although he strongly suspected he had none. He could not rest long, however, upon what he well calls "the *blind conclusion*," that he was "not altogether faithless," even although ignorant of what faith is. His acute understanding shrank from this absurdity with shame, even whilst his aching heart clung to it with fondness. "I could not rest content," he says, "until I did now come to some certain knowledge, whether I had faith or no: this always running in my mind, But what if you want faith indeed? How can you *tell* you have faith? So that, though I endeavoured at first to look over (to *overlook*) the business of faith, yet in a little time, I better considering the matter, was willing to put myself upon *trial*, whether I had faith or no." The

honesty of this resolution is as delightful as its imprudence is glaring. In after years, however, he himself thought only of its rashness. "Alas, poor wretch," he says of himself, "so ignorant and brutish was I, that I knew not (then) any more how to do it, than I know how to begin and accomplish that rare and curious piece of art which I never yet saw or considered."

This is his own preface to his own account of that trial of his faith, to which he was now about to subject himself. That account, therefore, ludicrous as it is, will not turn the *laugh* against him, except on the face of witlings: for he would have acted wisely, if he had only known how to do so. He himself claims credit for himself thus far; and says, "You must know that, as yet, I had not in this matter *broken my mind* to any one: only did hear and consider." Besides, he had no suspicion at the time, that Satan had anything to do with anything which was well meant in religion. What he says about the tempter, in the following story, is not what he thought during the temptation; but his final judgment, when he knew better. "Being put to a *plunge*," he says, "the tempter came in with this delusion, that there was no way for me to know I had faith, but by trying to work some miracles; urging those Scriptures that seem to look that way, for the enforcing and strengthening his temptation. Nay, one day, as I was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was *hot* upon me to try if I had faith, by doing some miracle: which miracle was this; I must say to the puddles that were in the *horse-pads*, Be dry; and to the dry places, Be you puddles! And truly, one time, I was going to say this, indeed. But just as I was about to speak, this thought came into my mind,—But go under yonder hedge, and *pray* first, that God would make you able. But when I had concluded to pray, this came *hot* upon me,—that if I prayed, and came again, and tried to do it, and yet *did* nothing notwithstanding; then to be sure, I had no faith, but was a *castaway*, and lost. Nay, thought I, if it be so, I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer. So I continued at a great loss: for, thought I, if they only have faith, who could do such *wonderful* things, then, I concluded, that for the present I neither had it, nor for the time to come were ever likely to have it. Thus I was tossed betwixt the devil and my own ignorance; and so perplexed, especially at some times, that I could not tell what to do."

There is a strange mixture of rashness and prudence in all

this, and a still stranger oversight of the character of the only believers he knew ; the poor women, whose experience he had heard and admired. They had said nothing about "miracles," or "wonderful things," even when they spoke as if *joy* did make them speak; and he had no doubt of the genuineness of their faith. Yet, all this he forgot, or overlooked: another proof of the tendency of his mind to take up with the *abstract*, rather than the obvious, in any subject which regarded himself. Even this is not saying enough of his peculiarity. His mind fixed upon miracles as the test of faith, although he had never heard of such a test ; for with all the pretences and vagaries of his times, our own have been more rife with miracle-mongers. There were no Tongue-shops, even among Oliver's gifted cohorts. It remained for metropolitan Episcopalians, two centuries afterwards, to play the fool in this way, in a Scotch Kirk. I mention these things, merely in order to fix attention upon the *capriciousness* of Bunyan's modes of thinking, even when he began to think for eternity. Then, from sheer dread of erring, he often argued "without rhyme or reason." Even his reveries, or day-dreams, were wiser than his deliberations. The former were vivid and fanciful: the latter were *hot* and morbid.

One of the former has in it, what Dr. Southey calls, "the *germ* of the Pilgrim's Progress ;" and Conder, "the germinating of that imagination which was afterwards to ripen into *genius*." Both critics are right: but I quote it as the germ of that *piety*, which ripened into sound theology and the beauties of holiness; because this was the light in which Bunyan himself viewed it, and his chief reason for telling it so well. It was this. "About this time, the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of a vision, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow and dark clouds; Methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain: now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding, that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

"About this wall I bethought myself, to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or pas-

sage, by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time: At the last, I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little door-way in the wall, through which I attempted to pass: Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in: at last, with great sideling, my shoulders, and my whole body got in: then I was exceedingly glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

"Now this mountain and wall, &c, was thus made out to me: The mountain signified the church of the living God: the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein; the wall I thought was the word, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father. For Jesus said in his reply to Thomas, '*I am the way and the truth and the life, no man cometh to the Father but by me. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*' John xiv.; Matt. vii. 14. But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not with but great difficulty, enter in thereat, it showed me, that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left that wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin.

"This resemblance abode upon my spirit many days; all which time I saw myself in a forlorn and sad condition, but yet was provoked to a vehement hunger and a desire to be one of that number that did sit in the sunshine: Now also should I pray wherever I was; whether at home or abroad, in house or field; and would also often, with lifting up of heart, sing that of the fifty-first Psalm, '*O Lord, consider my distress;*' for as yet I knew not where it was."

It will not lessen the impression made by this "dream and the interpretation thereof," to notice how naturally it grew out of the real interview he had with the poor women in the street at Bedford. They were sitting "in the sun," when he first saw them; and accordingly they appear in vision on the *sunny* side of a high mountain. The "wall" also, is just a material form of the ignorance and fear he felt, whilst listening to them; and the "narrow gap," just the slight glimpse he

had of part of their meaning. But whilst this is true, it is not all the truth. What must his mind have been, seeing it could thus throw into forms of power and glory, such simple and common-place realities? And yet we shall "see greater things than these," from even smaller materials.

Bunyan remembered this dream and its interpretation, when he wrote his "Solomon's Temple Spiritualized." Speaking there of the gate of the Porch of the Temple, which, although six cubits wide, was yet accounted too narrow, because of the cumber some men would carry with them, that pretend to be going to heaven, he exclaims, "Six cubits! What is *sixteen* cubits, to him who would enter with all the world on his back? The young man in the Gospels, who made such a noise for heaven, might have gone in easy enough: for in six cubits there is room; but, poor man, he was not for going in thither, unless he might carry his *houses* upon his back; and so the gate was too strait." Bunyan had "put away childish things," and "become a man," when he wrote thus. We must, however, review his childish things first, and make due allowances for them.

CHAPTER VII.

BUNYAN'S CONFLICTS.

He is a very unfeeling man, even if not a parent, who can witness without emotion or sympathy the sufferings of an infant. These are many and varied, even in the case of a healthy child. Hardly any of its faculties or functions develop themselves without pain, and none of them rapidly. The strongest babe is thus but a tender plant for a long time. Nothing, therefore, is more unseemly, than to find fault with the screams of a mere infant, or to remain unmoved by its tears and wailing. If, however, he who can do so be an unfeeling man, he who could wish Infancy free from all its sufferings, is anything but a *wise* man. Mothers have, indeed, much to endure, and fathers something, from the succession of complaints incident to childhood; but both would have to go through much more trouble, if their children acquired strength of body at once, or before they had mind enough to regulate the employment of bodily strength. In that case, their blow or their bite would be a more serious thing than their cries. And if they could talk and reason from the first, they would be more tiresome than even fretfulness makes them.

It would be ludicrous as well as useless to illustrate the supposition of a mature child. Absurd as it is, however, it is hardly more absurd than the expectation, that a recent convert should be wise, settled, or happy, in religion, all at once. The Apostles thought otherwise: and treated their converts as but "babes in Christ," at first. Christ himself thought otherwise, and provided for the weakness of his lambs, as well as for the wants of his sheep. He did not teach even his Apostles every thing at once; but only as they could "bear" from time to time. Accordingly, they thought and said many things, at first, which were both unwise and wayward; rash and silly. Christ did not prevent this. He did not render it impossible, nor did he countenance it; but he permitted it. The fact is, the Apostles needed as much to know *themselves* —their own hearts, tendencies, and dispositions—as His doc-

trine. It was only as they knew themselves, that they could appreciate or improve it. And the case is not much altered yet. No convert talks nothing but good sense at first. Every Christian has his childhood, during which he both thinks and says childish things, and gives way to childish hopes and fears.

He is no Philosopher, who can laugh at this weakness. It is indeed weak to suspect the worst; or to look chiefly at the dark side of appearances; or to conclude that all is wrong or useless, because nothing is fully right or ripe at once. It is even not a little wayward to raise a *but* in the midst of the Promises, and especially to set either the severity or the sovereignty of God "over all" his perfections, purposes, and plans; seeing He has set his "tender Mercies over all his works." This sad reversing of the *order* of His "well ordered Covenant," by a disordered imagination, or by a doubtful mind, is a painful sight to a well informed man, and a puzzling, if not a repulsive sight, to a man who cares little about religion. The former has no patience with such dark surmises, and the latter turns the suspicions and the fears of the timid into objections against religion itself. Both treat the case unfairly. It is a case of spiritual infancy, in general; and often aggravated in its weakness, by ill health or low spirits. It is not, however, a bad thing for any man to go through *some* process and degree of mental anxiety, at his outset in religion. He would not be a better nor a wiser man, without it. Besides it is *inevitable*. Personal religion is more than a new line of moral conduct. It is that; but it is also a new train of ideas, desires and motives. It is a new line of conduct chosen for new reasons, and pursued for eternal results. The mind cannot, therefore, adjust itself at once, to so much that is new, noble, and solemn. It is thrown inevitably at first, into some confusion, as well as ferment, by the vastness and variety of eternal things. To wonder at this, is worse than foolish. Why; any great change of temporal circumstances, or even a transition from a small trade to a great one, will throw the mind into both ferment and confusion. But, who wonders at this? No one. All men would wonder at the man who could descend unmoved from the top to the bottom of the Ladder of life, and at the man who could ascend unmoved from the bottom to the top. Allowances are made for both, even if both are not a little at their wits' end; the former by too much fear, and the latter by too much hope. I

have seen more men at their wits' end by worldly embarrassments, than I ever saw by spiritual; and few have been brought into wider contact than myself with the inmates of the cells and wards of Doubting Castle. Who has not seen men on 'Change at their desks, as much confused, and agitated, and panic-struck, by the vicissitudes of Trade, as Bunyan was by the vicissitudes of religious hope and fear? I do not plead nor apologize for all his hot or cold fits in religion; but whilst both hot and cold fits are so common in Trade, I will not silently hear him called fool or fanatic. His mind just wrought at first amongst a crowd of new ideas and desires, as the minds of young and old Brokers and Merchants work amidst the stagnations or revolutions of the market. It will, therefore, be quite time enough for the world to fling *gibes* at the confusion and anguish of timid and tempted Christians, when our own Bankers and Brokers, Shipowners and Merchants, take panics and reports coolly. In like manner, it ought not to be a very amazing thing in a world where Returned Bills and Bad Debts make men *sleepless* for a time, if unanswered prayers, or unsuccessful struggles to "keep the heart right with God," create some wearisome nights and days to recent converts.

Those who thus "live in glass houses should not be hasty in throwing stones" at others. Some of the stones thrown at melancholy and morbid Christians, rebound with tremendous force upon the victims of misfortune and treachery. Quite as many of them sink or rave under their calamities. Far more settle into melancholy, or rush to desperation, by worldly losses, than by religious mistakes or disappointments. Besides, if it be any objection against Religion, that some of its ill informed and raw recruits are very unhappy for a short time at their outset in the divine life, what should be said of Irreligion and Infidelity? Even their *veterans* die as fools or as maniacs. Voltaire, Hume, and Paine, raved and trembled far more at the close of their life, than Bunyan did at the commencement of his piety. Now although "two blacks do not make a *white*," one black may be *blacker* than another. Accordingly, the blackest list of mental sufferings, and hopeless sorrows, is in the world, not in the Church. It is "the sorrow of the *world*, that worketh death," madness, and melancholy, upon a large scale.

I do not wish to aggravate my reprisals, nor to retort with all the severity which facts would warrant. I readily grant, that the victims of worldly sorrow take wrong views of the

world, both when they sink and when they rave under its calamities. He has not the *heart* of a Christian, who refuses to concede this. In like manner, he has not the *head* of a Philosopher, who refuses or neglects to acknowledge, that all religious despair, despondency, and extravagance, springs from wrong views of Religion itself.

Now, that *mistakes* should be made in Religion is, to say the least, not more surprising than that they are made in business, or in friendships, or in partnerships. Who wonders that either a very rash, or a very timid man, to whom business is a new thing, and the world unknown, should form unwise connexions, or embark in plausible speculations, or become the dupe and victim of sharpers? Nothing else is, or is to be, expected, when men ignorant of the world begin to *act* in it. Very few, however, are so ignorant of human nature, or of public business, when they begin active life, as the generality are of the Gospel when they begin a godly life. Far fewer are brought up to the religion of the Bible, than to business. All the real knowledge of the generality, up to the time of their being drawn or driven to think seriously about eternal salvation, is, that they ought to be *good*, and to attend public worship, and to say their prayers. There is but very little more than this in the creed of most: for their vague and vapid notions about the merits of Christ, amount neither to faith or knowledge. They are mere forms of sound words, and not often that. It is, therefore, not only not to be wondered at, but only what might be expected, that minds thus ill informed should be ill at ease, when they begin to discover in the Bible, that sin is an evil which only the Son of God could atone for; that the heart is a stone which only the Spirit of God can soften; that pardon and eternal life are blessings which good works can neither merit nor buy. This new world of *ideas*, is not likely to be a bright world of *feelings* at first, to a man who never studied the worth or the wants of his soul. His mere consciousness of having neglected his soul for years, forces upon him the questions—But *will* God, or the Saviour, or the Sanctifier, show mercy to a soul upon which I bestowed no care? Will they pardon or pity one who has so long trifled with both their Mercy and Justice? May they not treat me as I have treated them? If not, *why not?*

Now very few can answer these questions at first. The Gospel, indeed, contains explicit and delightful answers to them all: but nothing is less known than the Gospel, by the

generality when they begin to care for their souls, Even those who know something of it as a scheme of salvation by grace and through faith, have little or no idea, at first, that *believing* it is faith. They usually mean by faith, something more difficult, and less within their power, than even the *best* of good works. Instead, therefore, of its being a wonder that so many are frightened or confused, when they begin to grapple in good earnest with the question of acceptance with God, the wonder is that so few are gravelled by it, or that Bunyan is a rarity.

Besides, were the Gospel well known to every one, no one knows *himself* well at first, in reference to religion. Now self-knowledge is just as much wanted as scriptural knowledge: and as nothing can teach the former but Experience in any case, and *bitter* Experience in most cases, it is wisely ordered that all shall suffer more or less, for a time, from fears and temptations. They thus learn (what neither Reason nor Conscience suggest) that their own hearts are not to be trusted, nor their own resolutions to be depended upon. They discover also (for it is a *discovery*) that they are quite capable of going into opinions and presumptions, which, if not checked by the healthful Spirit of truth, grace, and holiness, would *land* them in impiety or scepticism. It is, therefore, a good thing for any man to get a sight, by any means, of his own heart. No man would or could believe the extent of its alienation from God, without being left to *feel* it now and then. For as it is only sickness or danger, which can bring home to us a *practical* sense of our weakness and mortality, so it is only Experience which can make us afraid of our own hearts.

I have been led into these considerations by a remark of Bishop Butler's, which throws more light upon the infancy of Internal Religion, than the *crucifix* he set up in the palace-chapel of Durham (from which the crucifix was *first* removed by an ancestor of my family) did on "The Importance of External Religion:"—"If we suppose," he says in ANALOGY, (p. 107) "a person brought into the world with both body and mind in maturity, as far as this is conceivable, he would plainly, at first, be as unqualified for the *business* of life as an IDIOT. He would be in a manner distracted with astonishment, and apprehension, and curiosity, and suspense: nor can one guess how *long* it would be before he would be familiarized to himself and the objects about him, enough even to set himself to anything. It may be questioned too, whether the natural informa-

tion of his sight and hearing would be of any manner of use at all to him in *acting*, before experience. And it seems, that men would be strangely head-strong and self-willed, and disposed to exert themselves with an impetuosity which would render society insupportable, and living in it impracticable, were it not for some acquired moderation and self-government, some aptitude and readiness in restraining themselves, and in concealing their sense of things.—In these respects, and probably in many more of which we have no particular notion, mankind is left by nature an unformed and unfinished creature, utterly deficient and unqualified, before the acquirement of knowledge, experience, and habits, for that *mature* state of life which was the end of his creation ; considering him as related only to this world." All this is equally true of mankind, in regard to religion.

I thus bespeak the candour of Philosophy, as well as of educated Piety, on behalf of *new-born* Bunyan. I will neither conceal nor soften his freaks or fancies, his caprice or rashness : but I must treat them with tenderness and demand for him great allowances at this stage of his Christian life.

Bunyan erred nearly as much when he ascribed all his discouragements and suspicions to the Tempter, as when he charged himself with the guilt of every temptation which haunted him. This is hardly to be wondered at. He was ignorant of the devices of Satan, when they began to sift and shake him ; and he had suffered so much from them before it could be said of him as of Christ, "then the devil leaveth him, and an Angel ministered unto him," that he naturally traced to the devil all the fears and doubts, as well as the distractions and blasphemies, which had ever harassed his mind. He saw, when writing an account of them, that his dilemmas had had the *same* influence as his distractions, in beating him off from the foundation of Hope ; and therefore he ascribed both to the same cause. It is not necessary, however, that his Biographer should do so. It has been too often done already by his Annalists. Besides ; there is much in his Experience not easily to be accounted for, even when Satanic agency is drawn upon for explanations. Such being the fact, I am not inclined to draw much upon that source, until nothing else will explain Bunyan's temptations.

It is not meant by these remarks, to convey the idea that Satan had *nothing* to do with Bunyan's wild reasonings about faith, and election, and the length of the day of grace. All I

mean, is, that "no strange thing had befallen" him, when questions about "*secret things*" drove him to his wits' end. Such questions are only too natural: without *strong* temptation to enforce or suggest them. They might have occurred without Satan; although, when once started, he struck in with them, or turned them into "fiery darts." That he did so, in this instance, cannot be doubted by any one who believes in his agency: for it will be seen, that the questions soon go against the very "grain of nature," as well as against Bunyan's *flame* of desire. "I began," he says, "to find my soul assaulted with fresh doubts about my future happiness: especially with such as these; Whether I was elected? How if the day of grace be past? By these two temptations, I was very much afflicted and disquieted: sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other of them."

"And first, to speak of that about questioning my election:—I found at this time, that though I was in a *flame* to find the way to Heaven and Glory, and though nothing could *beat* me off from this, yet this question did so offend and discourage me, that I was, (especially at some times,) as if the very strength of my *body* also, had been taken away by the force and power thereof. This Scripture did also seem to *trample* upon all my desires,—'It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.' With this Scripture,—I could not tell what to do; for I evidently saw, that unless the great God, of his infinite grace, had voluntarily chosen me to be a vessel of mercy, though I should desire and long, and labour until my *heart* did break,—no good could come of it. Therefore, this would *stick* with me: How can you tell that you are elected? And, what if you should not (be so?) How then?

"O Lord, thought I,—What if I should not, indeed? It may be you are not (elected), said the Tempter. It may be so, indeed, said I. Why then, said Satan, you had as good leave off, and strive no farther; for if, indeed, you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no hope of your being saved; for it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.

"By these things I was driven to my wits' end; not knowing what to say, nor how to answer the temptations. Indeed, I little thought that *Satan* had thus assaulted me: but that rather it was my own *prudence*, thus to start the question. For that the Elect only obtained eternal life, that, I without

scruple, did heartily close with: but that myself was one of them;—*there lay the question!* Thus, therefore, for several days, I was greatly assaulted and perplexed; and was often, when I have been walking, ready to *sink* where I went, with faintness in my mind."

Thus although this question originated in a mistake of Bunyan's, it was ripened into a temptation by Satan. In itself, it was not an unnatural question; but it became absolutely Satanic, when it prevailed over a very flame of holy and heavenly desire, and thus prostrated both a robust body and a mighty mind. I cannot, notwithstanding all my suspicions of the *morbid* cast of Bunyan's mind, exclude temptation here. There is less of it, indeed, than in some of his subsequent horrors; but still enough to compel the exclamation, "An *Enemy* hath done this!"

This is, certainly, a *convenient*, as well as a summary, mode of accounting for the overwhelming effects of such a question. It is, I grant, employing one mystery to explain another. Still, better do that, than do nothing. Satanic agency, however mysterious in itself, and whatever difficulties it involves, is a *revealed* fact: whereas it is neither revealed by God, nor ascertained by philosophy, that *mind* has a natural tendency to torture itself into despair with such questions. It is inclined to *tamper* with them, and to indulge many suspicions and fears for the safety of what is dear, and about the success of what is important. We conjure up thousands of dark fancies, and can make ourselves feverish by dwelling upon imaginary accidents. But it is not *natural* to indulge the fear of perishing, nor yet to lay to heart the danger of being lost forever. All the natural tendencies of the human mind lean the other way, and trifle or presume, until the power of Truth check them. When, therefore, that power set Bunyan "in a *flame* to find the way to Heaven and Glory," that flame took, of course, the guidance of his *voluntary* thoughts. From whence, then, came the *involuntary* fears which prevailed against both volition and burning desire? He who says in answer to this question,—"from the mind itself," insinuates more against the Author of mind, than he who traces the overwhelming fears to the agency of Satan. For if the constitution of the mind incline it to a *bye-play*, which can defeat all its best and concentrated desires, even when their spring-tide flows upon the eternal channels of self-love, and in a heavenward direction, then are we more

perilled by this mental bye-play, than by all the power of Satan. He is an Enemy *without;* of whom we are apprised and warned: but this is an enemy *within;* of whom we have no notice. We are told that Satan suggests lies; and thus we are prepared to suspect him. But we are not told by the Father of our spirits, that there is in them a lurking bias to *despair*, which may defeat all their wishes and efforts to hope. We are told by God, of inward foes to Holiness, and of the war of the flesh against the spirit, and of a law in the members opposed to the law of the mind: but of no *inward* law, lust, or bias against Hope. When, therefore, philosophizers ascribe such despair to the mind itself, in order to get rid of Satanic agency, they only involve themselves in the greater difficulty, of accounting for *tendency* instead of temptation. In this dilemma, the latter is the least horn.

We have seen that neither the cast of Bunyan's mind, nor the defects of his knowledge, will account fully for his proneness to despair. They explain, however, the way in which Satan took advantage of him so often and easily. Bunyan's temperament was prying, capricious, and moody; and as he had no taste now for his old sins, and had never dreamt that it was wrong or unwise to indulge fancies and curiosity, he was thus an easy prey to the tempter. In fact, he almost tempted the devil; for he thought it "*prudence*" to start and pursue curious questions, even at all hazards: a temper which Satan has always humoured equally, whether indulged under the Tree of Knowledge, the Tree of Ignorance, or the Tree of Life.

Bunyan's curiosity was, however, universal. It pried into every thing which fell under his notice; and thus the bright as well as the dark side of the Pillar of Revelation, engaged his scrutinizing eye from time to time. His mind could dwell long on the dark side; but it could not *forget* the bright side altogether. Accordingly, after he had been "many weeks oppressed and cast down," by questioning his election, he remembered having read the words, "Look at the generations of old, and see: did ever any trust in God, and were confounded?" That moment his hopes, which had just before been quite "giving up the ghost," revived, as if an angel had ministered to him, when the devil left him. Yea, they did not sink, even when he could not find the passage in either the Old or the New Testament, nor although none of his pious friends "knew such place." More than a year elapsed before

he discovered that it was in the Apocrypha: and yet, both it, and the hope it created "abode" with him all the time. The fact is, the *sublimity* of the appeal,—"Look at the generations of old, and see,"—had, when he first read it, made him *look* along the line of sacred history with an eagle-glance, which fell at the same time upon similar appeals, and upon corroborating proofs; and thus he was sure that it was, substantially, the word of God.

He was, however, almost as much pleased with the *way* in which it came to him now, as with what it said. It came "so suddenly," "so fresh," and "fell with such weight upon his spirit, that it was," he says, "as if it *talked to me.*" Now, although it is impossible to begrudge him this pleasure, it is equally impossible not to *fear* for a mind, which attaches so much importance to the *manner* in which truth presents itself. Such a mind is sure to keep on the *outlook* for sudden and accidental discoveries, which shall dazzle and penetrate like lightning, rather than for sober truths which, like diamonds, brighten by rubbing. Bunyan affords a melancholy exemplification of this. He loved impulses, as "Ephraim loved idols; and after them he did go."

It is, however, both instructive and pleasing to observe, that the great impulse which floated his stranded spirit clean over the *bar* of suspected reprobation, was derived from a great general principle of the Word of God;—*viz.* the uniform and uninterrupted experience of the church, that none ever trusted in God, and were disappointed. This fact, more than any explanations ever yet given of the divine sovereignty in showing mercy, has helped many who, like Bunyan, have stranded themselves upon the same bar. Perhaps no one ever got fairly over, by any other means.

Bunyan was not long over this bar, when a new one presented itself. "After this," he says, "that other doubt did come with *strength* upon me,—But how if the day of grace be past and gone? How if you have *overstood* the time of mercy? Now I remember that one day as I was walking in the country, I was much in the thoughts of this: But how if the day of grace be past? And to aggravate my trouble, the tempter presented to my mind those good people of Bedford, and suggested this to me, that these being converted already, they were *all* that God would save in those parts, and that I came too *late*, for those had got the blessing before me.

"Now I was in great distress; thinking, in very deed, that

this might *well* be so." He means that, in his own case, it might justly have been so. And he was right! For although he had sinned much through ignorance, he had also trifled much through sheer obstinacy. Many, indeed, have resisted the strivings of the Holy Spirit longer than Bunyan did; but he had resisted long enough to *justify* that Spirit, had he ceased to strive with him even then. However wrong a view, therefore, he took of the length of the day of grace, he did only right when he counted himself "far worse than a thousand fools for standing off thus long, and spending so many years in sin." Indeed, had he not given way to despair again, and thus "limited the Holy One," his shame and regret would not have been too great, even when he went up and down the country bemoaning his sad condition, and saying to himself, "Oh, that I had turned sooner! Oh, that I had turned *seven* years ago! It made me almost *angry* with myself to think, that I should have no more *wit*, but to trifle away my time."

In all this, Bunyan neither erred nor exaggerated. He did both, however, when he rashly concluded, that "seven years" had exhausted the long-suffering of God. This was as hasty and unwarranted a conclusion, as that of his non-election. Accordingly, it had the same overwhelming effect upon both his mind and body, and that for a "long time." He "vexed" himself with this fear, until he was scarce "able to take one step more under its weight."

He got over this fear, as he did over the former, by a great general principle of the gospel, and not by any given explanation of the particular difficulty which had originated the fear. The wide and warm commission of Christ, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled; and yet there is room," convinced him that the door was not shut, nor the patience of God worn out. These words, especially, "And *yet* there is room," were, he says, "sweet words to me; in the light and encouragement of (which) I went a pretty while: for truly I thought that by them, I saw there was place enough in heaven for me."

He might have walked much longer in this light, had he looked only to its place and position in the firmament of revelation. But no: it was neither the cast nor the habit of his mind to be satisfied with mere truth, however sweet. Accordingly, he sweetened these sweet words thus: "the comfort (of them) was the *more*, when I thought that the Lord Jesus should think on *me* so long ago, and that He should speak those words on

purpose for my sake; for I did think, verily, that He did on purpose speak them to encourage *me* withal. Truly I thought that when he did speak them, he *then* did think of me; knowing the time would come, that I should be afflicted with fear that there was no place left for me in his bosom. He did (therefore) before, speak this word, and leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation. This I then verily believed." Poor Bunyan! One of his reasons for believing thus was, that the words "*broke in* upon" his mind. Another reason was, that they broke in "just about the *same place*" where he had received his former "encouragement." He laid much stress upon these accidents, or coincidences; little imagining, that he would have got more comfort from the words, had he overlooked or forgotten both *how* they came, and *where* they came, to him. But this was not his way. The ripest fruit of the Tree of Life was not sweet enough for him then, unless it fell at his feet by some happy accident, or was wrapped up in other leaves than its own. In like manner, it was not enough for him to meet with truths which were lights *shining* in a dark place: they must both dart and dazzle, and that suddenly, in order to make "the day-star" of hope arise in his heart.

We, indeed, have no reason to regret that this was the *turn* of his mind. It was injurious to his own peace and piety at the time; but it prepared for us the vivid characters and scenery of his immortal Allegories;—into which he admitted no tame nor indefinite beings or things. In writing his Pilgrims and Holy War, he was for ever on the outlook for persons who would strike the mind at once, and keep up attention to the last. Accordingly, all his leading characters in both works, evidently *darted* into his own mind, and were as welcome to him because of their sudden entrance, as for their perfect truth. He himself, however, paid dearly for the pleasure he was thus prepared to give us.

It is a curious fact, that one of the first uses he made of the hope and peace he derived from the ample "room" he now saw for himself in heaven, was to allegorize the clean and unclean beasts of the Jews: the very last thing which any ordinary man would have tried, or dreamt of, when but just emerged from the Slough of Despond, and only half dry from its miry clay and cold waters. He says, indeed, that he "was almost *made*, about this time, to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean." He did not require

much *forcing* for such work! The difficulty was to keep him from it. I only regret this, however, on his account. This taste, like the former, prepared him to produce for us, his "Solomon's Temple Spiritualized," and his "Heavenly Jerusalem Opened." It led him also then, although by a roundabout way, to the sober examination of more suitable truths. The Tinker was, however, no bad *Talmudist*, even from the first. "I thought," he says, "those beasts were types of men: the *clean*, types of the people of God; but the *unclean*, such as were the children of the wicked one. Now I read, that the clean beasts chewed the *cud:* that is, thought I, they show us we must feed upon the word of God. They also parted the *hoof:* I thought that signified, we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men.

"And also in reading further about them, I found, that though we did chew the cud as the *hare*, yet if we did not part the hoof like the *swine*, or walked with claws like a *dog*, yet, if we did not chew the cud as the sheep, we are still, for all that, but unclean. For, I thought the hare to be a type of those that *talk* of the word, yet *walk* in the ways of sin: and that the swine was like him that parted with his outward pollution, but still wanteth the word of faith, without which there could be no way of salvation, let a man be never so devout."

This allegorizing, if less profound than some of the Talmudical, is more practical than most of it. It led also to better work. "After this," he says, "I found by reading the word, that those that must be *glorified* with Christ in another world, must be called by him here: called to the partaking of a share in his work and righteousness, and to the comforts and first-fruits of his Spirit, and to a peculiar interest in all those heavenly things, which do indeed *prepare* the soul for that rest and house of glory, which is in heaven above." These sound conclusions were drawn from the tenor of Scripture, and under the influence of what Bunyan calls "a *sound sense* of death and judgment," which abode continually in his view at this time. This deep sense of his responsibility and mortality, "outweighed" also many temptations from without and within, "to go back again" to the pleasures of the world. He also thought often of Nebuchadnezzar, and said to himself, "If this great man had all his portion in this world, *one* hour in hell-fire would make him forget it all." This consideration was "a great help" to him, in believing that the pleasures of sin were only for a season.

With these sober and solemn truths before him, Bunyan might be expected, now, to eschew dark suspicions, as he did sins. But no: the necessity of being "*called* by Christ," threw him upon the question, Am I called? just as former *pryings* had thrown him upon the question of election. This would be surprising in almost any other man: for what could be more probable than both the calling and the election of a man, who was intensely intent upon obtaining a holy salvation? We see this: but Bunyan did not see it his own case. Accordingly he was soon "at a very *great stand*" again, "not knowing what to *do*," if he were not called. He put the case, "If I be not called, thought I, what then can do me good? None but those who are effectually called, inherit the kingdom of heaven."

In the lips of many, this argument is a mere excuse for doing nothing. Accordingly, it is in general uttered with a pert flippancy, which proves that they care nothing about the matter. Bunyan, however, was as serious and solemn as he was *unwise*, when he argued thus. It was not to exempt himself from the duty of seeking to be called by Grace, nor from the diligence necessary in order to make his "calling sure," that he started the question. His perfect honesty must not, however, be allowed to hide his folly or his weakness, in this instance. He knew just as little about the *length* of his life, or the continuance of his *reason*, as he did of his calling and election. It would not, therefore, have been a whit more unwise, had he tormented himself by asking,—"What if God *call* me away by death, or leave me to go *mad*, before I can seek for mercy? None but the living and the sane can pray for salvation: unless, therefore, God has *decreed* the continuance of my life and reason, 'what then can do me good?'" Any one sees the absurdity of taking up the question of time and talents in this way. And it is equally absurd and useless, to make either "Calling or Election," a *preliminary* question, in personal religion: for no man can answer it in that form or connexion, and God will not.

It had, however, one good effect upon Bunyan: it made the subject of a special call (or conversion) unspeakably dear to him. Hence he exclaims, "Oh, how I now loved those words that spake of a Christian's calling; as when the Lord said to one 'Follow me,' and to another, 'Come after me.' Oh, thought I,—that he would say so to me too! How gladly would I *run* after him! I cannot now express with what

longings and breathings in my soul, I cried to Christ to call me. Thus I continued for a time,—all on a flame to be *converted* to Jesus Christ. I did also see at that day, such *glory* in a converted state, that I could not be contented without a share therein. Gold!—could it have been gotten for *gold*—what would I have given for it? Had I a whole world, it had all gone, ten thousand times over,—that my soul might have been in a converted state.

"How *lovely* now was every one in my eyes, that I thought to be converted, whether man or woman! They shone—they walked—like a people that carried the *broad seal* of Heaven about them. Oh! I saw 'the lot had fallen to them in pleasant places, and they had a goodly heritage.' But that which made me *sick* was, that of Christ, in St. Mark, 'He went up into a mountain, and called to him whom he *would*, and they came unto him.' *Mark* iii. 13.

"This Scripture made me faint and fear;—yet it kindled *fire* in my soul. That which made me fear was this;—lest Christ should have no liking to me: for He called whom he would! But, O, the glory I saw in that condition, did still so engage my heart, that I could seldom read of any whom Christ did call, but I presently wished,—Would I had been in their *clothes!* Would I had been born Peter! Would I had been born John! Or, would I had been by and heard Him when he called them,—how I would have cried, O Lord, call me also! But oh, I feared he would not call me."

However wrong the form of this holy solicitude may be, the *spirit* of it is beyond all price. I would rather breathe this spirit of intense desire in unwise forms, than utter the most accurate prayers for conversion in a formal way. Bunyan erred when he looked for a Call apart from the Gospel: but he was not too solicitous about conversion, nor too willing to "count all things but loss" for it. I am often tempted, when my eye falls upon the *cold* reasonings of some Critics against his *hot* desires, to go into as metaphysical an analysis of their coldness, as they give of his heart; and thus to demonstrate that their reasonings are more "*insane*" than his own. And they are certainly more *below* the mark than he was above it; if there be any truth in the Bible, any greatness in Salvation, or any solemnity in Eternity. His theology is bad; but their philosophy is worthless. His false thoughts are redeemed by his pure spirit; but theirs have no redeeming quality; for their eloquence only aggravates their heartlessness. A man

with no hopes, is certainly a pitiable object: but a man with no fears, is monstrous in a world where sin abounds, and immortality is believed, and accountability acknowledged. In such a world, even Bunyan's *ravings* are wisdom, compared with either the dumb apathy, or the drivelling inanities of nominal Christians. His "hot fits," are extravagant; but their cold temperament is revolting. It is painful to hear Bunyan say of his failure, whilst looking for the call of Grace apart from the call of Truth, "The Lord let me go thus many months together, and showed me nothing, either that I was already, or should be called hereafter:" but it is shocking to hear Paley say, "If we press and insist upon Conversion as indispensable to All for the purpose of being saved, we should mislead some who were never, that they knew, either indifferent to religion, or alienated from it." Such persons "need not be made miserable by the want of a consciousness of such a change." *Sermons*, p. 123. Paley, I believe, thought more wisely before he died: but thus he wrote when he had most influence upon public opinion.

Bunyan's conflict at this time terminated in a dreamy sort of hope that he might eventually be converted; and, as usual, that hope rested quite as much upon the peculiar manner in which the Text presented itself, as upon what it meant:—"At last after much time spent, and many groans to God, that I might be made partaker of the holy and heavenly calling, that word *came in upon me*,—'I will cleanse their blood, that I have not cleansed; for the Lord dwelleth in Zion.' *Joel* iii. 21. Those words, I thought, were *sent* to encourage me to wait still on God; and signified unto me that, if I were not already, yet the time *might* come when I *might* be in truth, converted unto Christ."

What shall we say to these things? Something ought to be said, and that very plainly. In the present day, few things need more to be *rejudged* than the remarkable Experience of the good men of former ages. Their experience, because of their eventual goodness, is read and remembered by the pious and the thoughtful: and not unfrequently appealed to, in order to test or explain the religious dilemmas and vicissitudes of other minds. It is also confounded with the terror of the Philippian jailor, or with the anguish of the Pentecostal converts, as if it originated in the same causes, or necessarily belonged to real conversion.

This is neither wise nor fair. Lydia did not tremble like

the Jailor, nor was Timothy cut to the heart like the Jewish converts; and yet their being "born again of the Spirit" is never questioned, by any one who believes in the necessity of the new birth. We almost take for granted, however, that distressing doubts and fears are inseparable from true piety, at its outset. We are even somewhat inclined to suspect, that their personal religion is very superficial, if not insincere, who have never been deeply exercised with perplexing questions, or with oppressive fears. And we certainly think best, of those who suffer most in this way. This is hardly to be wondered at: for we have seldom, if ever, seen a Christian who was not in deep waters at first: whereas, we have always seen, that those professors of religion, who have "*no changes*, fear not God." But still, although it be a very suspicious thing to have *no* changes from hope to fear, or from faith to doubt, it does not follow that *all* changes of this kind, are either necessary or useful parts of Christian experience. Good may, indeed, come out of the worst of them, in the long run; but when it does so, not a few of them are seen to be bad in themselves. This is only too true, in regard to such doubts and fears as Bunyan gave way to. He doubted every thing by turns, and feared the worst always, for years. But he suffered so much, and was so sincere, that we readily, almost instinctively, refer one half of his doubts to his deep humility, and the other half of them to the suggestions of Satan. And Satan, (as we shall see) had, no doubt, not a little to do with what Bunyan well calls, "the fiery force" of his strong temptations. That force was too fiery, to be altogether natural. Its rushing flame of *white* heat, drove back, and almost quenched occasionally, a "very flame" of holy and heavenly desire, which came as truly from both the centre and surface of his heart, as light or heat from the sun. But still, he was to blame. He deserves pity; but he *must* be blamed, if we would not reflect upon the Word of God. That Word did not warrant the questions he started, nor countenance the spirit in which they were indulged. Such questions as—Am I elected? Am I called, or likely to be called? Is there any room in Heaven, or in the love of Christ for me? Am I a reprobate, or too guilty to be forgiven, or too late to be welcome?—Such questions are absolutely forbidden by the scriptural fact, that Christ requires us to receive the Kingdom of God as little children. He says expressly and repeatedly, that "whosoever

shall not receive the kingdom of God as a *little child*, shall not enter therein." *Mark* x. 15.

When this first requirement of the Gospel becomes the grand maxim of the Church, both curious and racking questions will soon go out of fashion; or be as promptly avoided or suppressed by the serious, as temptations to blasphemy, vice, or atheism. Remarkable Experiences, also, which are now made standards of conversion, or quoted to explain the discouragements of some converts, will be less admired, or appealed to. A LITTLE CHILD will then be more looked at as the model of *true humility*, than the Jailor trembling, or Whitefield writing "bitter things against himself," or even than Bunyan at his wits' end.

They do not look with the same eyes as Christ did upon a little child,—or they have seen only spoiled children—or looked at children too big, who do not see in the simplicity of a little child, the very spirit of that meekness and humility which the Saviour requires of us, in order to our entering into his kingdom on earth or in heaven. He meant of course, not that a child was meek or humble towards God, but that it was so towards men, and especially when set in the midst of strangers and superiors. Then, a little child, if well brought up (and Christ did not refer to the impudent or peevish) will believe what he is told, accept what is given him, and do what he is bid. Such a child would never think of starting doubts about the truth of any promise made to him, or of questioning his welcome to any gift offered to him, or of suspecting the good will of those who were good to him. He would not even ask for any explanation of the private reasons which influenced all this kindness, nor dream of saying that it could not be meant for him. Or if he did think it too much for so little a boy, the thought would only make his thanks the readier, and his blushes the deeper.

It was evidently something of this kind, the Saviour meant when he made a little child the eternal model of true humility. It was, however, of Humility—not of *penitence;* and of humility in *receiving*, not in asking nor in employing what is promised in the Gospel. This distinction must not be lost sight of. It is only as an example of receiving aright, that the child is held up by Christ to our imitation. Asking aright, is set before us by Christ in the Publican smiting upon his breast, and standing afar off in the temple, and crying for mercy with downcast eyes. In like manner, improving the gifts of God

aright, is exemplified to us by Christ, in the Parable of the Talents. Thus it is to reflecting *men*, not to little children, we are sent, for the model of prayers and diligence. A child is, however, not a less perfect model of receiving aright, both gifts and promises. He may wonder, and blush to the very ears, and advance with a tottering foot and a timid hand, when good things are held out to him, or great promises made to him; but he has no suspicions; he starts no objections; he gives way to no curious questions nor dark surmises. He is too much pleased to be of a doubtful mind. He lets the gifts and promises made to him, make all their natural impression upon his heart, even if that make him dance with joy.

Now this is just the spirit in which Christ wishes men to receive the glad tidings of Salvation, or the Gospel of the Kingdom; readily, gratefully, and even joyfully. He does not command or sanction doubts, questions, or hesitation. He throws no serious mind upon the mysteries of either Grace or Providence, except to stir it up to "*strive* to enter into the Kingdom of God."

It is, I am well aware, easier said than done, to receive the offers and promises of that Kingdom like a little child. Very few do so at first. What then? They are *glad* to do so at last. Not one of those, Bunyan not excepted, who tried other methods, found solid peace or hope, until they embraced the Promises, just as a little child takes his father's word, or his mother's offer. Until they received the Promise of the Kingdom thus, they did not enter into the joy, the peace, or the safety, which the Kingdom of God provides for its willing subjects. They looked at them, indeed, with a longing eye, and prayed for them with strong cries and tears, and admired them with a holy esteem; but they could not appropriate them. They sometimes thought and felt, for a moment, that they had entered into the joy of salvation, and found rest to their souls: but the sweet hope did not last long. It could not. They took it up, not as a little child, because it was set before them in the Gospel of the Kingdom; but because they allowed themselves to take their calling and election for granted then, or because they *felt* something which seemed to give them a right to believe the promises. The fact is, they wanted from the first to believe the glad tidings of the Gospel, not as great sinners only, nor as little children simply, but as *great favourites;* or as "chosen and ordained" heirs of the Kingdom. They had no objections to believe it as great sinners, nor to be

thankful for it as great debtors; but they wanted to believe it too. as the elect children, or the adopted children, or the dear children of God, at the same time. If they thought at all of receiving the Gospel of the Kingdom as a little child, they meant not as such a little child as Christ selected and set up as a model, but as a child of God. As, indeed, one of the *least*, or even "less than the least," of all the spiritual and special children of the Kingdom; but still, as one of *them* and not merely as an ordinary child.

It is not easy to expose this mistake, nor to expostulate against it, without seeming to undervalue or overlook what the Scriptures say about sonship, adoption, and election. It must be done however, at all hazards, if Bunyan's mistakes are to be explained, or not to be perpetuated. More than one half of all his difficulties and distractions arose from trying to receive the Kingdom of God as an *elect* child, instead of accepting its offered blessings as a *little* child. Besides, these blessings are not offered to men, as elected, or as adopted, or as converted; but to men as lost sinners, and unworthy creatures. Whatever, therefore, the sovereignty of God in showing mercy may be, those certainly do not honour it most or best who want to know their election, before they hope in His mercy. They may, indeed, mean well; but they judge ill, and even presume not a little. The unquestioning silence of a child is better homage to the Divine sovereignty, than this suspicious prying into the divine will. True; a child is ignorant, and therefore unsuspecting. Equally true it is, however, that there must be some wrong *twist* about the knowledge, which leads a man to be suspicious of the love of God. Such knowledge, to say the least of it, is not warranted to despise the child's ignorance.

But, it will be said by some, there is an Election of Grace; and, therefore, it is impossible for a man who believes this, not to ask the question Bunyan did—Am I elected? Now there would certainly be some sense in this, if any answer could be got to the question. It is a very natural question, I grant: but it becomes both foolish and unnatural, to push or put it in the face of the notorious fact, that no man can answer it at all, and that God never will answer it beforehand. All that God has promised to do in this matter, is, to enable those who believe and obey the Gospel with child-like simplicity, to make their calling and election sure.

What then, it may be said, is the use of the doctrine, or the

design of it, in reference to those who are *afraid* to believe the Gospel for themselves? It adds to their fears, and hinders their faith, they say. True; and something else would just have the same effect upon them, if there were no such doctrine in the Bible, so long as they do not set themselves to be as little children before God. It is to shut us up to a child-like spirit in asking and hoping for mercy, that God says he will have mercy upon whom he *will* have mercy. Every man must become a little child at the Mercy-seat, if he would be welcome there. No other temper suits it: and therefore God takes measures to make us child-like; and one of them is, the revelation of His sovereignty,—which says to us in plain terms. "You cannot force My will, nor find out My secrets, nor open the Lamb's Book of Life: will you then throw yourselves upon the good pleasure of my will, just as your little child would trust your good-will, when he had your *word* for what he wanted? You have My word for all the mercy you need; and until you take my paternal promise as a child would, you will get nothing more to warrant or encourage you to hope for mercy."

This is evidently the spirit of the appeal made to us in the Gospel. And it is equally obvious, that we can do nothing better, indeed, nothing else to any good purpose, than just meet God's appeal as a child would. To do so, is real manliness, as well as godliness; real strength of mind, as well as true humility: for it is in this child-like temper, the Cherubim and Seraphim, Angels and Arch-angels, receive the commands and promises of God, at the Eternal Throne. Their highest reasonings, and noblest principles, and sublimest tastes, all resolve themselves into the confiding simplicity of a little child. In this connexion, it is not *childish* to be child-like! He is childish in the worst sense, who thinks it beneath him to become a little child, when he listens to the Eternal Father. Gabriel does not think it beneath him, nor Michael unworthy of him.

It is somewhat curious, as well as lamentable, that neither Wesley nor Whitefield, saw, when they revived the doctrine of Regeneration, that a child-like spirit is what the Saviour chiefly means by the New Birth. The man who shall give currency to this fact, without lessening dependence on the grace of the Holy Spirit, will, like them, do *good* service to both the world and the Church. How can preachers on Regeneration answer to God or man, for quoting this maxim so seldom?

CHAPTER VIII.

BUNYAN'S COUNSELLORS.

WHILST Bunyan's mind was vibrating between hope and fear, in regard to the probability of his eventual conversion, he wisely resolved to open his mind to some of those Christians upon whom he saw "the broad seal of Heaven." He had not many such to choose amongst. "He imparted his feelings," says Dr. Southey, "to those poor women whose conversation had first brought him into these perplexities and struggles." This was not unnatural nor unwise. Their conversation had convinced him, "of the happy and blessed condition of a truly godly man." Besides, they alone had manifested any deep interest in his spiritual welfare. Neither "our Parson," nor any of his flock, had paid any attention to the reformed Tinker, beyond compliments to his reformation, although he worshipped only at Church, and must have been seen their from Sabbath to Sabbath, like Hannah in the Tabernacle at Shiloh, wearing all the marks "of a sorrowful spirit, and weeping sore." However ill-qualified, therefore, the poor women at Bedford may have been to

"Minister to a mind diseased,"

they alone had manifested sympathy with Bunyan's mind when it was ignorant. They first talked *at* him, and then *to* him, whilst he was a self-conceited Pharisee; and so wisely, that he soon took the place, the prayer, and the position of the Publican in the Temple. And now with equal wisdom, and more modesty, they did not trust themselves to answer his dark questions, when they saw his wounded spirit bleeding; but acquainted their Minister with his case.

"About this time I began," he says, "to break my mind to those poor people in Bedford, and to tell them my condition: which, when they heard, they told Mr. Gifford of me, who himself also took occasion to talk with me, and was willing to be well persuaded of me, though, I think, from little grounds.

But he invited me to his house, where I should hear him confer with others about the dealings of God with their souls."

"This course," says Dr. Southey, "was little *likely* to compose a mind so agitated." But why not? What likelier course could the minister have adopted, than introducing Bunyan to hear the experience of other anxious inquirers, and to share the encouragement addressed to them? It is not fair to judge of this course by its *results*, in Bunyan's case. It did well for many, although not for him; and it did not fail with him for the reason which Dr. Southey assigns. He says, that Bunyan's "spiritual Physician, in persuading him that his heart was innately and wholly wicked, had well nigh made him believe that it was hopelessly and incurably so. False notions of that corruption of our nature, which it is almost as perilous to exaggerate as to dissemble, had laid upon him a burthen heavy as that with which his own Christian begins his pilgrimage." Now it is certainly the fact that the interviews between Bunyan and Gifford led the former to regard his heart as "innately and wholly wicked;" and therefore it is highly probable that the latter said so. What else could he say, if he spoke as the Oracles of God speak on this subject? It is, however, utterly improbable that Gifford said a word which had any tendency to *make* or lead Bunyan to believe his heart to be "hopelessly or incurably" wicked. Gifford was the last man in the world, to have taught or taken this view of Bunyan's case. Dr. Southey might have seen this to be the fact even from his own picture of Gifford. He had been a far worse man both in heart and life than the Tinker; and was therefore altogether unlikely, now that he was a good man, to lead him to think himself incurably bad. Like John Newton, it was impossible he could despair of any one, after the change which took place in his own heart.

Gifford's history is remarkable; and as he was, no doubt, the *original* of Evangelist in the Pilgrim's Progress, it deserves to be perpetuated. He was a Kentish man, and concerned in the rising of that county for the King. He had held the rank of Major in the royal army, and was a thorough cavalier in politics and profligacy. He was, however, soon apprehended, and, with eleven of his companions in arms, sentenced to be hanged. But on the night preceding his intended execution, his sister visited him in prison; and finding the guards without fast asleep, and his fellow-prisoners dead drunk within, she urged him to escape for his life. He did

so, and reached the fields in safety. For nearly three days, however, he had to hide himself in a ditch, and to live upon water. Then by the help of his friends, he was sent in disguise to London. But that was no hiding place then. He therefore made his way into Bedfordshire, and was concealed by some of the few great royalists in that county, until all danger was over. He then exchanged the sword for the lancet, and settled in Bedford as a medical man. This bold step may have been, as Dr. Southey thinks, impudent, or without any "scruple concerning qualifications." This was not uncommon at the time. Medicine was the only Profession then, into which an old officer could thrust himself. As Gifford, however, had been a Major in the King's army, he must have been a man of some education, and may have been a man of some skill. But however this may be, he was a man of no principle, as to religion or morals. Ivimey says, he was "abandoned to vice." Southey says, he was "reckless and profligate; a great drinker and gambler; and oaths came from his lips with habitual profaneness. And he hated the Puritans so heartily for the misery they had brought upon the nation, and upon himself in particular, that he often thought of killing a certain Anthony Harrington, for no other provocation than because he was a leading man among persons of that description in Bedford."

Gifford, although an habitual gambler, was seldom or never successful. One night he lost a large sum. It drove him almost mad. In his frenzy, he uttered daring words against God, and cherished darker thoughts. He was about to dare the worst, when his eye fell upon one of Bolton's works, which arrested both his purpose and his conscience effectually. It threw him into great distress for a short time: but eventually it led him to the Cross.

The passage in Bolton, which met the case of Gifford, was this:—"In the invitation of Christ to *all* that labour and are heavy laden, to come to Him for rest to their souls, there is no exception of sins, times, nor places. And if thou shouldst reply, Yea, but alas, I am the unworthiest man in the world to draw near unto so holy a God—to press into so pure a presence—to expect upon the sudden such glorious, spiritual, and heavenly advancement. Most impure, abominable and beastly wretch that I am—readier far to sink into the bottom of hell, by the unsupportable weight of my manifold heinous sins! I say then, the text tells thee plainly, that thou mightily mis-

takest: for therefore only art thou fit, because thou feelest so sensibly thy unfitness, unworthiness, vileness, wretchedness. The sorer and heavier thy burden is, the rather thou shouldst come. It is such as thou, whom Christ here specially aims at, invites and accepts." From such views of Christ's gracious intentions, and especially from clear views of the precious blood of atonement, Gifford was soon led into both joy and peace in believing. So fully did he come to Christ, that the "rest" of his soul was never disturbed afterwards. He entered into such rest, or as Dr. Southey well calls it, "so exalted and yet so happy a state of mind, that from that time till within a few days of his death, he declared—"he lost not the light of God's countenance—no not for an hour."—*Southey's Bunyan.*

One of Gifford's first steps after his conversion, was, to seek the company and fellowship of the Puritans, whom he had "hated so heartily." This is not so wonderful as his betaking himself to read Bolton, whilst that hatred was exasperated by the frenzy of atheistical despair. It was only natural now, that he should bring forth fruits meet for repentance, by blessing those whom he had so often and bitterly cursed. Besides, where, but amongst the Puritans, could he have found men suited to his *new* tastes? These were now virtuous and holy; and he sought for their gratification only at "the meetings of the persons whom he had formerly most despised;" a plain proof that he ceased to think, that the Puritans had brought "much misery upon the nation, or on himself in particular." Thus he changed his mind on this point; and evidently because he saw the utter injustice of his former suspicions. He had hated the Puritans for the reason Dr. Southey assigns; but now he loved them, because he found that reason to be (what it still is) a mere prejudice of education, or a party-pretence. It was the long and systematic oppression of Puritanism by the Crown and the Mitre, that created the indignant reaction of popular opinion and feeling, which brought misery upon the nation.

The Bedford Puritans were very *shy* of Gifford's first advances to them. Like the disciples at Jerusalem with Saul of Tarsus, "they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple." But although both shunned and repulsed by them at first, he persevered in courting their fellowship. He seems even to have *thrust* himself upon them again and again, before he could gain a hearing from them in public or

private. And even when he had convinced them of his sincerity, they were very slow in encouraging his wish to preach, and still slower in calling him to be their pastor. He carried his point, however, by perseverance, in both objects; and was remarkably useful. What Izaak Walton says of Dr. Donne, may be said of Gifford, "None was so like St. Augustine before his conversion; nor so like St. Ambrose after it." On his death-bed he could say with Donne, and with equal truth, "I have quieted the consciences of many that groaned under a wounded spirit."—*Preface to Donne's Sermons, by* IZAAK WALTON.

Bunyan himself says of "holy Mr. Gifford," as he well calls him, "This man made it his business to deliver the people of God from all those hard and unsound *tests*, that by nature we are prone to." So far, therefore, he was evidently an invaluable friend to Bunyan, although at first his distress increased under him. It would have done so, in some form, under any spiritual guide; for he was a self-tormentor, as well as a tempted man. Conder says, that "Gifford had not *penetration* enough to discover the character of the extraordinary man thus brought under his notice." If this mean that he could not discern Bunyan's genius, it is only necessary to say that his genius had not then shown itself; and that Gifford was not looking for gifts, but for marks of grace. If, however, it mean, that he had not penetration enough to discover the extraordinary *twists* of Bunyan's mind, it is only too true; and proves that he was no physician, whatever he may have been as a surgeon.

Bunyan's friends, indeed, were all as ignorant of his malady as himself. They neither saw nor suspected anything in his case, but temptation and the power of conscience; and, accordingly, suggested nothing to him but spiritual consolation. This, of course, he both needed and deserved from them: but he needed also medical treatment, and more interesting employment than tinkering. I do not know that he was as poor a hand at mending old kettles, as CAREY was at making new shoes; but he was as evidently out of his element. His craft gave neither pleasure nor play to his *sea-like* restlessness of mind, and but little bracing to his nerves, except when he was walking his rounds: and the clink of the hammer, and the rasp of the file, irritated them more than his exercise could counteract. He wanted, although he knew it not, something to *do*, which would have expended the surplus energy of his

mind, or absorbed his attention during the greater part of every day, or compelled him to think about others as well as himself. Had Gifford set him to teach the poor children of Elstow to read the Bible on the Sabbath evenings or mornings, as well as set him to the study of his own heart and experience, Bunyan would have *plunged* into the work, and thus lost sight of himself for the time, in the pleasure of doing good. But it is useless to regret now, except in order to warn others against thinking of themselves only, and against living only to think. We shall soon see that when Bunyan began to preach and write for the benefit of others, he soon got over his personal fears.

One of his counsellors must have been a very weak man: for he gave in at once to the absurd fear, that Bunyan had "sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost." "I told him all my case," he says, "and also, that I was afraid I had 'committed the unpardonable sin.' He said, he thought so too. Here, therefore, I had but *cold* comfort." And yet, this man was an "antient Christian," by report! Young as Bunyan was, however, he had sense enough to see that a man, who could take this for granted, so readily and coolly, was anything but a wise man. "Talking a little more with him," he says, "I found him, though a good man, a *stranger* to much combat with the devil. Wherefore I went again to God for mercy still, as well as I could."

His other counsellors, at this time, were both kinder and wiser. "They would pity me," he says, "and would tell me of the promises." What else could they do? The pity of Christians, and the promises of God, had lifted them over their own fears, and would have placed *his* feet upon a rock too, had his head or his nerves been like theirs. Christian sympathy, and the same promises, did so eventually and effectually, when he became calm enough to appreciate them. Even before that, Gifford's doctrine contributed much to his "stability" in holy principles and habits, although not in hope or peace.

He heard also at this time a preacher, who comforted him a little by grafting upon the CANTICLES, according to the fashion of that day, truths which, as Dr. Southey justly says, "he might have found in every page of the Gospel, had there not been a mist before his understanding."

I thus characterize as well as enumerate Bunyan's first guides in the dreary wilderness of temptation, that the reader may not wonder too much at either his mistakes, or his terrors.

There was no GREAT-HEART, although many a *good-heart*, amongst his fellow pilgrims then. Besides, he was not always frank with them. I mean, he was equally afraid to tell them all his wo, and to hear all their opinion. Not, however, that he suspected them of any prejudice or want of sympathy: but he imagined at times, that God had said to them, "Pray not for him, for I have rejected him." "I thought," he says, "that God had *whispered* this to some of them;—only they durst not tell me, neither durst I ask them of it, for fear if it should be so, it would make me *quite beside* myself." Poor Bunyan! Thy contemporaries, Milton, Owen, Baxter, and Jeremy Taylor, ought to have been the friends. And had they known thee, they would.

CHAPTER IX.

BUNYAN'S RELAPSES.

BUNYAN'S relapses in religion were neither slight nor short; but none of them were practical. Even when his heart lost all relish and desire for spiritual things, his conscience was all alive and quivering with the hatred of sin. He himself was struck with this strange anomaly in his character; and I point it out, to prove that a man may believe his "heart to be innately and wholly wicked," and yet hate and avoid sin, only the more on that very account;—just as a man who believes himself to be radically *consumptive*, may avoid stimulants.

When Bunyan reviewed this contrast between the hardness of his heart and the tenderness of his conscience, he used a comparison peculiarly his own; but which none of his biographers have ventured to explain. "My hinder parts," he says, "were inward, all the while." He refers to the position of the twelve oxen of brass, under the molten sea of the temple. "The sea was set above upon them, and all their hinder parts were inward." 2 *Chron.* iv. 4. Only their majestic front was seen, under the *lily-wreathed* brim of the magnificent laver. This emblem he explains and applies with great point, in his "Temple Spiritualized." Its application to himself he states thus in his "Grace Abounding," "O, how *gingerly* (cautiously) did I then go, in all I did or said! I durst not take a pin, or stick, though not so big as a straw: for my conscience now was sore, and would start at every touch. I could not now tell how to speak my *words*, for fear I should misplace them. I found myself as in a miry bog, that shook if I did but stir."

Such his conscience remained, even whilst the following relapses went on in his heart. "My heart would not be moved to mind that which was good. It began to be careless both of my soul and heaven, and to work at a rate it never did before. Now I evidently found, that lusts and corruptions put forth themselves within me, in wicked thoughts and desires which I did not regard (notice) before. My heart would now continually hang back, both *to* and *in* every duty; and was as a clog on the leg of a bird, to hinder it from flying. Nay,

I thought,—now I grow worse and worse; now I am farther off from conversion than ever I was before: wherefore I began to sink greatly, and began to entertain such discouragement in my heart as laid me low as hell. If I now should have *burned* at a stake, I could not believe that Christ had a love for me. Alas, I could neither hear Him, nor see Him, nor feel Him, nor savour any of His things. I was driven as with a tempest! My heart *would* be unclean, and the Canaanites *would* dwell in the land. All my sense and feeling were against me. I saw I had a heart that would sin, and that lay under a Law that would condemn."

"Further, in these days, I would find my heart shut itself *up* against the Lord, and against his holy word. I have found my unbelief to set, as it were, the *shoulder* to the door, to keep Him out: and that too even,—when I have with many a bitter sigh cried, Good Lord, break it open. Lord, break these 'gates of brass,' and cut these 'bars of iron asunder.'"

The only thing which operated as a check upon this alienation and alarm, was, a vague hope that he might, like Cyrus, be intended for some service in the cause of God: "that word would sometimes create in my heart a *peaceable pause*,—'I girded thee, though thou hast not known me.'" We thus find him again taking up with one of the very *last* Texts, which we should expect him to apply to himself at such a time. The application is not, however, so forced or far-fetched as it seems at first sight. It is, in fact, quite in keeping with the law of his associations: for he linked his ideas together by sounds or sensations. When he did pray at all now, it was that "the fears and aversions which, like gates of brass and bars of iron," shut up his heart against godliness, might be broken. This was the form which his prayers took; and being also the form of the promise made to Cyrus, he tried to class himself, so far, with Cyrus. Bunyan took, however, another view of these sad failings when he wrote the history of them: "These things," he says, "have often made me think of the child, which the father brought to Christ; who, while he was yet coming to Him, was thrown down by the devil, and also so rent and torn by him, that he lay and wallowed, foaming."

His distress really came to this soon; although Satan had, perhaps, less to do with it than with some former and subsequent temptations of another kind. "My original and inward pollution," he exclaims, "that, *that* was my plague and afflic-

tion;—that, I saw always putting itself forth within me at a dreadful rate;—that, I had the guilt of to amazement. By reason of that, I was more loathsome in mine own eyes than a *toad;* and I thought I was so in God's eyes too. Sin, and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart, as water would bubble out of a fountain. I thought now, that every one had a better heart than I had. I could have changed hearts with any body. I thought none but the devil himself could *equalize* me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind."

There is extravagance in this, certainly: but there is also much sober truth in it. For although there were worse hearts in Bedford, and anywhere, than Bunyan's, his heart was now both estranged and averse to meditative and devotional piety. "The root of the matter" was in him: but it was overrun with the matted weeds of ignorance, fear, and suspicion. Even this is not all the truth concerning him, at this time. Like Jonah, he was "*angry*" with God, because the Gourds under which he wanted to screen his head, withered as fast as they had sprung up. He did not think the "*wee* bush" of a simple Promise "better than nae bield;" but almost demanded that the stately Cedars of Calling and Election, should spring "up in a night," and shelter him forever.

This is the real secret of Bunyan's hardness of heart: He could not get what he wanted, in his own way, nor at his own time; and therefore, he "charged God foolishly," and in no small bitterness as well as grief of spirit. "Sure, thought I," he exclaims, "I am forsaken of God; sure, I am given up to the devil, and to a reprobate mind. Now I was sorry that God had made me *man;* for I feared I was a reprobate. Yea, I thought it impossible that ever I should arrive to so much godliness of heart, as to *thank* God that he had made me a man. I counted myself alone, and above *all* men unblessed. The beasts, birds, fishes—I blessed their condition; for they had not a sinful nature, and were not obnoxious to the wrath of God. I could have *rejoiced* had my condition been as theirs. I counted man—as unconverted—the most doleful of all creatures."

There is more than self-abasement, or even than self-condemnation, in this wild reasoning. It breathes much of pride and self-will also. I would not reprehend nor characterize it thus harshly, had it been but the occasional ebullition of his mind. Such dark and daring regrets may flash across the

spirit for a moment, without proving much against its general temperament: but when they last and are indulged for years, they do prove that God is *arraigned* as well as dreaded. Now this temper did last long. Bunyan himself says, "Thus I continued a long while, even for some *years* together." The misery he endured whilst indulging this wrong spirit must not, therefore, be allowed to hide or soften its badness. It was proud and peevish as well as despairing. He did all but curse the day of his birth.

This is a painful conclusion: but it is not a rash one; nor is there any reason to wonder, that Bunyan's heart became thus exasperated against God. The heart of any man is capable of all this, if he once give way to despair. The heart will then harden, just in proportion as it suffers. Besides, the very *claims* of Religion upon it, can exasperate its enmity against God, when they are looked at in all their length and breadth. Such a look of them, Bunyan had taken; and their "Law" not only wrought "wrath," but also, as in the case of Paul, "all manner of concupiscence." He saw what he ought to be in heart and spirit, and he did not like it. He was not unwilling to be moral; but he was averse to spirituality and heavenly mindedness, when he found that they had to be cultivated by watchfulness and prayer, and to be maintained as *duties* even when hope was low and feeling languid. Thus it was not "false notions," of his own depravity, which "well nigh made him believe that his heart was hopelessly and incurably" depraved: but it was a clear sight and a deep sense of what his heart ought to be, that offended him at first, and afterwards exasperated him, when he found no way of prying into either the Ark of the divine purposes, or the Lamb's book of life. Disappointments of this kind can mortify as well as alarm; harden as well as horrify the mind: and the man who can "observe the symptoms whilst in the paroxysms," will inevitably, and not unreasonably, fall in with God's opinion, even to the very letter, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." The Oracle adds the question, "Who can know it?" Bunyan knew it better than Jeremy Taylor,—who was at this time bending all the force of his genius and erudition against even the qualified creed of his own Church, on the subject of original and inherent sin; and better too than Anthony Burgess, although he was sustaining *Augustine* against Taylor; for Bunyan judged from experience, and not from books nor tradition.

The difference of opinion on this subject, between Bunyan and Bishop Taylor, is easily accounted for. Both reasoned about the human heart from their *own* hearts, and in reference to widely different circumstances. Taylor's views of the heart were modified by his consciousness of what his own heart would "indite" upon an episcopal throne, or in the King's Chapel; and Bunyan, by what tinkering, travelling, and poverty, opposed to watchfulness and devotion. No thinking man can wonder, that those who can rise to affluence or influence by eminent piety, should feel less aversion to it at first, than those who cannot better their worldly circumstances at all. The heart does not writhe nor rise against spiritual religion, until much of it is required, and no temporal advantage be seen to accrue from it. I make this remark in connexion with Jeremy Taylor, because he is as justly venerated as he is well known, and because he is infinitely beyond all suspicion of direct worldly-mindedness. He retained both his greatness and spirituality, under poverty and suffering. But still, he reasoned and wrote, with Mitres and Palaces in his memory and imagination; and the prospect of *restoring* them, although not for *himself*, made him think too well of human nature, because he saw that it had no great objection to be even

"*Twice* a saint in lawn."

He himself would have been a saint in sackcloth, after his principles were fixed and his character formed: but the question is, would he not have thought worse of human nature, had he been as like the TINKER in condition and education at first, as he was in genius and mental energy?

Bunyan did not always judge ill at this time, either of himself or of others. He could see the folly of others in distressing themselves about earthly things, even when he was blind to his own folly in vexing himself about "secret things." A sounder judgment of "the course of this world" than the following, it would not be easy to quote or conceive:—"While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things would make me wonder. The one was,—when I saw people *hunting* after the things of this life, as if they should live here always. The other was,—when I found Professors much distressed and cast down when they met with outward losses, as of husband, wife, child, &c. Lord, thought

I,—what *a-do* is here about such little things as these! What seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them!" These are not unfair nor unfeeling exclamations. He is no wise man who does not wonder and weep too, to see how all losses, but the loss of the soul, are deprecated and deplored; whilst that is not avoided nor feared by the generality. Bunyan went too far when he added, "If they so much labour after, and shed so many tears for, the things of this present life,—how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for? My soul is dying! My soul is damning!" This conclusion was rash: but the reasoning is sound. So it is in the following exclamation, "Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, ah! how rich should I esteem myself, though blessed with but bread and water. I should count those but small afflictions, and bear them as little burthens. But a wounded spirit who can bear?"

Nothing, however, shows more the general soundness of Bunyan's judgment, during the years this despair lasted, than his willingness to bear "a wounded spirit," rather than take up with a false peace, or a superficial cure. He dreaded a seired conscience more than a sad heart. Hence he says, with touching simplicity, and with holy jealousy, and with great wisdom,—"Though I was much troubled, and tossed, and afflicted, with the sight, sense, and terror of my own wickedness, yet I was *afraid* to let this sight and sense go quite off my mind: for I found, that unless guilt of conscience was taken off the *right way*—by the Blood of Christ—a man grew rather *worse* for the loss of his trouble of mind. Wherefore, if my guilt lay hard upon me, then would I cry that the blood of Christ might take it off. And if it was going off without IT (for the sense of sin would be sometimes as if it would die and go quite away,) then I would also strive to fetch it upon my heart again, by bringing the punishment of sin in hell-fire upon my spirits; and would cry, Lord, let it not go off my heart, but in the right way—by the blood of Christ, and the application of Thy mercy, through Him, to my soul. For that Scripture did lay much upon me, 'without shedding of blood there is no remission.' *Heb.* ix. 22. And that which made me more afraid of this, was,—because I had seen some who, though when they were under the wounds of conscience would pray and cry, yet, seeking rather present ease from their trouble than pardon for their sin, cared not how they lost their guilt, so they got it out of their mind. Now having got it

off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them: and (accordingly) they grew harder, and blinder, and more wicked after their trouble. This made me afraid, and made me cry to God the more, that it might not be so with me."

Much as I admire the heroism of the Martyrs, who would not "accept deliverance" from the stake or the wheel, at the expense of even a nod, or a grain of incense, to the national altars of Rome, I admire still more the heroism of Bunyan, in thus preferring to bear, for years, the agonies of "a wounded spirit," rather than risk the purity or the tenderness of his conscience. This is the very highest homage which faith or patience can pay to the authority of moral Law. Whoever does not feel this, does not know what Job or Bunyan meant by "a *wounded* spirit." Those who do, will not blame me for asking them to pause here,—to contemplate the holy integrity of John Bunyan, whilst a Tinker, in *striving* to fetch back upon his heart his overwhelming sense of guilt; and in *crying* to God, "let it not go off;" and in *bringing* "the pains of Hell" around himself, lest it should go off in a wrong way, or in any way, but by the blood of Christ. Even those who cannot sympathize with his distress, must admire his self-denying honesty.

We do not wonder that a "comforting time" came to this man, at the close of such an effort to maintain a good conscience towards God. It did come at length, although it tarried long, and continued but for a short season. "I heard one," he says, "preach a sermon on these words in the Song, 'Behold thou art fair, my Love.' But at that time, he made these two words, 'My Love,' his chief and subject matter. After he had a little opened the Text, he observed these several conclusions, 1. That the Church, and so every saved soul, is Christ's Love, (even) when loveless. 2. Is Christ's Love without a cause. 3. Christ's Love hath been hated of the world. 4. Is Christ's Love under temptation and utter distraction. 5. Is Christ's Love from first to last.

"But I got nothing, until he came to the *fourth* particular, (when) this was the word he said,—'If it be so, that the saved soul is Christ's Love when under temptation and distraction, then Poor Tempted Soul, when thou art assaulted and afflicted with temptations and hiding of God's face, yet think on these two words, My Love, still." So as I was going home, these words came again into my thoughts: and I well remember, I said this in my heart as they came in,—what shall I *get*

by thinking on these two words? This thought had no sooner passed through my heart, but the words began to *kindle* thus in my spirit, twenty times together,—'Thou art my love, thou art my love!' And still as they ran in my mind, they waxed warmer and warmer, and began to make me look up. But being as yet between Hope and Fear, I still replied in my heart,—but is it true; but is it true? At which that sentence fell upon me, 'He wist not that it was *true*, which was done unto him of the Angel.' *Acts*, xii. 9.

"Then,—I began to give *place* to the word which, with power, did over and over make this 'joyful sound,' within my soul; 'Thou art my love, and nothing shall separate thee from my love.' With that my heart was filled *full* of comfort and hope. And now I could believe that my sins *would* be forgiven me. Yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to *contain* till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His love, and told of His mercy to me, even to the very Crows that sat on the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me."

This wish to speak to the crows is no weakness. It is not unnatural, however unusual it may be. David went lower than Bunyan, and called even on "*creeping things*," as well as upon "flying foul and all cattle," to praise the Lord with him. Whenever his adoring gratitude became unspeakable to his lips, or unutterable by his harp, he invariably devolved the song of praise, not only upon all the armies of Heaven, but upon all the works of Nature also. He turned the Universe into a vast Orchestra, and tuned all its voices to the melody of his own heart. Not only must all the Angels around the throne assist his mighty joys and grateful feelings, but the sun and moon, and all the stars of light, must join the song. The waters above and beneath the firmament, must roll to music, and even the storms of winter keep time and tune with the harp of Judah. He blended in his Hallelujah Chorus, the hum of the Bee, and the hymn of the Archangel. Bunyan remembered this, when his own harp required help; and thus wished to tell the crows his joy. The fact is, there is a "fulness of heart," which *must* speak, and yet cannot speak fast enough, nor loud enough.

Bunyan wanted to relieve his heart at this time, by *writing* also. "I said in my soul—with much gladness—Well, would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go

any further." Happy wish, for us and the world! It was the *germ* of his AUTHORSHIP. Critics differ about the real germ of his Pilgrim: but the incapacity of the Crows to understand him, originated his love to the pen. This was as happy an accident as the fall of the apple which, it is said, suggested to Newton, the doctrine of Gravitation. Theology owes as much to John Bunyan's pen, as Astronomy to Newton's. His Pilgrim, although it added nothing to the stock of theological knowledge, softened some of its harsh points, and simplified not a few of its mysticisms; and what is far better,—it has prepared millions of minds to understand sound divinity. But for it, how many would have had no taste at all for reading either Theology or Scripture? "It will continue," says MONTGOMERY, "to be a Book exercising more influence over minds of every class, than the most refined and sublime genius, with all the advantages of education and good fortune, has been able to rival, in this respect."

CHAPTER X.

BUNYAN'S TEMPTATIONS.

We come now to that mysterious period in the history of Bunyan, concerning which Philosophy must be silent, or say with Religion, "he was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil." To say any thing else or less would be, as we have partly seen, unphilosophical and impertinent.

Philosophy can afford to lose from her ranks, all the "brisk talkers" about the Principle of Moral Evil, as Bunyan would have called the anti-supernaturalists; especially, as the best of them will not be lost to Literature. Some of them own, as Poets, the Satan they deny as theologians; and thus prove that their *craft* cannot dispense with him, however their *creed* discard him. For, what if Poetry deal in fiction? She has never been able, in all her dealings with it, to invent a more plausible or pliable agency, than that of Satan, in order to explain the vices or violence of her daring characters. She was glad to speak common sense in common terms, when she had to disown the Byron School. She could not have *pilloried* it or its founder, before the Church or the world, had she not uttered those words of truth and soberness, "The Satanic School." The hearts of all wise and good men responded at once to this descriptive epithet. It will be everlasting, just because it is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

It will readily occur to, or be allowed by, every thinking man, that if there be a Devil, John Bunyan was just the person he was likely to "sift as wheat." It was worth his while to keep him out of the Church of Christ, if he could. It required no great sagacity to foresee, that such a man would be "a host in himself," whatever side he might espouse in the contest between Truth and Error. Bunyan could be nothing by halves. Besides, whatever he was or wished to be, he could not conceal it. Out it came,—by day or by night! He both thought and dreamt *aloud*. He talked to himself whenever he was alone, and had dreamt of Satan and his

angels from his youth up. Satan had thus no great difficulty to find out either the talents or the taste of Bunyan. He had not to "consider" him, half so long as he studied Job, before hitting upon the likeliest method of betraying him. He saw his weak side at a glance, and poured "fiery darts" into it without delay.

Thus it is not necessary to ascribe to Satan any improbable degree of intuition or influence, in order to account for his attempts upon Bunyan. A duller eye than the devil's might have foreseen, that the genius of John Bunyan, if once under the power of Divine Truth, would do more *for* that Truth, than even the Harp of John Milton. Accordingly, Satan was more afraid of the Tinker than of the poet. He let Milton alone; but came in like a flood upon Bunyan; well knowing that a real Allegorist was more dangerous to the kingdom of darkness, than even the Prince of epic poetry; and that the Apollyon of the Pilgrim, would *awe* more than the Lucifer of the Paradise Lost. I do not mean, of course, that Satan anticipated either picture of himself; but that he could easily guess how the two artists would paint him, and thus calculate their comparative influence upon his own power in the world.

It may be unusual to speak in this straightforward way about Satan: but thus he should be spoken of if we would think of him, or resist him, as the Scriptures teach. There is neither extravagance nor levity in their descriptions of the Tempter. I have studied and written the Life of Bunyan, chiefly in order to prove this. And if I allow myself to be somewhat *playful* occasionally, it is only because mere theology on this subject would not gain a hearing with many at present.

Bunyan himself had no doubts about the reality of Satanic agency, in his own case. How could he, after suffering even what we have already seen? And that is nothing compared with what we have now to contemplate. I have shown, that I am not inclined to ascribe to Satan too many of Bunyan's distractions. I have been, perhaps, over cautious hitherto: but now I must speak *out*, if I speak agreeably to the Oracles of God.

Bunyan's comfort from the words, "My Love," did not last long. He did not calculate upon this. It was so strong when it "kindled in his spirit," that he exclaimed, "Surely I

will not forget this—forty *years* hence." It went away, however, "within less than forty days." This can hardly be wondered at. It gave place, however, to a *storm*, utterly unaccountable, apart from Satan. "In about the space of a month," he says, "a very great storm came down upon me, which handled me *twenty times* worse than all I had met with before. It came stealing upon me, now by one piece, and then by another. First, all my comfort was taken from me. Then, darkness seized upon me. After which, whole *floods* of blasphemous thoughts against God, Christ, and the Scriptures, were poured in upon my spirit, to my great confusion and astonishment." Thus he was taken by *surprise:* and Bunyan is too honest to be suspected of tampering with sin or speculation, when he does not say so. Indeed, he had been more than usually prudent, for him, in reasoning about the comfort, when it came, and whilst it lasted. When, lo, a storm of blasphemous thoughts burst upon him, stirring up questions, he says, "against the very being of a God, and of his only beloved Son, and whether there were in truth a God or Christ, and whether the Holy Scriptures were not rather a cunning story, than the pure Word of God." This was not all nor the worst. Happily we do not know the worst. He wisely concealed that, when he wrote his Life. "I *may* not, and *dare* not," he says, "utter, by neither word nor pen (even) at this time, other suggestions."

Altogether, "they did," he adds, "make such a seizure upon my spirit, and did so overweigh my heart, both with their numbers, continuance, and *fiery force*, that I felt as if there were nothing *else* but these within me from morning to night, and as though there could be *room* for nothing else. I also concluded, that God had given me up to them, to be carried away with them as by a mighty whirlwind."

When Bunyan himself tried to account for the *permission* of this whirlwind of temptation, he ascribed it to his neglect of "a *sound* sent from Heaven, as an alarm to awaken him to provide for a coming storm." The sound was, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you." These words had probably been addressed to him originally by Gifford, or some pious friend, who foresaw that his sudden comfort was not likely to last either forty years or forty days, upon such a foundation as the isolated words, "My Love." This conjecture is not improbable: for the man who wanted to tell the crows his joy, was sure to tell his friends of it; and they were

equally sure to say, "*Simon, Simon,*" when they heard Bunyan calculating that his heart could

"Never lose
The relish, all his days."

But, like Peter, he was self-confident, and thus forgot *who* warned him. The warning itself, however, recurred to him when his joy began to abate. At first, it "sounded loud *within* him" only. In a little, it began to sound loud *around* him. "Once above all the rest," he says, "I turned my head over my shoulder; thinking verily that some man behind me, *half a mile*, had called after me. And although that (Simon) was not my name, yet it made me suddenly look behind me, believing that he who called so loud meant me." This made him "muse and wonder, what should be the reason of this Scripture, that at this rate, so often and so loud, should still be sounding and rattling in his ears." Indeed, he never forgot its loud voice, nor doubted its heavenly origin. He said soon after, "I did both see and feel that it was sent from Heaven to awaken me." Subsequently he said, "it came, as I have thought since, to have stirred me up to prayer and watchfulness. It came to acquaint me, that a cloud and a storm were coming down upon me: but I understood it not." To his dying day he said, "Methinks I hear still, with what a loud voice these words, Simon, Simon, sounded in mine ears." Thus Dr. Southey was fully warranted to say of these sounds, "Real they were to him in the impression which they made, and in their lasting effect; and even afterwards when his soul was at peace, he believed them, in cool and sober reflection, to have been more than natural."

Was Bunyan right in this? I am inclined to take the very same view of it, as of the Vision at the play-ground. Recollected *Truth* was the basis of both; a vivid imagination gave sensible forms to both; but the *timely* suggestion of the truth itself belongs to the agency of the Holy Spirit, as a Remembrancer. In both cases, it was neither unworthy of, nor unlike that Guide, to bring before the mind of a man who had so much of Peter's imprudence, the warning addressed to Peter by Christ. With the *sounds*, whether low or loud, as with the *sights*, Divine agency had no more to do, than it has when we hear voices during sleep.

It is hardly necessary, however, to draw upon Dreams, in order to account for Bunyan's illusion; for, who has not look-

ed behind suddenly, as if there had been some one calling us by name? In times of deep abstraction and reverie, amongst woods, waters, or solitary mountains, both the voices and echoes of Nature seem to

"Syllable men's names,"

and almost to utter the thought which chiefly absorbs the mind. Let not Bunyan be laughed at for hearing, "a voice, which others could not" have heard at his side. He had as much poetry in his soul, as the Poet who claimed this power; and his "inward ear" was quite as acute, and more attentive.

There was thus much in both his temperament and circumstances at this time, to account for his thoughts becoming, as Dr. Southey well says, "vivid as realities, and affecting him more forcibly than impressions from the external world:" but there was nothing which accounts for blasphemies he durst not name, nor for atheistical reasonings he had never heard, read, or dreamt of before. He had, indeed, been a blasphemer, in the vulgar sense, in early life; but now, he says, "I was bound in the wings of a Wind, that *would* carry me away, to *bolt* out some horrible blasphemous thought or other, against God. I often found my mind suddenly put to it, to curse and swear, or to speak some grievous thing *against* God, or Christ his Son, and the Scriptures." Thus both railing and reasoning forced themselves into his new blasphemies. He was only profane before; but now he was inclined to be alternately an Infidel and an Atheist.

All this would be somewhat *unnatural*, as to its degree, even in the case of a man who had been the companion of sceptics and scorners, or a reader of their books; especially if these had not perverted his moral tastes, nor entangled him in guilty pursuits. Bunyan, however, had never read such books, and he had no vicious habits. The only dangerous books he had read, up to this time, were Antinomian. It is, therefore, somewhat difficult to account for even his reasonings against the authority of the Scriptures. He himself refers them to no *human* source; but traces them all directly to Satan. "The Tempter," he says, "would much assault me with this,—'How can you tell but that the Turks had as good Scriptures to prove their Mahomet the Saviour, as we have to prove our Jesus?' And, 'Could I think that so many ten thousands, in so many countries and kingdoms, should be without the knowledge of the right way to heaven (if there were indeed a

heaven); and that we only who live in a corner of the earth, should alone be blessed therewith? Every one doth think his own religion *rightest;* Jews, Moors, and Pagans: and, how if all our faith, and Christ, and Scriptures, should be but a *think-so* too?' Sometimes I endeavoured to argue against these suggestions, and to set some of the sentences of blessed Paul against them: but, alas, I quickly felt, when I thus did, such arguings as these would return again upon me,—Though we made so great a matter of Paul and of his words, yet how could I tell, but that in very deed, he being a subtle and cunning man, might have given himself up to deceive with strong delusions, and take pains and travel to undo and destroy his fellows?"

All this is very *hollow* to us: but it must have been very plausible to Bunyan, and might have puzzled his Bedford friends, had he submitted the questions to them; for it is not likely that even Gifford knew enough of the Koran or Mahomet, to unmask their pretensions. Bunyan, however, had he known them, would have seen *through* them at a glance, even at this stage of his distractions: and had he known that Mahomet died of the poisoned lamb given him by the Jewess at Kheebar, and that the promise made to the Apostles of Christ (that none of them should die by *poison*) was literally fulfilled, it is easy to conceive, from Bunyan's temperament, what an effect this circumstantial evidence would have had upon his wonder-loving mind. The Viper at Malta would have reinstated Paul's authority at once, with him, as well as reminded him of his own escape from the fangs of an adder. It was, however, well for him, that his faith found its anchorage again where it began, in the deep and sound *moorings* of Internal Evidence.

Bunyan did not find this soon nor easily: for his faith had no helper on the stormy sea, where it was now driven of the wind and tossed. Indeed, he seems to have been afraid or ashamed to submit his sceptical doubts to any one; lest in uttering them, the horrid blasphemies which mingled with them, should *bolt* out at the same time, in spite of him.

It is painful to dwell upon this scene! I, indeed, would not do so, did not others as well as myself need to be stirred up to pray with the understanding and the heart, "Lead us not into Temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One;" ὁ πονηρος. This Petition ought to be as fervent as it is frequent. Christ prayed thus for Peter, as well as taught us to pray so: a plain proof,

that the danger is neither imaginary nor slight. It is, therefore, desirable to hold up the case of Bunyan, as a warning specimen of the "great wrath," with which Satan *can* come down "for a season," when he knows his time to be but short. Why he is *permitted* to do so, need be no great mystery in a world where so many other trials are allowed to fall upon both mind and body. The agency is different in delirium and insanity; but the effects are much the same, in one sense. What Bunyan was tempted to do, many have *done* at the height of a fever. Malignant *miasm* has thus mystery about it, as well as the malignant spirit.

It is impossible here, however, not to ask the question, was Bunyan really *insane* at all, at this time? Now he himself says, "At times I thought I should be *bereft of my wits*." But this was his fear, only when "instead of lauding and magnifying God and the Lamb, with others," he felt ready to *curse* them. This might well alarm any man for his wits, whilst it lasted, even if he had not, like Bunyan, a horror at blasphemy. Besides, he was perfectly conscious, that his spirit retained its "*distaste* for" these things; and that "there was something within him which *refused* to embrace them." Even when the temptation was upon him "with force," he "*often*" compared himself to a child, "whom some Gypsy hath by force taken up in her arms, and is carrying from friend and country." He also made great efforts to get out of the wings of the wind, which was carrying him away. Hence he says in his own style, "Kick sometimes, I did; and also shriek and cry." "These things did not make me *slack* my crying." Thus he was what Dr. Southey truly says, "collected enough, even in the paroxysms of the disease to observe its symptoms. He noted faithfully *all* that occurred in his reveries, and faithfully reported it." *Conder* also has well said, in reference to this point, "There are diseased conditions of the frame, not amounting to insanity, in which the imagination is distempered, but there is no delirium; in which unreasonable ideas have hold of the mind, but there is no eclipse of the controlling judgment; there are involuntary impressions, but no involuntary decisions. Such conditions, how nearly soever they approximate to insanity, are clearly distinct from it."—*Memoir.*

I gladly avail myself of the opinions of acute men; but I much prefer the fact, that Bunyan himself *reviewed* his paroxysms, without detecting or suspecting mental aberration in them. He continued to the end of life to refer them to Satan;

but he never concluded that he had *been* "bereft of his wits," although he feared the loss of them at this time. No wonder he was afraid. This temptation lasted nearly "a year." "In these days," he says, "when I heard others talk of what was the Sin against the Holy Ghost,—then would the Tempter so provoke me to desire to sin *that* sin, that I was as if I could not—must not—neither should be quiet, until I had committed it. Now no sin would serve—but that! If it were to be committed by speaking of such a word (a certain word,) then I have been as if my mouth *would* have spoken that word, whether I would or no. In so strange a measure was this temptation upon me, that often I have been ready to clap my hands under my *chin*, to hold my mouth from opening. To that end also, I have had thoughts at other times, to leap with my head downward, into some muck-hole, to keep my mouth from speaking."

This far exceeds any thing of the kind we know of. The wonder is, however, that it went no further, and took no darker form. Had it been insanity, it would have done so. We have thus a remarkable proof of the truth of that promise, that God will not suffer them who fear him, "to be tempted *above* what they are able to bear." Bunyan bore far more than we could have expected; judging from what we have hitherto known of him. We have not seen, however, the *heavy* end of his iron yoke yet. "Again," he says, "I beheld the condition of the dog and toad, and counted the state of every thing God had made, far better than this dreadful state of mine. Yea, gladly would I have been in the condition of a dog or a horse; for I knew they had no soul to perish under the everlasting weight of hell or sin, as mine was like to do. Nay, and though I saw this—felt this—and was broken to pieces with it, yet that which added to my sorrow was, that I could not find that with all my soul I did *desire* deliverance from it. That Scripture also did tear and rend my soul, in the midst of my distractions, 'The wicked are like the troubled sea, whose waters cast forth mire and dirt. There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God.'

"And now my heart was, at times, exceeding hard. If I would have given a thousand pounds for a *tear*, I could not shed one. No, nor sometimes scarce desire to shed one. I was much dejected, to think that this should be my lot. I saw some could mourn and lament their sin; and others again, could rejoice and bless God for Christ; and others again, could

quietly talk of, and with gladness remember, the Word of God; —while I only was in the tempest! This much sunk me. I thought my condition was *alone*. I would, therefore, much bewail my hard *hap:* but get out of, or rid of, these things, I could not."

As might be expected, these things hindered him much in prayer. Indeed, the wonder is, that he could pray at all, amidst such distractions. And there were moments, "when the noise, strength, and force of these temptations, would drown, and overflow, and bury all thoughts and remembrance of such a thing." This made him think, "Surely now, I am possessed of the devil. I thought also of Saul, and of the Evil Spirit that did possess him, and did greatly fear that my condition was the same with that of his." He did, however, pray even then, at times. Without intending it, he imitated the Saviour now and then, by praying "most earnestly," as his *agony* increased. We shall see this by and by. In the mean time, the general state of his mind, when he was upon his knees, requires notice. He felt sure that "Satan stood at his right hand to resist him." And certainly, Satan could hardly have resisted him more, had he been at his side. "I have thought," he says, "that I felt the devil behind me, pulling my clothes. He would also be continually at me in time of prayer—to 'have done—make haste—break off; you have prayed enough:—stay no longer!' Sometimes also he would cast in such wicked thoughts as—that I must pray *to* him, or *for* him. I thought sometimes of that,—'fall down; or 'if thou wilt, fall down and worship me.' *Matt.* iv. 9.

"Also when (because I have had wandering thoughts in the time of this duty) I have *laboured* to compose my mind, and fix it upon God, then with great force hath the tempter laboured to distract me, and confound me, and to turn away my mind, by presenting to my heart and fancy the *form* of a bush, a bull, a besom, or the like, as if I should pray to these. To these, especially at some times, he would so *hold* my mind, that I was as if I could think of nothing else, or pray to nothing but these, or such as they." There is nothing in all "the shapings" of his imagination, so like *delirium* as this. It was not, however, delirium; for it was preceded by deliberate efforts to be composed, and accompanied with grief and shame, and often interrupted with strong cryings and tears to God for deliverance. Accordingly he says, "Yet at times, I should have some strong and heart-affecting apprehensions of God, and the

reality of the truth of his Gospel. And, oh, how would my heart, at such times, put *forth* itself with inexpressible groanings! My whole soul was then in every word. I would cry with *pangs* after God, that he would be merciful unto me." Thus, as Conder well says, "there was no eclipse of the controlling judgment." There were, however, what Bunyan himself calls, "*conceits*," followed this. Hence he adds, "But then I should be daunted again with such conceits as these;—that God did mock at my prayers; saying, in the audience of holy angels, 'this poor simple wretch doth *hanker* after me, as if I had nothing to do with my mercy but to bestow it upon him. Alas, poor soul, how art thou deceived! It is not for thee, to have favour with the Highest!'"

David and Asaph, Job and Jeremiah, as well as John Bunyan, thought thus at times. It was, however, only a passing thought. It not only did not stop his praying, but made him pray so fervently, that Satan, he says, told "me, you are very *hot* for mercy, but I will *cool* you. This frame shall not last always. Many have been as hot as you for a *spirt;* but I have quenched their zeal. And with this, such and such (persons) who were fallen off, would be set before my eyes. (The devilish Ranter, of course, was one of them.) But, thought I, 'I am glad this comes into my mind. Well, I will watch, and take what care I can.'—'I shall be too hard for you,' said Satan, 'I will cool you insensibly by degrees; by little and little. What care I (saith he) though I be *seven* years in chilling your heart, if I can do it at last? Continual *rocking* will lull a crying child asleep. I will ply close, but I will have my end accomplished. Though you be burning hot at present, I can pull you from this fire. I shall have you cold before it be long.'" Satan's speeches in Milton's Paradise Lost, are not more in *keeping* with his revealed character, than this speech. It indicates as much sound judgment of the Tempter, as any soliloquy or address Milton has put into his lips. It is just what Satan would have said, had he spoken to Bunyan. However much, therefore, Bunyan mistook him, when he suspected him of "*pulling at his clothes*," he neither exaggerated nor underrated him, when he ascribed those "cruel mockings" to him. It is delightful to trace the pure and strong sense which marks this vivid sketch of the depths, wiles, and malignity of Satan!

One of the effects of this temptation was, that, while it lasted, he could attend "upon none of the ordinances of God, but

with sore and great affliction." His account of this is very touching. "Yea, *then*, I was most distressed with blasphemies. If hearing the Word, vileness, blasphemy and despair would hold me a *captive* there. If reading, then I had sudden thoughts to *question* all I read. Sometimes again, my mind would be so strangely *snatched* away, and possessed with other things, that I have neither known, nor regarded, nor remembered, so much as the sentence I had but just read." Thus, "Satan stood at his right hand to resist him."

Bunyan was not, however, without some alleviations during this sad year. "I had," he says, "some supports in this temptation, though they were all questioned by me then. That, in Jeremiah, was *something* to me—that though we had spoken and done evil things as we could, yet we should cry unto God, 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth,' and return unto him." Thus, although God suffered him to be tempted, he did not suffer him to be tempted above what he was able to bear. We shall find this promise verified, even when temptation went far beyond all we have yet reviewed.

I have often thought, whilst analyzing and recording these strange and startling temptations, that I durst not have published them, had I *alone* been possessed of Bunyan's autobiography. It is, however, in the hands of thousands, and will never pass out of print; and, therefore, I pass by nothing it contains. Besides, his high and holy character is sufficiently known to all readers, by his Pilgrim: so that there is no danger of sinking him, or of injuring religion, by any disclosure of his woes and weakness, however full, minute, or familiar it may be. The recollection, that he wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, corrects or counterbalances all unfavourable impressions.

CHAPTER XI.

BUNYAN'S REVIVALS.

After remaining a whole year in such a wilderness of temptation, Bunyan may well be expected and allowed to give strong names to both the Grace and Providence, which kept him from sinking under his heavy burden, and which now began to lighten and unloose it. His first relief was very timely. He had begun to be afraid of *long life*, lest it should wear out all his "remembrance of the evil of sin, the worth of heaven, and his need of the blood of Christ." Time seemed to him, *set* upon spunging all this "out of both mind and thought." But he could not bear the idea of outliving his recollections, or his estimates, of the things which belonged to his eternal peace. The fear of this put him upon crying, louder than ever, for help from God. And, as might be expected, he found "help in time of need."

He was more wise than usual in selecting an inscription for his first Ebenezer, when he came up from the wilderness. It was this, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." *Rom.* viii. 39. "This was a good word to me," he says, "after I had suffered (from) these things."

If I understand his meaning aright here, it explains the unquestioning ease and readiness with which he applied this "strong consolation" to himself. Had he not suffered much, his first work with this text would have been to make a *rack* of it, upon which he would have tortured himself with the questions—does God *love* me? how *can* that be? He had, however, just been assailed, as he thought and felt, by all the things which threaten to "separate from the love of God:" and thus he ventured to conclude, that such an *onset* would not have been made upon him, had he been hated or given up of God. Besides, after long and deep suffering, the mind is glad to take up with a suitable promise, without nicely criti-

cizing its own warrant to appropriate the comfort. The comfort is wanted in such cases; and therefore it is wisdom to take it, "nothing doubting." Had Bunyan done so from the first, he might have escaped many of his pangs. It must not be supposed, however, that he made the most of this promise now, much as he needed it. He inscribed it at full length upon his Ebenezer of gratitude: but all the comfort he ventured to take from it was—"Now I hoped long life would not *destroy* me, nor *make* me miss heaven." Any other comfort he had at this time, was drawn from other sources, and but very evanescent. He raised, indeed, many Ebenezers, only to throw them down again.

But although still somewhat capricious, Bunyan was now a wiser man than we have hitherto found him. We shall now find him oftenest, not in the dark ravines of "secret things," nor upon the giddy heights of typical conjecture, but upon the broad and level *table-land* of the Gospel. The fact is, his fears of blasphemy and reprobation had taken such awful forms, that not all his power of allegorizing, or of spiritualizing typical and historical truth, could extract one hope or comfort from it. Perhaps, too, his power itself was paralyzed for the time, by his terrors. But, be this as it may, he now became a student of the New Testament;—in the sense of *looking* there chiefly for promises suited to his case. As usual, however, he looked, at first, in order to be *electrified* as well as enlightened. He had not patience to trace out the connexion or bearings of the great and precious promises. If a great truth did not *strike* him powerfully at the first glance, he would not study it. What it contained, was nothing to him, unless it flashed out upon him. Accordingly, his first comforts were rather momentary gleams of hope, and sudden glows of joy, than assurances of the understanding. He himself says of them, that they were "like to Peter's sheet; of a sudden caught up again to heaven." *Acts*, x. 16.

Some of these "sweet hints, touches, and short visits," as he calls them, were, however, very useful to him. The first was, happily, from that memorable oracle, "For He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." 2 *Cor.* v. 12. "I had once," he says, "a *sweet* glance from that." He might have had many, had he looked at it with a *set* gaze. Even the glance, however, prepared him to lay hold, at an emergency, upon another great truth. "I remember," he says, "that one

day as I was sitting in a neighbour's house, and there very sad at the consideration of my many blasphemies; and as I was saying in my mind,—'What ground have I to think that I, who have been so vile and abominable, should ever inherit Eternal Life?'—that word came suddenly upon me, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' *Rom.* viii. 39. That also was a help to me,—'Because I live, ye shall live also.' *John*, xiv. 10.

Bunyan appears to have been much at *home*, during the year of his "fiery trial:" but when his hopes, and thus his spirits, began to revive, he took up his *Kit* again, and went his usual rounds, as a Tinker. This was advantageous to his health. He now *mused*, however, more than he talked, wherever he went. If not a sad, he was now a very *solemn* man. The Ranters saw this, and shrunk from his searching eye. These "Sweet Singers," as they called themselves, who combined only the *sins* of David with the songs of David, durst not vapour in Bunyan's presence as formerly. The Quakers, however, were attracted by his

> "Leaden eye,
> Which loved the ground,"

and by his deep solemnity. They sounded, if not assailed him, upon their favourite points: but he answered them not a word, at this time. He listened to them, however: and, at a future day, proved to them, that he remembered what they said: for he gathered now, that knowledge of their Tenets, which led him to write his "Gospel Truths Opened:" just as he picked up at Naseby, unconsciously, the plan of his Holy War.

One of his travelling days at this time, was such "a good day" to him, that he never forgot it, although he soon lost the comfort of it. "I was musing in the conntry," he says, "on the wickedness and blasphemy of my heart, and considering the enmity that was in me to God, when that Scripture came into my mind,—'He hath made peace by the Blood of his cross.' *Col.* i. 20. By this, I was made to see, both again and again, that God and my soul were *friends*, by His blood. Yea, I saw that the Justice of God, and my sinful soul, could embrace and kiss each other through His blood. This was a good day to me. I hope I shall never forget it." No wonder, he returned home a happier man than he went out! This one discovery of the new and living way of acceptance with

God, was worth more than all his other glimpses of the Gospel put together. He now saw "the glory of God in the face of Jesus," and understood how God could "be just, even in justifying the ungodly."

But although relieved from despair, Bunyan was not free from anxiety. On his return home, his mind dwelt much upon the fear of death, and the power of the devil. One day he sat musing upon them at his own fireside, until he made himself absolutely wretched. But he mused now, with the NEW TESTAMENT in his hand:—holding it, I grant, and regret, more as a *Talisman* than a lamp; as a charm, than a guide; but still, looking nowhere else for relief. On this occasion, his eye lighted upon the right spot. It fell upon the words, "For as much as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, He also himself took part of the same, that through death, He might destroy him that had the power of death (that is the devil,) and deliver those who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage." *Heb.* ii. 14, 15. These words were at once "precious and overpowering" to him. "I thought," he says, "that the glory of these words was so *weighty* on me, that I was both once and twice ready to *swoon* as I sat: yet not with grief and trouble; but with solid joy and peace."

He now began to find composure and profit in the House of God, and "under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford." "To his doctrine," says Dr. Southey, "he ascribed in some degree his convalescence." "But that doctrine," he adds, "was of a most *perilous* kind." What do you suppose it was, judging from this denunciation? Why, "the preacher exhorted his hearers not to be contented with taking any thing upon trust, nor to rest until they had received it with evidence from heaven:—that is, till their belief should be confirmed by a particular revelation! Without this, he warned them, they would find themselves wanting in strength when temptation came."—*Southey's Bunyan*, p. 28.

This is nearly, but not exactly, Bunyan's account of Gifford's doctrine. He says of him, "He would bid us take special heed, that we took not up any truth upon trust,—as from this, that, or any other *man;* but cry mightily unto God, that he would convince us of the *reality* thereof, and *set us down* therein, by his own Spirit, in the Holy Word: for, said he, if you do otherwise, when temptations come strongly upon you,—you, not having received the Truths with evidence

from heaven, will find you want that help and strength to resist, which you once thought you had."

This doctrine, Bunyan "drank in" as rain or dew. The fact is, it held then, and it holds now, the same place in the creed and cravings of pious minds, that the *awen* or inspiration of poetry holds in the estimation of poets. They know well, and few better than Dr. Southey, the immense difference between vague and vivid, tame and touching, views of Man and Nature. The Laureate has looked as often and intently from the summit of Skiddaw or Helvellyn, and from the terrace of Lattrigg or Lodore, and from the bosom of Derwentwater and Rydal, for *original* views and emotions, as ever the Tinker looked to the Bible, the Sanctuary, or the Closet, for experimental and impressive views of Divine truth. Bunyan knew the difference between *felt* and *unfelt* Truth, in religion, just as well as Southey knows it in poetry. It will, therefore, be quite time enough to blame Gifford, and to pity Bunyan, for their solicitude about the witness of the Holy Spirit to give truth the *force* of truth, when Poets call their inspiration, "a most perilous doctrine." Till then, we may take for granted that there is no more danger in looking for experimental *seals* to the volume of Revelation, than in looking for new beauties or glories in the volume of Nature. There would be but little poetry in the world, if Nature were contemplated as slightly by her professed admirers, as Revelation is by the bulk of its possessors: and there would be no *commanding* piety in the Church, were there not Christians, who, like Bunyan, seek the seals of the Spirit.

Bunyan is not the man, however, at this stage of his character and history, upon whom it would be wise or safe to hang the vindication of this great and cardinal truth. Nothing is more true, than that the Holy Spirit manifests the things of Christ to devotional minds, with power and glory, from time to time: but, on the other hand, it is not true that Bunyan could distinguish well, at this time, between accident and unction, or natural and spiritual demonstration. He hit, however, not very *wide* of the mark, when he gave the following illustrations of his own experience, under the ministry of Gifford. His doctrine, he says, "was as seasonable to my soul *as the former and latter rain in their season;* for I had found, and that by sad experience, the truth of these his words; (for I had felt that no man can say, especially when tempted by the devil, that Jesus Christ is Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.)

Wherefore I found my soul, through grace, very apt to drink in this doctrine, and to incline to pray to God, that in nothing that pertained to God's glory, and my own eternal happiness, he would suffer me to be without the confirmation thereof from heaven; for now I saw clearly, there was an exceeding difference betwixt the notion of the flesh and blood, and the revelation of God in heaven: Also a great difference betwixt that faith which is feigned and according to man's wisdom, and that which comes by a man's being born thereto of God. Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God. But, oh! now, how was my soul led from truth to truth by God! Even from the birth and cradle of the Son of God to his ascension, and second coming from heaven to judge the world.

"Truly, I then found, upon this account, the great God was very good unto me; for, to my remembrance, there was not any thing that I then cried unto God to make known, and reveal unto me, but he was pleased to do it for me; I mean, not one part of the gospel of the Lord Jesus, but I was *orderly* led into it: methought I saw with great evidence, from the four Evangelists, the wonderful works of God, in giving Jesus Christ to save us, from his conception and birth, even to his second coming to judgment: Methought I was as if I had seen him born, as if I had seen him grow up; as if I had seen him walk through this world, from the cradle to the cross; to which also, when he came, I saw how gently he gave himself to be hanged and nailed on it for my sins and wicked doing. Also as I was musing on this his progress, that dropped on my spirit, He was ordained for the slaughter. *Thus, searching what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ did signify.—Who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world.*

"When I have considered also, the truth of his resurrection, and have remembered that word, '*Touch me not, Mary,*' &c., I have seen as if he had *leaped* out of the grave's mouth, for joy that he was risen again, and had got the conquest over our dreadful foes, saying, *I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and to your God.* I have also, in the spirit, seen him a man, on the right hand of God the Father for me; and have seen the manner of his coming from heaven, to judge the world with glory, and have been confirmed in

these things by these Scriptures ; 'And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld he was taken up ; and a cloud received him out of their sight.'—'But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, 'Behold, I see heaven opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.'—'And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the judge of quick and dead.'—'But this man because he continueth for ever hath an unchangeable priesthood.'—'Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and to them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.'—'I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death.'—'For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with the Lord, in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words.'

"Once I was troubled to know whetherthe Lord Jesus was man as well as God, and God as well as man : And truly ; in those days let men say what they would, unless I had it with evidence from heaven, all was nothing to me ; I counted myself not set down in any truth of God. Well, I was much troubled about this point, and could not tell how to be resolved ; at last, that came into my mind, '*And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb, as it had been slain.*' In the *midst* of the throne, thought I, there is the GODHEAD ; in the midst of the *elders*, there is his MANHOOD. But, oh ! methought, how this did *glister !* It was a goodly touch, and gave me sweet satisfaction. That other scripture also did help me much in this ; 'To us a child is born, to us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders : and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'"

Having given these illustrations of what he meant by "Evidence from heaven," and by "God revealing the things of Christ" to him, Bunyan concludes thus,—"It would be too long here to stay to tell you in particular, how God did set me down (settle me) in the things of Christ ; and how, that

He might do so, he did lead me into his words ; yea, and how also he did *open* them unto me, and make them *shine* before me, and cause to *dwell* with me—*talk* with me—*comfort* me over and over, as to His own being, and the being of His Son, and Spirit, and Word, and Gospel. And this, in general, was His course with me ; first, to suffer me to be afflicted with temptations concerning (the truth or grace of) them, and then *reveal* them unto me."

The doctrine which led Bunyan to seek and find all this, was, says Dr. Southey, "of a most *perilous* kind." So far, however, it has done Bunyan no harm. Even his "revelations," as he calls them, never go beyond Revelation itself. He himself knew this, and said so. God, he says, "led him into His own Word ; led him from truth to truth ; led him *orderly* into the Gospel of the Lord, not into *one* part of it" only. It is, therefore, self-evident, that all Bunyan meant by what Dr. Southey calls "a particular revelation" was a clear apprehension of the grace and glory of the Gospel itself, with a deep feeling of its importance. Now, whatever *name* may be given to this kind of knowledge, it is that knowledge of the Gospel which a thinking man would surely prefer, if he wanted either peace or hope from the belief of it. It is vivid, certainly, but it is not visionary.

It may, however, be safely, and it ought to be readily, granted, that Bunyan is not a safe standard to try experimental knowledge by. The *vivacity* of his mind increased the vividness of his spiritual discernment. Not one mind in a thousand could have darted, as his did, as with eagle-wings and eagle-eyes, from the Cradle to the Cross of the Saviour, realizing every scene, as if an actual witness of the sufferings and glory of Christ. This no more belongs to divine teaching necessarily, than does the power of inventing the Pilgrim's Progress, or of depicting the Holy War. I admire Bunyan, but I do not *envy* him at all, when he says of his realizations of the Saviour's cradle, cross and grave, "I was as if I had *seen* Him born—as if I had *seen* him nailed to the cross—as if I had *seen* Him leap out of the grave's mouth." My mind does not reflect "the manifestation of the Truth," in this way. Bunyan's reflected it, as seas or snow-clad mountains do sun-light ; in floods and forms of glory : mine, only as a dew-drop or a pebble. But still, the Truth is both light and warmth to me. I love it and obey it. I should, therefore, be very unwise and ungrateful, were I to bring my own expe-

rience to the test of Bunyan's entrancing discoveries. That test might be very useful to Poets; but it could only unchristianize plain men like myself, or divert us from thought, prayer, and action, to sentimentality or excitement.

It would go hard with the hopes of many besides myself, were the following record, the *rule* in divine teaching. "I had now," says Bunyan, "as I thought, an evidence from Heaven of my salvation—with many *golden seals* thereon, all hanging in my sight. Now I would often long and desire that the Last Day were come, that I might be forever inflamed with the sight, and joy, and communion with Him—whose Head was crowned with thorns; whose Face was spit upon; whose Body was broken; whose Soul was made an offering for my sins! For whereas before I lay continually trembling at the mouth of Hell,—now, methought, I was got so far therefrom, that I could scarce *discern* it, when I loooked back. O, thought I, that I were fourscore years old now, that I might die quickly, and my soul be gone forever!" Bunyan had read, marked, and inwardly digested LUTHER on the Galatians, *before* he saw thus clearly his way and welcome, by the Cross, to the Crown. The old Saxon's seals helped him to read the inscriptions upon his own. But still, this transition "from darkness into marvellous light," is as worthy of being traced to the illumination of the Holy Spirit, as Luther's own joy and peace in believing. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, did shine into Bunyan's heart, giving him the *light* by the knowledge of the Divine Glory in the face of Jesus:" but it is equally true, that God does not always shed such a flood of light upon the mind at once. It is not necessary in every case. It could not be well sustained, perhaps, in many cases. Besides, until Gifford and Luther led Bunyan to a prayerful and orderly study of the Scriptures, he was a very ignorant man. He had *scraps* of truth at his finger ends, but no digest of its evidences or analogy in his memory. He saw the *fringes* of its glory, but not the foundations of its grace. The perception of its connexions and harmony was, therefore, to him, almost what a prophetic *vision* would be to a well-informed man.

It should be forever remembered also, *where* Bunyan studied Luther and the Bible at this time. It was alternately in the *barns* where he slept on straw, and under the lonely trees where he rested himself. He "watched for the morning," upon a bed which had no attractions, when he awoke from his first sleep.

Even the Sluggard would hardly have turned himself to slumber again amongst the sacking and litter of a Tinker's couch. For although Bunyan was now an honest man, and known as such in his rounds, the *barn* was his only dormitory, and the *corncloth* his only counterpane, and his own *wallet* stuffed with his clothes, or a corn-sheaf, his only pillow. He rarely knew the luxury of a blanket, or even of a chaff bolster. It was from such couches he arose with the sun, to search the Scriptures, and to ponder Luther's paradoxes, whilst all nature was cool, and calm, and bright, around him. In like manner, when he rested during the heat of the day, under the trees or the hedges, all his *cares* at this time only sent him to the Bible, whilst all his tastes enjoyed the scenery and the solitude.

Much of the vividness of his conceptions arose from these circumstances. And then he had just suffered so much at home, whilst brooding in silence over dark and daring thoughts, that both Nature and Revelation were almost new to him, when he resumed his communion with them in his old rounds. Thus, there is no occasion to stumble or stare at what Bunyan calls his revelations. They were nothing but new discoveries of old truth, and "the *savour* of the knowledge of Christ." Unction and evidence met together upon his spirit;—and even the French expect *unction* to accompany belief.

It is only what we expect, when *mathematical* Philosophers, now that few of them are Newtons, sneer and snarl at the *awen* of moral truth: but it is mortifying and unbearable, when Poets (whose

"Fine eye, in frenzy rolling,"

searches for the sublime and beautiful as for "hid treasure," in Nature) tell us gravely, that it is "perilous" to expect any thing from Revelation, brighter or better than the vague and vapid conceptions of eternal things, which occur to those who seldom think, and never pray. Christians should not, however, avenge this outrage on truth and decency, by sneering at poetry. Still, Poets must not provoke us, nor try our patience too far. For if we make *reprisals*,—alas, for them!

CHAPTER XII.

BUNYAN AND LUTHER.

The influence of Luther on Bunyan has never been fully pointed out: indeed, hardly stated fairly. Even Dr. Southey, who estimated it well, mistakes its commencement. It was not, as he says, when Bunyan saw the evidence of his Salvation from Heaven, "with golden seals appendant," nor when he had "the gate of Heaven in full view," and was longing to "enjoy the beatific vision," that Luther's Commentary on the Galatians "fell into his hands." That book *led* to this state of mind, instead of coming in to confirm it. Hence Bunyan says, "But *before* I had got thus far out of my Temptations, I did greatly long to see some *antient* godly man's experience, who had writ some hundred years before I was born. Well, after many such longings in my mind, the God in whose hands are all our days and ways, did cast into my hand one day, a book of Martin Luther's. It was his comment on the Galatians. It was also so *old*, that it was ready to fall piece from piece if I did but turn it over. Now I was much pleased that such an old book had fallen into my hands. I found my condition as largely and profoundly handled, in *his* experience, as if his book had been *written out of my heart*. I do prefer this book of Martin Luther (excepting the Bible,) before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a *wounded* conscience."

Thus it was *before* the wounds of his own conscience were healed, and whilst he had not got far out of his temptations, that Bunyan met with Luther. It was a happy meeting. "In the work of that passionate and mighty mind," says Dr. Southey, "he saw his own soul reflected as in a glass. Like Luther he had undergone the agonies of unbelief and deadly fear, and according to his own persuasion wrestled with the Enemy." Bunyan saw more than all this in the Saxon glass. What chiefly arrested and interested him was, the "grave debate, showing that the Law, as well as the devil, death, and hell, hath a *very great hand* in the rise of blasphemy, despair,

and the like." This he had never dreamt of before. The Law had often slain all his hopes, and set more than his conscience on fire, by crossing his wishes; but he had ascribed both the death of hope and the wrath of passion, to the direct influence of the devil. It was, therefore, startling as well as "very strange" to him at first, to be warned and adjured by Luther, not to look nor listen to the Law of God, when a sense of guilt was overwhelming the conscience, and sinking the heart in despair. He had to watch and ponder much, before he saw how the utter exclusion of Law from the question of pardon, could relieve the conscience from the fear of wrath, without relaxing the fear of sin or the love of holiness. And he was perfectly astounded to hear Luther almost *thank* the devil, for calling him "a great sinner." Luther says to Satan, "in telling me that I am a sinner, thou givest me armour and weapons against thyself, that with thine *own* sword I may cut thy throat, and tread thee under my feet;—for Christ died for sinners. Thou (only) puttest me in mind of God's fatherly love towards me, and of the benefit of Christ, as often as thou objectest that I am a wretched and condemned sinner." To foil Satan thus, with his own weapons, was a new thing to Bunyan. But he was an apt scholar, and soon learned to say for himself, "The guilt of sin *helped* me much: for still as that would come upon me, the blood of Christ did take it off again, and again, and again." In regard to Law also, he was soon Lutheran enough to say, "In that conscience where, but just now, did reign and rage the *law*, even there would rest and abide the peace and love of God, through Christ."

These are not the Lutheran maxims, which History records, and Poetry immortalizes, as the *secret* of the Reformation; but these were the maxims which endeared Luther to the *conscience* of Europe. Robertson did not see this, nor even Villers understand it; but Luther's doctrine of Justification by faith, and his defiance of Satan to condemn, mustered the best men of the millions who responded to him with acclamations, when he threw the Canon Law and the Pope's Bull into the bonfire of Wittemberg, exclaiming, "Let eternal fire trouble thee, because thou hast troubled the Holy One of God." Bunyan is a proof of this. It was Luther's sympathy with uneasy consciences, and Luther's insight into the devices of Satan, and Luther's exhibition of a free salvation, which won *his* heart, and drew from *his* pen the declaration—that the

work on the Galatians might have been written out of his own heart.

I give prominence to the influence of Luther upon Bunyan, because no one can suspect Bunyan of any approach to the enormity of "making void the Law by faith;" and because it is becoming somewhat too fashionable to *boggle* at Luther's strong language, on the subject of justification by faith alone. There is, indeed, no necessity for using all the *Saxonisms* of the Saxon Reformer; but English, which does not say that Law has *nothing* to do with justification, is, however polished, worse than vulgar, except when it says that the Law, like the Prophets, *witnesses* to the righteousness which is by faith.

How well Bunyan understood Luther, if not copied after him also, will be seen from the following remarks upon Paul's doxology, "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." "What can be more plain? What can be more full? What can be more suitable to the most *desponding* spirit in any man? God can do more than thou *knowest* he will. He can do more than thou *thinkest* he can. What dost thou think? Why, I think, saith the sinner, that I am cast away. Well, but there are worse thoughts than these, therefore think again. Why, saith the sinner, I think that my sins are as many as all the sins of the world. Indeed, this is a very black thought, but there are worse thoughts than this, therefore, prithee think again. Why, I think, saith the sinner, that God is not able to pardon all my sins. Ay, now thou hast thought indeed. For this thought makes thee look more like a devil than a man; and yet, because thou art a man, and not a devil, see the condescension and the boundlessness of the love of thy God. He is able to do above all that we think. Couldst thou (sinner) if thou hadst been allowed, thyself express what thou wouldst have expressed, the greatness of the love thou wantest; with words that could have suited thee better? For it is not said, he can do above what we think, meaning our thinking at present, but above all we can think; meaning, above the worst and most soul dejecting thoughts, that we have at any time. Sometimes the dejected have worse thoughts than at other times they have. Well, take them at their worst times, at times when they think, and think till they think themselves down into the very pangs of hell, yet this word of the grace

of God is above them, and shows that he can yet recover and save these miserable people. And now I am upon this subject, I will a little further walk and travel with the desponding ones, and will put a few words in their mouths for their help against temptations that may come upon them hereafter. For as Satan follows such now, with charges and applications of guilt, so he may follow them with interrogatories and appeals; for he can tell how by appeals, as well as by charging of sin, to sink and drown the sinner whose soul he has leave to engage. Suppose, therefore, that some distressed man or woman should after this way be engaged, and Satan should with his interrogatories and appeals be busy with them, to drive them to desperation, the text last mentioned, to say nothing of the subject of our discourse, yields plenty of help for the relief of such a one. Says Satan, Dost thou not know that thou hast horribly sinned? Yes, says the soul, I do. Says Satan, Dost thou not know that thou art one of the vilest in all the pack of professors? Yes, says the soul, I do. Says Satan, Doth not thy conscience tell thee that thou art and hast been more base than any of thy fellows can imagine thee to be? Yes, says the soul, my conscience tells me so. Well, saith Satan, now will I come upon thee with my appeals. Art thou not a graceless wretch? Yes. Hast thou not a heart to be sorry for this wickedness? No, not as I should. And albeit, saith Satan, thou prayest sometimes, yet is not thy heart possessed with a belief that God will not regard thee? Yes, says the sinner. Why then, despair, and go hang thyself, saith the devil. And now we are at the end of the thing designed and driven at by Satan. But what shall I now do? saith the sinner. I answer, Take up the words of the text against him, 'Christ loves with a love that passeth knowledge.' And answereth him farther, saying, Satan, though I cannot think that God loves me, though I cannot think that God will save me, yet I will not yield to thee; for God can do more than I think he can. He can do exceeding abundantly *above* what I ask or think. Thus the Text helpeth where obstructions are put in against our believing. It is a Text made up of words picked and packed together, by the wisdom of God: picked and packed together, on purpose for the succour and relief of the tempted, that they may, when, in the very midst of their distresses, cast themselves upon the love of God in Christ for salvation."—*Works*, p. 1766.

It would be a delightful task to me, fond and familiar as I

am with both Luther and Bunyan, to parallelize their mature views of the great doctrines of the Gospel. But my limits forbid. No forbidding, however, shall prevent me from imploring theological Students, to trace out, mark, and remember, the *chordings* of these original and mighty minds, with the tuned harps of Inspiration and Heaven. There is, indeed, no polish upon the language of either. They *blurt* out, in blunt terms, their opinions of truth and duty: but their Saxon is a talismanic *Sesame* at all the doors of consideration. It is quite possible to yawn, if not to fall asleep, over John Howe, or Robert Hall, when they *wire-draw* the wedges of Sanctuary Gold, and then festoon the wire in artificial forms of ornate beauty: but Luther and Bunyan make the ground shake again, when they throw down the golden wedges; and never make the metal *shine*, except when they lay it in thick plates upon the Mercy-seat, or in wide expanse on the walls, of the Temple: and then, they make us hear the *unrolling* of the sheets, as well as see the unburnished radiance of them.

Perhaps the best thing I can do, in closing this brief chapter, is, to record the Imprimatur of the Bishop of London, who was contemporary with the *first* translation of Luther on the Galatians. The next Metropolitan, who shall speak in Edwin's style and spirit of that work, will *eclipse* the only two of the moderns, whom I have studied;—Louth and Porteus.

The Metropolitan of 1575, told the church and the world, that Luther's work being brought to him to peruse and consider, "I thought it my part, not only to allow of it to print, but also to commend it to the Reader, as a treatise most comfortable to all afflicted consciences, exercised in the School of Christ. The Author *felt* what he spake, and had *experience* of what he wrote, and thus was able, more lively, to express both the assaults and salving; the order of the battle, and the means of the victory.

"If Christ justify, who can condemn?—saith St. Paul. This most *necessary* doctrine, the author hath most substantially declared in his Commentary. Satan is the enemy: the victory is *only* by faith in Christ."—*Imprimatur.*

It would seem from the Bishop's Preface, that the first translators of Luther's work stuck fast, either from ignorance or fear, in the midst of it; and that more learned men, caring for nothing so much as for the "relief of afflicted minds," put

"to their helping hand, from zeal," but kept back their names from modesty. Being thus left in ignorance of the *finishers* of the translation, I say nothing about its beginners,—much as I *might* say.

It deserves notice, that Bunyan improved upon Luther, in speaking of the Law. He did not, like him, rave or stamp, when smashing its "great teeth and strong horn," as a *cursing* Covenant. He saw how it was abolished, as "the ministry of Condemnation," at the cross of Christ. Neither Bunyan nor Luther, however, caught Paul's splendid idea, that the Chirograph of Law was nailed to the Cross, as Christ himself was, without losing any thing of its glory or authority as a Rule of life. Both Christ and Law were crucified, in order to be crowned forever.

CHAPTER XIII.

SATAN AND HIS ANGELS.

THOSE who *study* Bunyan will read this Chapter. It will, I hope, "*provoke*" some Theologian to grapple with the philosophy of Satanic agency. Neither the BAMPTON nor the CONGREGATIONAL Lectures will be complete, until they take up this subject. Robert Hall, had he been spared, would have become a Lecturer, rather than leave the subject as it now stands.

It is much to be regretted, that no *commanding* mind has girded up its loins, or clothed itself in all the armour of Light, (reason and revelation,) in order to challenge the public mind on the subject of "Satan and his Angels." The question of the existence and agency of Evil Spirits, should not be left unsettled; nor at issue between the superstitious and the scoffing, or the credulous and incredulous. It should be rescued from the hands of both, and set at rest, by the "high hand" of Christian Philosophy: for it is a *practical* question, and fraught with national as well as personal interests. The claims of Humanity, as much as the credit of Religion, demand this. If there really be *no* devil, and thus no danger of being tempted but by each other, or by our own passions, the Laws of the country should no longer speak of "the instigation of the devil;" nor the Catechism of Churches, of the devil or his works; nor Ministers and Parents, of his wiles or snares. But if, on the other hand, there be a devil, who can and does tempt men to sin, and whose angels and agents are actually busy at this demoralizing work, the awful fact should be so awfully proclaimed, that no witling durst laugh at it even over his cups, and no sciolist evade it even by verbal criticisms.

True; the subject is proclaimed in all ways, in the Bible. There, Satan is frequently named, characterized, denounced, and pointed out as the Enemy and the Tempter of man: and yet, the giddy laugh at him, and the busy forget him, and

would-be philosophers resolve the whole affair into *figures* of speech. In the fashionable *slang* of modern philosophy, the devil is nothing more than "*the personified principle of evil.*"—*Southey's Wesley.*

All this is said and done, in the very face of a Bible teeming with descriptions of Satan, and thundering with warnings against his wiles. True! This, however, is not the only revealed truth, which has been thus treated for ages, and yet afterwards was lodged in the public mind, and chartered into popularity, by the commanding influence of a great name. Public opinion has never played with images or indulgences, since Luther, Knox, and Cranmer fought the battle of the Reformation. Whitefield and Wesley drove baptismal regeneration from all pulpits and all heads, into which the Cross of Christ was admitted. Wardlaw, Magee, and Smith, turned the new Version of Socinianism and the creed of Priestley, into an old bye-word. David Bogue awoke the Church to the claims of the heathen, and John Harris has frightened her at the worship of Mammon. Thus, a great truth *can* be forced into general notice, and fastened upon so many leading minds, by one influential Champion, that it will work its way through all ranks of society, and tell with effect upon public opinion and practice. There is, therefore, nothing in all the wanton or flippant modes in which Satanic influence is sported with, which may not be checked and put down. Mockery, and fearlessness, and heedlessness, in reference to this spiritual danger, may be rendered as rare and unpopular as blasphemy or ribaldry.

Why has not this been done? Has it been shunned from a fear of making the devil of too much importance? Have the Champions of orthodoxy thought that it would be paying him too high a *compliment,* to challenge him? Do they suspect that the discussion of the subject would make all that is bad in public opinion, and all that is unhealthy in public feeling, worse? I will not suppose this. The world is too old, and the Church too wise, to dream or drivel again about the devils of superstition. These are all gone forever, with the ghosts and hobgoblins of antiquity. Science and common-sense cast out these *imps;* and, therefore, no superstition can bring them back. They sunk into derisive contempt; and nothing recovers from that overthrow. Even in regard to the devil himself, the *cloven-foot* is almost out of date, and his *horns* are given up entirely. Thus there is no danger of reviving any old fictions or fancies, by drawing public attention to the

revealed facts of Satanic agency; especially in the case of John Bunyan.

Is there, then, any danger of creating a *panic*, by bringing home to the public mind the whole truth upon this subject? Would the devil be too *much* dreaded by men, if they really believed all that the Scriptures say, or Bunyan believed of him? This question is not answered by saying, that many who have Scriptural views of Satan, are neither in terror nor in bondage of spirit, by them. Such persons have Scriptural views of Grace and Providence also, which prevent dismay, or counterbalance suspicion. What, however, would be the effect of realizing Satan, just as he is revealed, on a mind unprepared to fall back for relief upon either Grace or Providence? Such minds abound, alas, everywhere: and, therefore, much as I regret the want of a Work, which should amount to a demonstration on this subject, I should deprecate a mere demonstration. It might bring as many into *bondage* all their life-time through fear of the devil, as are so through fear of death.

There is no tendency of this kind in what the Bible says about Satan; much as it says. It never introduces him alone, nor apart from some promise or maxim, calculated to balance whatever fear the description of his power or malignity may create. An Infidel might be challenged on this fact. Let him make out the revealed devil as he will, and exaggerate to the uttermost his shocking attributes, and caricature all their tendency to frighten weak minds and enslave susceptible imaginations; still he cannot prove that this is their design. If candid or honest, he durst not assert it: for in every instance, there stands, at Satan's "right hand," some "Angel of the Lord, to resist him," or to "bind him." I mean, every awful or warning sight of his character and designs, is preceded or followed by some great and precious promise of deliverance, or by some kind advice, directly calculated to alleviate all unnecessary and tormenting fear. He has not, therefore, studied the Bible, who can call Satan a *bugbear*, to frighten children, or to affront the understandings of men. The most superficial reader even, may see at a glance, that, whenever Satan is brought forward there, he is followed by promises more numerous than his temptations, and confronted by Shields more powerful than his fiery darts. Thus the revealed Satan, however formidable or ferocious, is always placed before us in the Bible, between a double blaze of light, which shows clearly that he will flee

now if resisted, and that God will bruise him shortly, under the feet of all who try to overcome him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their Testimony. Bunyan found this to be the fact.

Such being the connexion in which we are warned against the devil, and encouraged to war against him, it is astonishing that any man who acknowledges the Scriptures to be the Word of God, could imagine the devil to be merely a figure of speech, or a personification of the principle of evil. Why ; all that is sweetest in the Promises, all that is greatest in the Prophesies, all that is most inspiring in the prospects of Glory, all that is wonderful in the love of Christ, and in the grace and power of God, is all set against the power of Satan, as that power bears against mankind. Can such Sublime *facts* be thus arrayed against a bold figure of speech? This would, indeed be

> " Ocean into tempest wrought,
> To waft a feather, or to drown a fly !"

Besides, it really requires no great stock or strength of faith, in a world such as ours is, and always has been, to believe that there really is a real devil. Some men have certainly been very like the devil. Pharaoh, Herod, Nero, and some of the old Popes of Rome, did not come far short of his cruelty : Voltaire, and one of our own poets, took a very fiend-like pleasure in poisoning the fountains of truth and morals : and many slave-traders, slave-drivers, and slave-owners, have almost equalled Satan, both in lying and in tyranny. This is not, I am aware, *proof* that there *is* a devil ; but it renders the supposition highly probable. It even proves, that no limit can be set to the lengths which a godless man can go, when his passions are enflamed and unbalanced. All the concession, therefore, required in order to the belief of a godless and reckless spirit, is, an admission that an angel might rebel and be punished, as well as a man ; or fall as Adam fell. A less concession than this, however, will do. Let it only be granted, that an angel might wish for more power, or more freedom, than God thought good for him to possess, or would grant him. This is certainly not an impossibility. If that angel, therefore, determined to get possession of what was denied him, in spite of God, and at all hazards (a thing we see *men* do every day,) both his disappointment and his punishment are inevitable. He must be expelled from heaven, and branded with shame, if God is of purer eyes than to behold rebels around his throne.

And when thus banished and branded, what is more natural than for such a rebel to become reckless? Having no hope, nothing is so likely as that he should become the sworn foe of God, and of all that God loves or cares for. Men hate God and religion in this way, with less to exasperate or embitter their spirit: yes; men who in youth smiled as cherubs at their mother's side, and sang like angels at their mother's knee, when they first heard of their Heavenly Father!

Thus, there is no more real difficulty in conceiving how fallen angels should become fierce, and malignant, and reckless, than how a gentle boy should become a very monster of iniquity. The chief difficulty in regard to Satan is, not that *he* is inclined to seduce, and ensnare, and destroy; but that GOD should allow him to try to do so. Now this is certainly a grave difficulty. It is, however, only one of many, of the same kind. Beauty, wealth, wine, luxuries, and dress, become ruinous snares: but who questions the justice or the wisdom of God in creating these things? or requires, as the condition of piety, that they should all be swept out of the world, and nothing left to eat, drink, wear, or admire, which could be abused, or become a temptation? No one. And yet, these things appeal more directly to our senses and our passions, than Satan does to our principles.

This remark does not, I am aware, go far towards removing the difficulty. It merely proves that there are other difficulties to solve, in the probationary state of man. Besides, the things just named are all *good* in themselves, and only do evil when they are perverted from their original purpose; whereas Satan is evil, and nothing but evil.

If I could express this more strongly, I would: because if ever the difficulty before us is removed, it must be fairly met. Here then is a being thoroughly bad, and intent upon mischief, permitted by God to go about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Now this, to say the least of it, is very strange, at first sight. Not much stranger, however, than some other things around us. There are rank poisons in not a few minerals, metals, and plants; and none of them *labelled* such, by nature. Man has had to find them all out by experience and observation. But now that these poisons are known, they can be turned into the best medicines by chemical skill. Thus a thing may be very bad in itself, and yet turned to good account by wise management. Now, what if it can be shown that incalculable good might result, and is

intended by God to result, to man, from the existence and agency of Satan in our world?

However this may be, one thing is obvious and certain; that it is not for his *own* sake, nor to humour and gratify the devil, that God permits him to be at large in the world. For whose *sake*, then is it? This, now, is the real question. Meet it fairly for a moment. We shall understand Bunyan's history all the better by doing so. For whose sake, then, is Satan allowed so much freedom and power? Not, we may be sure, for his own, nor in compliment to himself. Well; in this world, there is no one else to benefit by the permission but man: and Satan intends him no good! True; and man expects none from Satan. It is not true, however, that no good is to be *gotten*, because he intends none, and we expect none. The real question is, what does God intend to teach us, by quartering Satan upon us? Now I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say, that God has thus given us a *living lecture* upon the worth, need, and nature of his great salvation, more intelligible and impressive, when duly weighed, than any Commentary on the Bible ever written, or than any uninspired sermon ever preached. There is no such *illustration* of what the Bible means by the loss of the divine image and favour; by the curse of the law and the wrath to come, as Satan and his angels present. Their character and doom turn these words into *things*, and make the words and things flaming realities. Yes; no man can look at the lot and prospects of the devil, as the Bible presents them, and think sin a light matter, or hell a doubtful place. It was, therefore, to bring home upon the human mind a solemn and settled conviction, that sin is no trifle, and held no fancy, that God permitted the agency of Satan on earth. This then is one *good*, which God intended, and which we may reap. It is, I grant, not generally reaped. How can it? Men talk in a half-jest, half-earnest way about the devil, which defeats God's kind and wise purposes. This unmanly and flippant style of talking about the devil and his angels, almost defeats also the touching pathos of that Scriptural appeal concerning Christ,—"He took not upon him the nature of Angels, but the seed of Abraham." There is no such appeal to our Gratitude as this, in the first instance. It pours itself out in a mighty flood upon our *self-love*. It compels us to ask, what must have been the consequences to us, had Christ taken upon him the nature of fallen angels, and died to save them instead of us? Thus God

gives us a sight of the sovereignty, riches, and freeness of his grace to man, by leaving Satan abroad amongst men, which no words nor emblems, however vivid, could have presented.

When I consider these things calmly and closely, I cannot, on the whole, regret either the existence or the agency of Satan, so far as mankind are concerned. It is an evil, undoubtedly, and a great one; but it is certainly the *least* of two great evils: for nothing can be worse, or so bad, for men, as to think lightly of sin, wrath, and salvation. Now although Satan's chief aim in all his temptations is to make men think lightly of these solemn things, still, there is more in Satan's *lot* to warn men, than there is in all his wiles to betray them. His own character, condition, and doom, give the *lie* direct to all the lies he ever palmed upon the world. Besides, it is any thing but certain, that the world would have been better than it is, if Satan had been kept out of it. No one can prove, that even our first parents would not have sinned and fallen, if they had not been tempted. Indeed, Adam was not directly tempted by the devil, when he transgressed. Accordingly, in excusing himself, he did not say, "the serpent beguiled *me*, and I did eat:" but "the woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me, and I did eat." Even this is not all: God himself did not charge Satan with tempting Adam; nor Adam, but with listening to the voice of Eve. As Adam, therefore, rebelled without being exposed to the wiles of the tempter, it is impossible to prove that he would have continued faithful, if there had been no tempter. All the probability is on the other side: for if the desire to know both good and evil, upon a god-like scale, could ensnare the woman in one way, it was quite as likely to betray the man in another way some time.

It is worse than puerile, it is inexpressibly contemptible, to speak or think of Eden being lost by eating an apple. There is an awful, though guilty *sublimity* in the ambition which ruined Adam and Eve. They fell from human perfection, by attempting to reach divine wisdom. They were angel-like in knowledge; and they tried to be god-like in it too. Thus it was for no *trifle* they perilled soul or body.

Such, then, being the *object* for which they hazarded their all, for time and eternity, it is anything but certain, that they would not have done the same, if Satan had never interfered. They might, for anything which can be shown to the contrary, have rebelled even more deliberately, or sinned just as Satan himself did. In like manner, it cannot be proved that the

absence of Satan since the fall, would have kept the world from being so wicked as it is. Its wickedness might have been of another kind in some respects; and yet, not at all in a less degree. Accordingly, the bloody and libidinous vices prevail most in those nations and tribes of the earth, where Satan does least, and visits but seldom. Yes; it is not where he "goeth about most as a roaring lion," that cruelty or sensuality are most rampant or universal. There is, indeed, too much of both prevails in Christendom, "where Satan's seat is;" but nothing like so much as where he goes only occasionally. He wanders, indeed, "to and fro on the earth," and goeth "up and down in it;" and thus, no doubt, visits it all from time to time: but, certainly, not all its parts alike. For, as it is the progress and influence of true religion, which Satan wars against, he has no occasion to walk often over the ground where *false* religions are established and triumphant. He has, in fact, little or nothing to call him into any Heathen or Mohammedan nation, where the Gospel is not assailing his kingdom. He can well afford to remain chiefly in Christendom, whilst Christians leave his principal strongholds in China, India, Japan, and Turkey, unassailed, and almost unchallenged. The Church has, indeed, of late, compelled him to look sharply after some of her ambassadors, and to revisit more frequently than usual a few portions of his empire: but she has not given him much trouble as yet. "And verily," she has her "*due* reward!" Satan employs the time, strength, and stratagem, she thus renders needless abroad, in corrupting, dividing, and weakening her at home.

It may not be usual to speak thus definitely and explicitly about the movements of Satan: but it would be worse than absurd to write vague generalities on the subject. These have done incalculable mischief; and will continue to do so, until they are flung out of the language of theology, and replaced with the words of Scripture. No scriptural phrase, even when highly figurative, suggests any extravagant or ridiculous idea of the devil himself, or of his angels. Men often speak, and even write—but God never—as if Satan were everywhere at the same time, or working equally in all "the children of disobedience," in both hemispheres of the world. God says, that Satan "goeth about;" but not that he is in two places at one time. God says, that Satan is a tempter; but not that all temptation comes from him alone. God represents Satan as

taking the *lead* in evil; but not as working without human agents and infernal spirits.

Robert Hall, with his usual elegance and accuracy, says, "We are taught (by the word of God) to conceive of Satan as the *head* of a spiritual empire of great extent, and comprehending within itself innumerable subordinate agents. The term Satan, in application to this subject, is invariably found in the singular number; implying that there is *one* designated by that appellation." "Conceiving Satan, (then) agreeably to the intimations of the word of God, to be the *chief* or head of a spiritual dominion, we easily account for the extent of the agency he is affirmed to exert, in tempting and seducing the human race; not by supposing him personally present whenever such an operation is going on, but by referring it to his *auspices*, and considering it as belonging to the *history* of his empire." "In describing the affairs of an empire it is the uniform custom of the Historian, to ascribe its achievements to one person;—to the ruling mind, under whose auspices they are performed, and by whose authority they are effected. Victories and defeats are ascribed to him who sustains the supreme power, without meaning for a moment to insinuate that they were the result of his individual agency. Thus in relating the events of the last war, the ruler of France would be represented as conducting at once the most multifarious movements, in the most remote parts of Europe; where nothing more was intended than that they were executed directly or indirectly, by his order. On this principle, no more ambiguity or omnipresence is attributed to Satan, than to Alexander, Cesar, or Tamerlane, whose power was felt, and their authority acknowledged far beyond the limits of their personal presence."—*Hall's Works*, vol. v. p. 68.

Thus it is not scriptural to suppose Satan, in person, to be often in every place where evil is going on, nor yet to ascribe to his direct influence every glaring evil in any place. Indeed, it is not necessary that either his hand or his eye should be upon all his works, nor upon all his agents, constantly, in those places of the earth where his dominion is greatest: for that dominion perpetuates itself by its own working, wherever Christianity lets it alone. Accordingly, he has had but little or no trouble in some of the greatest nations of earth, since the moment he completed the machinery of their false religions. That machinery must have cost him no small labour at first: but now it needs only *oiling* from time to time, and hardly that

throughout the chief Asiatic nations. In none of them has he had to *alter* it much. It has done his work to his heart's content, for thousands of years in China and India, without a new wheel, spring, pully, or weight. Satan has had to alter a little the machinery of both Popery and Mohammedism, in order to suit the times and vicissitudes of the Beast and the False Prophet; but Hindooism, and Budhism have required little or no mending, since he made them. Now, indeed, they are undergoing a *little* alteration, where missionaries are exposing them before the eyes of British Authorities; and where Bibles and Schools are spreading: but it is only there, that Satan has to soften any of the original features, or to change any of the old forms of abominable idolatry.

It is a curious fact in the history of Satan's reign on earth, that as he never repeated the first experiment he tried upon Job, in order to overthrow a good man, by stripping and peeling him, so he never repeated in any nation the experiment he tried upon Greece and the Roman empire, by a *refined* idolatry. He *outwitted* himself completely, when he allied the *fine* Arts with Heathenism. He thought that by giving beauty to idols, and sublimity to temples, he would give permanency to his power in all the civilized world. And the experiment succeeded wonderfully for ages. It defeated itself, however, when Christianity challenged the Greeks and the Romans. They were the *first* to embrace it! The fact is, the Arts called forth mind, and improved taste, and created public opinion; and thus broke up the *brutishness* of man. They did not make him happy, nor even moral: but they did make him think, and gave some polish to his manners. The apostles of the Lamb saw this; and, knowing well how the Gospel could inform and enlarge the mind, even where it offended the heart, they bent their strength upon civilized, not upon savage, man; and triumphed gloriously. Thus the old serpent was caught by his own craft, in this instance: but he never tried to refine a nation again, by *beautifying* its gods. He has, ever since, *stuck* to grim or grotesque idols, or to images of beasts and creeping things. Even in that *line* also, he is now defeating himself; and he knows it! Yes; he feels at this moment, that he is playing a hazardous and desperate game to keep up his kingdom in Europe and America, and throughout the wide world, at the same time. He sees, and cannot help himself, that if he keep his place in Christendom, he must ply the European and American mind with vain phi-

losophy, and subtle speculations, and refined heresies: and yet, that the success of these stratagems at home will inevitably create a tone and taste, which commercial nations will communicate abroad, until idols and superstition are lashed or laughed out of all heathen nations which have any thing to sell or buy. Thus the irreligious mind which Satan is endeavouring to create at home, will, by its very acuteness and dashing independence, create mind enough abroad to turn the laugh of Asia against all the nonsense of antiquity, and the scowl of Africa against all the enormities of superstition.

Thus Satan's policy, whenever he transforms himself "into an angel of light," defeats eventually his power as an angel of darkness. Like the tide, whatever he gains upon the one coast he loses upon the other, in the long run. Providence thus overrules for good, what Satan intended for evil; and that, not only by turning to account the power of intellect, which temptations to *scepticism* call forth, but also by rousing to the defence of Truth, the sanctified talent and learning of the Church of Christ. For whenever the Enemy has sowed Tares with a high hand, and in unusual abundance, the Watchmen on the walls of Zion have sounded an alarm, which sent all the Sowers of "good seed" into the field to re-sow it anew. We thus owe to his attacks upon the Gospel, the powerful and spirited defences of the Gospel, which form the human bulwarks of the national faith.

We are now somewhat prepared to look calmly and closely at the curious fact, that Satan seems, at first sight, to have but little to do with the promotion of the *sensual* vices: for it is not said in Scripture, that Noah, Lot, or David, fell by Satanic temptation. That it is not brought in by the Sacred Writers, to account even for the wickedness of the old world, or for the enormities of Sodom and Gomorrah, or for the licentiousness of the Heathen. The fact is, *direct* Temptation is very properly kept out of the history of these crimes, that the human heart may be chiefly dreaded as the source of the licentious vices, and that Satan's perversions of true Religion might be more dreaded than his personal agency. He is too *crafty* to have a direct hand in sensuality. He knows that the lusts of the flesh will follow the lusts of the mind like their shadow, certainly and inseparably, and in a degree great enough for his purpose: and, therefore, he puts forth his strength, not upon individuals, but upon public opinion. He strikes at the moral *restraints*, which Law and Gospel lay

upon vice. His chief aim is to subvert the authority of Law, and to pervert the design of Grace; well knowing that a false religion will be a *foul* religion, and that one vicious maxim, once made popular in a nation, will make more slaves to vice in a month, than he could seduce in a year by tempting them one by one. But he is not thus, the less concerned in the evil. It *is* Satan that worketh in the children of disobedience, although he is not often personally at their right hand. Accordingly, God says, that whosoever committeth sin is of the devil: and that all who do not make righteousness are not begotten of God, but the children of the devil. 1 *John*, iii. 8. It is upon this principle also, that Satan is called the god and prince of this world; and that the whole unbelieving world is represented, as lying in the Wicked One.

We have now a *clue* to the process of Satan, in tempting the fearers of God to despair, and blasphemy, and apostacy. This is Satan's peculiar and favourite work in the Church. But, just as in the world, his own *hand* is not always at the work, however much his eye may be upon it. He works by the power of false maxims in the production of despair, as well as in the production of vice and crime. He has got up, and set on foot or afloat in the world, dark and dire theories of Election and Reprobation, which he has only to *keep* up as theories, in order to distract or distress thousands, without much interference on his own part. He does, however, evidently interfere personally and directly with individuals. He *sought* to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat. He entered *into* Judas, Ananias, and Sapphira. And Paul evidently believed, that the Corinthians were as really assailed by the devil, as Eve was. He therefore warned them as much against Satan himself, as against his ministers. 2 *Cor.* xi. 13. In like manner, all the Apostles warn all Christians against the personal assaults of the spiritual Adversary.

Thus both direct and indirect interferences with the mind of Christians, are expressly charged upon Satan. It is not revealed, however, when the *direct* begins to act, nor where the *indirect* ends its influence. And it is well, yea a mercy, that we do not know exactly. We are thus kept equally from too much dread, and from too little fear.

There are, however, cases in which it may safely, and usefully be said, as in the case of sowing Tares, "An Enemy hath done this." What else can be said, when the *body*, although robust and in the vigour of manhood, is paralyzed and

prostrated even to the dust, or worn to a skeleton suddenly, by the haunting fear of reprobation, or the wasting suspicion of non-election, preying upon the spirit? These fears flash across many minds, and often *flame* for a short time: but a few sleepless nights, or doleful days, exhaust their power to *distract* the mind. It was not so with Bunyan, nor Rogers. Bruce of Edinburgh (an eminent Minister) was for twenty years shaken with terrors. Rogers was for two years in equal pain of body and mind. Happily such cases are as rare as they are peculiar; but they are very like the personal work of Satan.

In like manner, when blasphemies which are *abhorrent* to the mind, and which can be traced to no blasphemous book nor bad example, are yet rushing to the lips, and raging in the thoughts, and maddening the imagination, although the victim of them would give worlds to be rid of them, may be safely ascribed to Satanic suggestion. Christ says, indeed, that blasphemies proceed out of the heart: but he does not say, that they do so against the *will*, and in spite of the prayer and effort, of the heart to suppress and forget them. In such a case, they are most likely what old Isaac Ambrose calls them, "rather fire-balls thrown into a house, than flames from its own hearth." Thus it is the Devil himself that tempts to *devilish* sins.

CHAPTER XIV.

BUNYAN'S CRISIS.

No one ever hit off, at a stroke, the *profile* of Bunyan's mind so truly as he himself did when he said, "I being very *critical*, did much desire to be resolved about (certain) questions: for my *smart* had made me, that I knew not what ground was *sure enough to bear me.*" He was very critical! We see at a glance now, that had he suspected and scrutinized his food, or watched his stomach after every meal, as he did the bearings and the effect of Divine Truth upon his case and spirits, he would have eaten in dread, and been afraid of lying down to sleep. This criticizing temper has much to do with both the freaks of his imagination and the frenzies of his conscience. It will not account, however, for all the latter, and especially not for the *crisis* of his horrors, which we have now to review.

It happened to Bunyan, as to Abraham, that "a horror of great darkness fell upon him," just after he had seen his "Salvation with golden seals appendant." The Patriarch was not only at the altar, when the "thick cloud" came over his spirit; but he had just been gazing upon the stars of heaven as the seals of his personal acceptance with God, and as emblems of his relative usefulness and countless posterity. Bunyan, indeed, had had no vision nor revelation of this kind, when a cloud fell upon his spirit; but he had had "joy unspeakable and full of glory," from believing and loving an *unseen* Saviour. "Now I found," he said, "that I loved Christ dearly! O, methought, my soul cleaved unto him—my affections cleaved unto him. I felt my love to him as *hot* as fire. As Job said, now I thought I should die in my nest. *But quickly after this, my love was tried to purpose.* I did quickly find that my great love was but too little; and that I who had, as I thought, such *burning* love to Jesus Christ, could let him go again for a very trifle. For after the Lord had graciously delivered me from great and sore temptation, and had settled me down sweetly in the face of his holy gospel, and had given me

such strong consolation and evidence from heaven touching my interest in his love through Christ,—the Tempter came upon me again, and that with a more grievous and dreadful temptation than before."

This Temptation was,—"To sell and *part* with this most Blessed Christ, for the things of this life; for any thing." It lay upon him, he says, for the space of a *year*, and followed him so continually, that he was not rid of it for one day in a month, nor for an hour together on many days, except when he was asleep. "It intermixt itself," says Dr. Southey, "with whatever he thought or did." This is not too strongly stated. Bunyan himself says, "I could neither eat my food—stoop for a pin—chop a stick—or cast my eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, 'sell Christ for *this*, or, sell Christ for *that*. Sell Him—sell Him—sell Him!' It would run in my thoughts not so little as a *hundred* times together,—sell Him—sell Him!"

Dr. Southey calls this, both "an almost unimaginable temptation," and "a strange and hateful suggestion." Conder says, "Bunyan does indeed describe the horrible but irrational thought that was ever running in his mind, as a *temptation:* but where, he asks, is the *bait?*" He answers his own question thus; "Had the prospect of *worldly* advantage been held out to Bunyan on the condition of renouncing his creed, or violating his allegiance to the Saviour; had he in the face of worldly scorn or fiery persecution been prompted to deny the faith; or had some dishonest gain been within his reach while struggling with penury,—here would have been a temptation. But in the case described, the assault—the suggestion—the seeming compliance with abhorred blasphemy, were all ideal, without motive, and contrary to reason. The suffering and distress *only* were real. We see *no reason* then to deny, that the darkness into which Bunyan was plunged, arose from that distempered action of the imagination which is the ordinary effect of over-excitement."

If Mr. Conder's object in this reasoning be, to exclude Satanic temptation from this crisis of Bunyan's horrors, I cannot agree with him. I am not sure, however, that this is his design: and as I am quite sure that he would "make no concession to the Infidel," or to the Neologian, on the subject, I feel very jealous of myself lest I should mistake his meaning at all. Besides, there is great weight as well as point in his question, "Where was the *bait*,"—if this was a temptation?

It is not easy to answer this question, even in the case of Bunyan; and it would be perhaps impossible to answer it in the case of an ordinary man, who was haunted with a similar suggestion. Bunyan, however, was not an ordinary man. He was *extraordinary:* and, therefore, some of his temptations were likely to be of an extraordinary kind. It will not do in his case to say, that "where there is no appeal to *rational* motives, there can be *no* temptation." There *was* temptation, as we have already seen, where "no sin would serve, but that" which was *unpardonable;* the sin against the Holy Ghost. "I was," he says, "so provoked to desire to sin that sin, that I was as if I could not—must not—should not be quiet, until I had committed it." This was temptation: but where is the appeal to rational motives? The fact is, *irrational* motives, if they had a strong dash of the dark or the daring about them, were the most tempting things to Bunyan, in certain moods of his wayward mind. To be *devil-like*, was occasionally as accordant with his worst moods, as to be angel-like, or god-like, was with his best. Satan would have got but a slight and short hold upon the Leviathan of Bedford, by appealing to rational motives, or by *baiting* his books with wordly garbage. "All the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," would have been no temptation to Bunyan, as a price for parting with Christ: but a *trifle* could be so, just because it was a trifle. Its absurdity as a reason, threw him upon its *source* as a temptation, and compelled him to fear that Satan felt sure of his prey, seeing he could thus *play* with it by mockery, as well as scare it by fiery darts. But I forbear to explain. His record will speak for itself: for besides having no parallel in human experience, it is told with almost *superhuman* power.

"I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against the Temptation, lest haply, before I were aware, some wicked thought might arise in my heart, that might consent thereto; and sometimes the tempter would make me believe I *had* consented to it; but then I should be as tortured upon a rack for whole days together.

"This temptation did put me to such fears, lest I should, at some times, I say, consent thereto, and be overcome therewith, that by the very force of my mind, in labouring to gainsay and resist this wickedness, my very *body* would be put into action or motion, by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows; still answering, as fast as the destroyer said,

'Sell him;' I will not, I will not, I will not: no not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds; thus reckoning, lest I should, in the midst of these assaults, set too low a value on him;—even until I scarce well knew where I was, or how to be composed again.

"At these seasons he would not let me eat my food in quiet; but, forsooth, when I was set at the table at my meat, I must go hence to pray; I must leave my food now, and just now;—so counterfeit *holy* also would this devil be! When I was thus tempted, I would say in myself, 'Now I am at meat; let me make an end.' 'No,' said he, 'you must do it now, or you will displease God, and despise Christ.' Wherefore I was much afflicted with these things; and if, because of the sinfulness of my nature (imagining that these were impulses from God) I should deny to do it, (I felt) as if I denied God; and then should I be as guilty, because I did not obey a temptation of the *devil*, as if I had broken the law of God indeed.

"But to be brief: One morning as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, 'To sell and part with Christ;' the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, 'sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him,' as fast as a man could speak: against which also, in my mind, as at other times, I answered, 'No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands,' at least *twenty* times together: but at last, after much striving, even until I was almost out of breath, I felt this thought pass through my heart, '*Let him go, if he will;*'—and I thought also, that I felt my heart freely *consent* thereto. Oh! the diligence of Satan! Oh! the desperateness of man's heart!

"Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt, and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed, I went moping into the field; but God knows, with as heavy a heart as mortal man, I think, could bear; where for the space of two hours, I was like a man bereft of life: and, as now, past all recovery and bound over to eternal punishment.

"And withal, that scripture did seize upon my soul: 'Or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright: for ye know, how that afterwards when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected, for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' *Heb.* xii. 16.

"Now was I as one bound; I felt myself shut up unto the

judgment to come; nothing now, for *two* years together, would abide with me, but damnation, and an expectation of damnation: I say, nothing now would abide with me but this, save some few moments for relief, as in the sequel you will see.

"These words were to my soul, like fetters of brass to my legs, in the continual *sound* of which I went for several months together. But about ten or eleven o'clock on that day, as I was walking under a hedge (full of sorrow and guilt, God knows) and bemoaning myself for this hard hap, that such a thought should arise within me, suddenly this sentence rushed in upon me, 'The blood of Christ remits all guilt.' At this I made a stand in my spirit: with that, this word took hold upon me, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' 1 *John*, i. 7.

"Now I began to conceive peace in my soul, and methought I saw, as if the Tempter did leer and steal away from me, as being ashamed of what he had done. At the same time also I had my sin, and the blood of Christ, thus represented to me,—That my sin, when compared to the blood of Christ, was no more to it, than this *little clod* or stone before me, is to this vast and wide field that here I see. This gave me good encouragement for the space of two or three hours; in which time also, methought, I saw, by faith, the Son of God, as suffering for my sins: but because it tarried not, I therefore sunk in my spirit, under exceeding guilt again.

"But chiefly by the afore-mentioned scripture concerning Esau selling of his birthright; for that scripture would lie all day long in mind, and hold me down, so that I could by no means lift up myself; for when I would strive to turn to this scripture or that, for relief, still that sentence would be *sounding* in me; 'For ye know, how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.'

"Sometimes, indeed, I should have a *touch* from that scripture, 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not;' but it would not abide upon me; neither could I, indeed, when I considered my state, find ground to conceive in the least, that there should be the root of that grace in me, having sinned as I had done. Now was I tore and rent in heavy case, for many days together.

"Then began I with sad and careful heart to consider of the nature and largeness of my sin, and to search into the word of

God, if I could in any place *espy* a word of promise, or any encouraging sentence, by which I might take relief. Wherefore I began to consider that scripture, "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewithsoever they shall blaspheme.' Which place, methought, at a *blush*, did contain a large and glorious promise for the pardon of high offences; but considering the place more fully, I thought it was rather to be understood, as relating more chiefly to those who had, while in a *natural* estate, committed such things as there are mentioned; but not to me, who had not only received light and mercy, but that had, both after, and also contrary to that, so slighted Christ, as I had done.

"I feared, therefore, that this wicked sin of mine might be that sin unpardonable, of which He there thus speaketh; 'But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.' And I did the rather give credit to this, because of that sentence in the Hebrews: 'For you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' And this stuck always with me.

"And now was I both a burthen and a terror to myself; nor did I ever so know, as now, what it was to be weary of my life, and yet afraid to die. Oh! how gladly now would I have been any body but myself!—any thing but a man,—and in any condition but my own! For there was nothing did pass more frequently over my mind, than that it was *impossible* for me to be forgiven my transgression, and to be saved from the wrath to come.

"And now I began to labour to call again time that was spent; wishing a thousand times twice told, that the day was yet to come, when I should be tempted to such a sin: concluding with great indignation, both against my heart, and all assaults, how I would rather have been *torn in pieces*, than be found a consenter thereto. But alas! these thoughts, and wishings, and resolvings, were now too late to help me; this thought had passed my heart; God hath let me go, and I am fallen. 'Oh!' thought I, 'that it was with me as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me.'

"Then again, being loth and unwilling to perish, I began to compare my sin with others, to see if I could find that any of those that were saved, had done as I had done. So I considered David's adultery and murder, and found them most heinous

crimes, and those too committed after light and grace received: but yet by considering that his transgressions were only such as were against the law of Moses, from which the Lord Christ could, with the consent of his word, deliver him. But mine was against the gospel; yea, against the Mediator. I had sold my Saviour!

"Now again should I be as if racked upon the wheel, when I considered, that, besides the guilt that possessed me, I should be so void of grace, so bewitched! What, thought I, must it be no sin but this? Must it needs be the *great transgression?* Must *that wicked one* touch my soul? Oh! what sting did I find in all these sentences!

"What, thought I, is there but *one* sin that is unpardonable? But one sin that layeth the soul without the reach of God's mercy; and must I be guilty of that? must it needs be that? Is there but one sin among so many millions of sins, for which there is no forgiveness; and must I commit *this*? Oh! unhappy sin! Oh! unhappy man! These things would so break and confound my spirit, that I could not tell what to do; I thought at times, they would have broke my spirits; and still, to aggravate my misery, that would run in my mind,—'You know how, that afterwards when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected.' Oh! no one knows the terrors of those days but myself.

"After this I began to consider of Peter's sin, which he committed in denying his Master; and indeed, this came nighest to mine of any that I could find, for he had denied his Saviour, as I, after light and mercy received; yea, and that too after warning given him. I also considered, that he did it once and twice; and that after time to consider betwixt. But though I put all these circumstances together, that, if possible, I might find help, yet I considered again, that his was but a *denial* of his Master, but mine was a *selling* of my Saviour. Wherefore I thought with myself, that I came nearer to Judas, than either to David or Peter.

"Here again my torment would flame out and afflict me; yea, it would grind me, as it were to powder, to consider the preservation of God towards others, while I fell into the snare: for in my thus considering of other men's sins, and comparing of them with mine own, I could evidently see, that God preserved them, notwithstanding their wickedness, and would not let them, as he had let me, become a son of perdition.

"But oh! how did my soul at this time prize the preserva-

tion that God did set about his people! Ah, how safely did I see them walk, whom God had hedged in! They were within his care, protection, and special providence. Though they were full as bad as I by nature; yet because He loved them, he would not suffer them to fall without the range of mercy: but as for me, I was gone:—I had done it:—he would not preserve me, nor keep me; but suffered me, because I was a reprobate, to fall as I had done. Now did those blessed places that speak of God's *keeping* his people, shine like the sun before me, though not to comfort me, yet to show me the blessed state and heritage of those whom the Lord had blessed.

"Now I saw, that as God had his hand in all the providences and dispensations that overtook his elect; so he had his hand in all the temptations that they had to sin against him; not to *animate* them to wickedness, but to choose their temptations and troubles for them; and also to leave them for a time, to such things only that might not destroy, but humble them; as might not put them beyond, but lay them in the way of the renewing his mercy. But oh! what love, what care, what kindness and mercy did I now see, mixing itself with the most severe and dreadful of all God's ways to his people! He would let David, Hezekiah, Solomon, Peter, and others fall, but he would not let them fall into the sin unpardonable, nor into hell for sin. Oh! thought I, these be the men that God hath loved; these be the men that God, though he chastiseth them, keeps them in safety by him; and them whom he makes to abide under the *shadow of the Almighty*.

"But all these thoughts added sorrow, grief, and horror to me; as whatever I now thought on, it was killing to me. If I thought how God kept his own, that was *killing* to me; if I thought how I was fallen myself, that was *killing* to me. As all things wrought together for the best, and to do good to them that were the called, according to his purpose, so I thought that all things wrought for damage, and for my eternal overthrow.

"Then again I began to compare my sin with the sin of Judas, that, if possible, I might find if mine differed from that, which in truth is unpardonable: and oh! thought I, if it should differ from it, though the breadth of a hair, what a happy condition is my soul in! And by considering, I found that Judas did this *intentionally*, but mine was against prayer and strivings: besides, his was committed with much deliberation, but mine in a fearful hurry, on a sudden. All this

while I was tossed to and fro like the *locust*, and driven from trouble to sorrow; bearing always the sound of Esau's fall, in mine ears, and the dreadful consequences thereof.

"Yet this consideration about Judas's sin was, for awhile, some little relief to me; for I saw I had not, as to the *circumstances*, transgressed so fully as he. But this was quickly gone again; for I thought with myself, there might be more ways than one to commit this unpardonable sin: also I thought there might be *degrees* of that, as well as of other transgressions; wherefore, for aught I yet could perceive, this iniquity of mine might be such, as might never be passed by.

"I was often now ashamed that I should be like such an *ugly* man as Judas: I thought also how loathsome I should be unto all the saints in the day of judgment: insomuch that now I could scarce see a good man, that I believed had a good conscience, but I should feel my heart *tremble* at him, while I was in his presence. Oh! now I saw glory walking with God, and what a mercy it was to have a good conscience before him.

"I was much about that time tempted to content myself by receiving some false opinions; as, that there should be no such thing as a day of judgment; that we should not rise again; and that sin was no such grievous thing: the tempter suggesting thus; 'For if these things should indeed be true, yet to believe otherwise would yield you ease for the present. If you must perish, never torment yourself so much beforehand; drive the thoughts of damning out of your mind, by possessing your mind with some such conclusions that Atheists and Ranters use to help themselves withal.'

"But oh! when such thoughts have passed through my heart, how, as it were, within a step have death and judgment been in my view! Methought the judge stood at the door; I was as if it was come already; so that such things could have no entertainment. But methinks, I see by this, that Satan will use any means to keep the soul from Christ; he loveth not an awakened frame of spirit; security, blindness, darkness, and error, is the very kingdom and habitation of the wicked one.

"I found it a hard work now to pray to God, because despair was swallowing me up; I thought I was as with a *tempest*, driven away from God; for always when I cried to God for mercy, this would come in, 'Tis too late, I am lost,

God hath let me fall; not to my correction, but my condemnation: my sin is unpardonable; and I know, concerning Esau, how that after he had sold his birthright, he would have inherited the blessing, but was rejected.' About this time I did light on that dreadful story of that miserable mortal Francis Spira; a book that was to my troubled spirit, as *salt*, when rubbed into a *fresh* wound: every sentence in that book, every groan of that man, with all the rest of his actions in his dolours, as his tears, his prayers, his gnashing of teeth, his wringing of hands, his twisting, and languishing, and pining away under that mighty hand of God that was upon him, were as knives and daggers in my soul; especially, that sentence of his was frightful to me, 'Man knows the beginning of sin, but who bounds the issues thereof?' Then would the former sentence, as the conclusion of all, fall like an *hot thunderbolt* again upon my conscience: 'For you know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.

"Then should I be struck into a very great trembling, insomuch that at some times I could, for whole days together, feel my very body, as well as my mind, to shake and totter under the sense of this dreadful judgment of God, that would fall on those that have sinned that most fearful and unpardonable sin. I felt also such a clogging and heat at my *stomach*, by reason of this my terror, that I was, especially at some times, as if my breast-bone would *split* asunder: then I thought concerning that of Judas, 'who by his falling headlong burst asunder, and all his bowels gushed out.'

"I feared also that this was the mark that God did set on Cain, even continual fear and trembling, under the heavy load of guilt that he had charged on him for the blood of his brother Abel. Thus did I wind, and twine, and shrink under the burthen that was upon me; which burthen also did so oppress me, that I could neither stand nor go, nor lie either at rest or quiet.

"Yet that saying would sometimes come into my mind 'he hath received gifts for the rebellious;' the rebellious, thought I! —why surely they are such as once were under subjection to their prince; even those who after they had once sworn subjection to his government, have taken up arms against him; and this, thought I, is my very condition: I once loved him, feared him, served him; but now I am a rebel; I have sold him, I

have said, let him go if he will: but yet he has gifts for rebels; and then why not for me?

"This sometimes I thought on, and would labour to take hold thereof, that some, though small refreshment, might have been conceived by me. But in this also I missed of my desire, I was driven with force beyond it; I was like a man going to execution, even *by* that place where he would fain creep in and hide himself, but may not.

"Again, after I had thus considered the sins of the saints in particular, and found mine went beyond them, then I began to think with myself, Suppose I should put all theirs together, and mine alone against them, might I not then find encouragement?—for if mine though bigger than any one, yet should be *but equal to all*, then there is hope; for that blood that hath virtue enough in it to wash away all theirs, hath virtue enough in it to wash away mine, though this one be full as big, if not *bigger* than all theirs. Here again, I would consider the sin of David, of Solomon, of Manasseh, of Peter, and the rest of the great offenders; and would also labour, when I might with fairness, to aggravate and heighten their sins by several circumstances.

"I would think with myself that David shed blood to cover his adultery, and that by the sword of the children of Ammon; a work that could not be done, but by contrivance, which was a great aggravation to his sin. But then this would turn upon me: 'Ah! but these were but sins against the *law*, from which there was a Jesus sent to save them; but yours is a sin against the Saviour, and who shall save you from that?'

"Then I thought on Solomon, and how he sinned in loving strange women, in falling away to their idols, in building them temples, in doing this after light, in his old age, after great mercy received: but the same conclusion that cut me off in the former consideration, cut me off as to this; namely, that all those were but sins against the law, for which God had provided a remedy; but I had sold my Saviour, and there remained no more sacrifice for sin.

"I would then add to these men's sins, the sins of Manasseh; how that he built altars for idols in the house of the Lord; he also observed times, used enchantments, had to do with wizards, was a wizard, had his familiar spirits, burned his children in the fire in sacrifice to devils, and made the streets of Jerusalem run down with the blood of innocents. These, thought I, are great sins, sins of a bloody colour; but

yet it would turn again upon me, 'they are none of them of the nature of yours; you have parted with Jesus, you have sold your Saviour.'

"This one consideration would always *kill* my heart, my sin was point-blank against my Saviour; and that too, at that height, that I had in my heart said of him, 'let him go if he will.' Oh! methought this sin was bigger than the sins of a country, of a kingdom, or of the whole world; no one, pardonable; nor all of them together, was able to equal mine; mine *out-went* them every one.

"Now I should find in my mind to flee from God, as from the face of a dreadful Judge, yet this was my torment, I could not escape his hand: 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' But, blessed be his grace, that scripture, in these *flying fits*, would call, as running after me, 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.' This, I say, would come in upon my mind, when I was fleeing from the face of God; for I *did* flee from his face; that is, my mind and spirit fled *before* him; by reason of His highness, I could not endure: then would the text cry, 'Return unto me;' it would cry aloud, with a great voice, 'Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.' Indeed this would make me to make a little stop, and as it were, look over my *shoulder* behind me, to see if I could discern that the God of grace did follow me with a pardon in his hand; but I could no sooner do that, but all would be clouded and darkened again by that sentence, 'For you know, how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' Wherefore, I could not refrain, but fled, though at some times it cried, 'Return, return,' as if it did *halloo* after me: but I feared to close in therewith, lest it should not come from God; for that other, as I said, was still sounding in my conscience, 'For you know, that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected,' &c.

"Once as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state, afflicting myself with self-abhorrence for this wicked and ungodly thought; lamenting also this *hard hap* of mine for that I should commit so great a sin, greatly fearing that I should not be pardoned; praying also in my heart, that if this sin of mine did *differ* from that against the Holy Ghost, the Lord would show it me. And being now ready to sink with fear,

suddenly there was, as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of *wind* upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I heard a voice speaking, 'Didst thou ever *refuse* to be justified by the blood of Christ?' And withal, my whole life of profession past, was in a moment opened to me, wherein I was made to see, that designedly I had *not:* so my heart answered groaningly, No! Then fell with power, that word of God upon me, 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.' This made a strange seizure upon my spirit; it brought light with it, and commanded a *silence* in my heart, of all those tumultuous thoughts, that did before use, like masterless *hell hounds*, to roar and bellow, and make an hideous noise within me. It showed me also that Jesus Christ had yet a word of grace and mercy for me; that he had not, as I had feared, quite forsaken and cast off my soul; yea, this was a kind of *check* for my proneness to desperation; a kind of threatening of me, if I did not, notwithstanding my sins, and the heinousness of them, *venture* my salvation upon the Son of God. But as to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it *was*, I know not; nor from whence it *came* I know not; I have not yet in twenty years' time been able to make a judgment of it. I thought then what here I should be *loath* to speak. But verily that sudden rushing wind was, as if an *angel* had come upon me; but both it, and the salvation, I will leave until the day of judgment; only this I say, it commanded a great calm in my soul; it persuaded me there might be hope: it showed me, as I thought, what the sin unpardonable was, and that my soul had yet the blessed privilege to flee to Jesus Christ for mercy. But I say, concerning this dispensation; I know not yet what to say, unto it: which was also, in truth, the cause, that at *first* I did not speak of it in the book; I do now also leave it to be thought on by men of sound judgment. I lay not the stress of my salvation thereupon, but upon the Lord Jesus, in the promise; yet seeing I am here unfolding of my *secret* things, I thought it might not be altogether inexpedient to let this also show itself, though I cannot now relate the matter as there I did experience it. This lasted in the savour of it for about three or four days, and then I began to mistrust and to despair again.

"Wherefore still my life hung in doubt before me, not knowing which way I should *tip;* only this I found my soul desire, even to cast itself at the foot of grace, by prayer and supplication. But oh! 'twas hard for me now, to have the *face* to

pray to this Christ for mercy, against whom I had thus vilely sinned; 'twas hard work, I say, to offer to look him in the face, against whom I had so vilely sinned; and indeed I have found it as difficult to come to God by prayer, after backsliding from him, as to any other thing. Oh! the shame that did now attend me! especially when I thought I am now a going to pray to Him for mercy, that I had so lightly esteemed but awhile before! I was ashamed; yea, even confounded, because this villany had been committed by me. But I saw that there was but *one* way with me; I must go to him, and humble myself unto him, and beg that he, of his wonderful mercy, would show pity to me, and have mercy upon my wretched sinful soul.

"Which, when the tempter perceived, he strongly suggested to me, 'that I ought not to pray to God, for prayer was not for any in my case; neither could it do me good, because I had rejected the Mediator, by whom all prayers came with acceptance to God the Father; and without whom no prayer could come into his presence: wherefore now to pray, is but to add sin to sin; yea, now to pray, seeing God has cast you off, is the next way to anger and offend him more than you ever did before.'

"'For God,' saith he, 'hath been weary of you for these several years already, because you are none of his; your bawling in his ears, hath been no pleasant voice to him; and therefore he let you sin this sin, that you might be quite cut off;—and will you pray still' This the devil urged, and set forth that in Numbers, when Moses said to the children of Israel, That because they would not go up to possess the land, when God would have them, therefore for ever he did bar them out from thence, though they prayed they might with tears.

"As it is said in another place, 'The man that sins presumptuously, shall be taken from God's altar, that he may die;' even as Joab was by King Solomon, when he thought to find shelter there. These places did *pinch* me very sore; yet my case being desperate, I thought with myself, I can but die; and if it must be so, it shall *once* be said, '*That such an one died at the foot of Christ in prayer.*' This I did, but with great difficulty, God doth know; and that because, together with this, still that saying about Esau, would be set at my heart, even like a flaming sword, to keep the way of the tree of life, lest I should take thereof and live. Oh! who knows how hard a thing I found it, to come to God in prayer!

"I did also desire the prayers of the people of God for me, but I feared that God would give them no heart to do it; yea, I trembled in my soul to think, that some or other of them would shortly tell me, that God hath said those words to them, that he once did say to the prophet, concerning the children of Israel, 'Pray not for this people, for I have rejected them.' So, 'Pray not for him, for I have rejected him.' Yea, I thought that he had whispered this to some of them already, only they durst not tell me so; neither durst I ask them of it, for fear if it should be so, it would make me quite beside myself: 'Man knows the beginning of sin,' said Spira, 'but who bounds the issues thereof!'

"Now also did the tempter begin to mock me in my misery, saying, 'That seeing that I had thus parted with the Lord Jesus, and provoked him to displeasure, who would have stood between my soul and the flame of devouring fire, there was now *but one way*, and that was,—to pray that God the Father would be a Mediator betwixt the Son and me; that we might be reconciled again, and that I might have that blessed benefit in him, that his blessed saints enjoyed.

"Then did that scripture seize upon my soul, 'He is of one mind, and who can turn him!' Oh! I saw, it was as easy to persuade him to make a new world, a new covenant, or a new Bible, besides that we have already, as to pray for *such* a thing! This was to persuade him, that what he had done already, was mere folly, and persuade him to alter, yea, to disannul the whole way of salvation. And then would that saying rend my soul asunder, 'Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' *Acts*, iv. 12.

"Now the most free, and full, and gracious words of the gospel, were the greatest torment to me; yea, nothing so afflicted me, as the thoughts of Jesus Christ; the remembrance of a Saviour. Because I had cast him off, this brought the villany of my sin, and my loss by it, to mind. Nothing did *twinge* my conscience like this. Every thing that I thought of the Lord Jesus, of his grace, love, goodness, kindness, gentleness, meekness, death, blood, promises, and blessed exhortations, comforts, and consolations, went to my soul like a sword; for still unto these my considerations of the Lord Jesus, these thoughts would make place for themselves in my heart,—'Ay, this is the Jesus, the loving Saviour, the Son of God, whom *you* have parted with, whom *you* have slighted, despised, and

abused! This is the only Saviour, the only Redeemer, the only one that could so love sinners, as to wash them from their sins in his own most precious blood; but you have no part nor lot in this Jesus; you have put him from you; you have said in your heart, Let him go if he will. Now, therefore, you are severed from him; you have severed yourself from him: behold then his goodness;—but yourself to be no partaker of it.' Oh! thought I, what have I lost, what have I parted with! What has disinherited my poor soul! Oh! it is *sad* to be destroyed by the grace and mercy of God; to have the Lamb, the Saviour, turn lion and destroyer; I could not bear to think of the *wrath of the Lamb*, in that great day of his wrath, when no rebels to his authority will be able to stand. I also trembled, as I have said, at the sight of the saints of God, especially at those that greatly loved him, and that made it their business to walk continually with him in this world; for they did, both in their words, their carriages, and all their expressions of tenderness and fear to sin against their precious Saviour, condemn, lay guilt upon, and also add continual affliction and shame unto my soul. The dread of them was upon me, and I trembled at God's Samuels: 'And Samuel came to Bethlehem, and the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably?' 1 *Sam.* xvi. 4.

"Now also the tempter began afresh to *mock* my soul another way, saying, 'That Christ indeed did pity my case, and was sorry for my loss; but forasmuch as I had sinned and transgressed as I had done, he could by no means help me, nor save me from what I feared: for my sin was not of the *nature* of theirs, for whom he bled and died; neither was it *counted* with those that were laid to his charge, when he hanged on a tree:—Therefore, unless he should come down from heaven, and *die anew for this sin* (though indeed he did greatly pity me,) yet I could have no benefit of him.' These things may seem ridiculous to others, even as ridiculous as they are in themselves; but to me they were most tormenting cogitations: every one of them augmented my misery, that Jesus Christ should have so much love as to *pity* me, when yet he could not *help* me too; nor did I think that the reason why he could not help me, was, because his merits were weak, or his grace and salvation spent on others already, but because his *faithfulness* to his threatenings, would not *let* him extend his mercy to me. Besides, I thought, as I have already hinted, that my sin was not within the bounds of that pardon, that

was wrapped up in a promise; and if not, then I knew surely, that it was more easy for heaven and earth to pass away, than for me to have eternal life. So that the ground of all these fears of mine, did arise from a steadfast belief I had of the stability of the holy word of God, and also from my being misinformed of the nature of my sin.

"But oh! how this would add to my affliction, to *conceit* that I should be guilty of such a sin, for which he did not die! These thoughts did so confound me, and imprison me, and tie me up from faith, that I knew not what to do. But oh! thought I, that he would come down again! Oh! that the work of man's redemption was yet to be done by Christ! —how would I pray him and intreat him to count and reckon *this sin* among the rest for which he died! But this scripture would strike me down as dead; 'Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him.'

"Thus by the strange and unusual assaults of the tempter, my soul was like a broken vessel, driven as with the winds, and tossed sometimes headlong into despair, sometimes upon the covenant of works, and sometimes to wish that the new covenant, and the conditions thereof, might so far forth, as I thought myself concerned, be turned *another* way and changed. But in all these, I was as those that jostle against the rocks; more broken, scattered, and rent. Oh! the unthought-of imaginations, frights, fears, and terrors, that are effected by a thorough application of guilt yielding to desperation! This is the man that hath his dwelling among the tombs with the dead; that is always crying out, and cutting himself with stones. But, I say, all in vain; desperation will not comfort him, the old covenant will not save him; nay, heaven and earth shall pass away, before one jot or tittle of the word and law of grace will fail or be removed. This I saw, this I felt, and under this I groaned; yet this *advantage* I got thereby; —namely, a further confirmation of the certainty of the way of salvation; and that the Scriptures were the word of God. Oh! I cannot now express what I then saw and felt of the steadiness of Jesus Christ, the rock of man's salvation. What was done, could not be undone, added to, nor altered. I saw, indeed, that sin might drive the soul *beyond* Christ, even the sin which is unpardonable; but wo to him that was so driven, for the word would shut him out.

"Thus I was always sinking, whatever I did think or do.

So one day I walked to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a *settle* in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw, as if the *sun* that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light; and as if the very *stones* in the street, and *tiles* upon the houses, did bend themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Saviour. O how happy now was every creature to what I was! For they stood fast, and kept their station, but I was gone and lost.

"Then breaking out in the bitterness of my soul, I said to my soul with a grievous sigh, 'How can God comfort such a wretch!' I had no sooner said it, but this returned upon me, as an echo doth answer a voice, 'This sin is not unto death.' At which I was as if I had been raised out of the grave, and *cried out again*, 'Lord, how couldst thou find out such a word as this!' For I was filled with admiration at the fitness, and at the unexpectedness of the sentence; the fitness of the word, the rightness of the timing of it; the power, and sweetness, and light, and glory that came with it also, were marvellous to me to find. I was now, for the first time, out of doubt, as to that about which I was so much in doubt before: my fears before were, that my sin was not pardonable, and so that I had no right to pray, to repent, &c., or that if I did, it would be of no advantage or profit to me. But now, thought I, if this sin is not unto death, then it is pardonable; therefore from this I have encouragement to come to God by Christ for mercy to consider the promise of forgiveness, as that which stands with open arms to receive *me*, as well as others. This, therefore, was a great easement to mind, to wit, that my sin was pardonable, that it was not the sin unto death. 'If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death. There is a sin unto death, I do not say that ye shall pray for it. All unrighteousness is sin; and there is a sin not unto death.' 1 *John*, v. 16, 17. None but those that know what my trouble (by their own experience) was, can tell what relief came to my soul by this consideration: it was a release to me from my former bonds, and a shelter from my former storms: I seemed now to stand upon the same ground with *other* sin-

ners, and to have as good right to the word and prayers as *any* of them.

"Now I say, I was in hopes that my sin was not unpardonable, but that there might be hopes for me to obtain forgiveness. But, oh! how Satan did now *lay about him* for to bring me down again! But he could by no means do it, neither this day, nor the most part of the next, for this sentence stood like a *mill-post* at my back. Yet towards the evening of the next day, I felt this word begin to leave me, and to withdraw its supportation from me, and so I returned to my old fears again; but with a great deal of grudging and peevishness, for I feared the sorrow of despair, nor could my faith now long retain this word.

"But the next day at evening, being under many fears, I went to seek the Lord, and as I prayed, I cried, and my soul cried to him in these words, with strong cries: 'O Lord, I beseech thee, show me that thou hast loved me with everlasting love.' I had no sooner said it, but with sweetness this returned upon me, as an echo, or sounding again, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Now I went to bed in quiet; also when I awaked the next morning, it was fresh upon my soul; and I believed it.

"But yet the tempter left me not, for it could not be so little as an *hundred* times, that he, that day, did labour to break my peace. Oh! the combats and conflicts that I did then meet with; as I strove to hold by this word, that of Esau would fly in my face like lightning: I should be sometimes up and down twenty times in an hour; yet God did bear me out, and keep my heart upon this word; from which I had also, for several days together, very much sweetness, and comfortable hopes of pardon. For thus it was made out unto me, 'I loved thee whilst thou wast committing this sin, I loved thee before, I love thee still, and I will love thee for ever.'

"Yet I saw my sin most barbarous, and a filthy crime, and could not but conclude, with great shame and astonishment, that I had horribly abused the holy Son of God: wherefore, I felt my soul greatly to love and pity him, and my bowels to yearn towards him; for I saw he was still my friend, and did reward me good for evil; yea, the love and affection that then did burn within me to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, did work at this time such a strong and hot desire of *revengement* upon myself for the abuse I had done unto him, that to speak as I then thought, had I a thousand gallons of blood within my

veins, I could freely then have spilt it all, at the command and feet of this my Lord and Saviour.

"And as I was thus a musing, and in my studies, considering how to love the Lord, and to express my love to him, that saying came in upon me, 'If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who should stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.' These were good words to me, especially the latter part thereof; to wit, that there is forgiveness with the Lord, that he might be *feared;* that is, as I then understood it, that he might be loved, and had in reverence; for it was thus made out to me—'That the great God did set so high an esteem upon the love of his poor creatures, that rather than he would go without their love, he would pardon their transgressions.'

"And now was that word fulfilled on me, and I was also refreshed by it: 'Then shall they be ashamed and confounded, and never open their mouths any more, because of their shame, when I am pacified towards them, for all that they have done, saith the Lord God.' *Ezek.* xvi. 36. Thus was my soul at this time (and as I then did think for ever) set at liberty from being afflicted with my former guilt and amazement.

"But before many weeks were gone, I began to despond again; fearing, lest, notwithstanding all that I had enjoyed, that I might be deceived and destroyed at the last: for this consideration came strong into my mind—'that whatever comfort and peace I thought I might have from the word of the promise of life, yet unless there could be found in my refreshment, a concurrence and agreement in the Scriptures, let me think what I will thereof, and hold it never so fast, I should find no such thing at the end; for the Scriptures cannot be broken.'

"Now began my heart again to ache, and fear I might meet with a disappointment at last. Wherefore I began with all seriousness to examine my former comfort, and to consider whether one that had sinned as I had done, might with confidence trust upon the faithfulness of God, laid down in these words, by which I had been comforted, and on which I had leaned myself. But now were brought to my mind, 'For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance.—For, if we sin wilfully, after we have

received the knowledge of the truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment, and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries.—Even as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.'

"Now was the word of the gospel forced from my soul; so that no promise or encouragement was to be found in the Bible for me. And now would that saying work upon my spirit to afflict me, 'Rejoice not, O Israel, for joy, as other people.' For I saw, indeed, there was cause of rejoicing for those that *held* to Jesus; but for me, I had cut myself off by my transgressions, and left myself neither *foot-hold*, nor *hand-hold*, among all the stays and props in the precious word of life.

"And truly, I did now feel myself to sink into a gulph, as a house whose foundation is destroyed: I did liken myself in this condition, unto the case of a child that was fallen into a *mill-pit*, who, though it could make some shifts to scramble and sprawl in the water, yet because it could find neither hold for hand nor foot, therefore at last it must die in that condition. So soon as this fresh assault had fastened on my soul, that scripture came into my heart, '*This for many days.*' And indeed I found it was so; for I could not be delivered, nor brought to peace again, until well nigh *two* years and a half were completely finished. Wherefore these words, though in themselves they tended to discouragement, yet to me, who feared this condition would be eternal, they were at some times as a help and refreshment to me.

"For, thought I, many days are not for *ever;* many days will have an *end;* therefore seeing I was to be afflicted not a few but many days, yet I was glad it was but for many days. Thus, I say, I would recall myself sometimes, and give myself a help, for as soon as ever the word came into my mind, at first, I knew my trouble would be *long*, yet this would be but sometimes; for I could not always think on this, nor ever be helped by it, though I did.

"Now while these scriptures lay before me, and laid sin anew at my door, that saying, 'And he spake a parable to them, to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint,' with others, did encourage me to prayer. Then the tempter again laid at me very sore, suggesting, 'that neither the mercy of God, nor yet the blood of Christ, did at all con-

cern me, nor could they help me for my sin ; therefore it was in vain to pray.' Yet thought I, '*I will pray,*' 'But,' said the tempter, 'your sin is unpardonable.' 'Well,' said I, '*I will pray.*' 'It is to no boot,' said he. 'Yet,' said I, '*I will pray.*' So I went to prayer to God; and while I was at prayer, I uttered words to this effect; 'Lord, Satan tells me, that neither thy mercy, nor Christ's blood, is sufficient to save my soul: Lord, shall I honour thee most, by believing thou wilt, and canst ? or him, by believing thou neither wilt nor canst ? Lord, I would fain honour thee, by believing thou wilt and canst.'

"And as I was thus before the Lord, that scripture fastened on my heart, 'O man, great is thy faith,' even as if one had clapped me on the back, as I was on my knees before God: yet I was not able to believe that this was a prayer of faith, till almost six months after ; for I could not think that I had faith, or that there should be a word for me to act faith on; therefore I should still be, as sticking in the jaws of desperation, and went mourning up and down in a sad condition.

" There was nothing now that I longed for more than to be put out of doubt, as to this thing in question; and as I was vehemently desiring to know, if there was indeed hope for me, these words came *rolling* into my mind, 'Will the Lord cast off for ever ? and will he be favourable no more ? Is his mercy clean gone for ever ? Doth his promise fail for evermore ? Hath God forgotten to be gracious ? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies ?' And all the while they run in my mind, methought I had still this as the answer, 'It is a question whether he hath or no: it may be he hath not.' Yea, the interrogatory seemed to me to carry in it a sure affirmation that indeed he had not, nor would so cast off, but would be favourable : that his promise doth not fail, and that he hath not forgotten to be gracious, nor would in anger shut up his tender mercy ! Something also there was upon my heart at the same time, which I now cannot call to mind, which, with this text, did sweeten my heart, and make me conclude, that his mercy might not be quite gone, nor gone for ever.

"At another time I remember, I was again much under this question, 'Whether the blood of Christ was sufficient to save my soul ?' In which doubt I continued from morning till about seven or eight at night: and at last, when I was, as it were, quite worn out with fear, lest it should not lay hold on

me, these words did sound suddenly within my heart, 'He is able.' But methought, this word *able*, was spoke *loud* unto me; it showed a great word; it seemed to be writ in GREAT LETTERS, and gave such a jostle to my fear and doubt (I mean for the time it tarried with me, which was about a day) as I never had from that time, all my life, either before or after. 'Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.'

"But one morning as I was again at prayer, and trembling under the fear of this, that no word of God could help me, that piece of a sentence darted in upon me, 'My grace is sufficient.' At this, methought, I felt some stay, as if there might be hope. But, oh! how good a thing it is for God to send his word!—for about a fortnight before, I was looking on this very place, and then I thought it could not come *near* my soul with comfort, therefore *I threw down my book in a pet.* Then I thought it was not large enough for me; no, not large enough, but now it was as if it had arms of grace so wide, that it could not only enclose me, but many more besides!

"By these words I was sustained, yet not without exceeding conflicts, for the space of seven or eight weeks; for my peace would be *in* and *out*, sometimes twenty times a day; comfort now, and trouble presently; peace now, and before I could go a furlong, as full of fear and guilt as ever heart could hold. And this was not only now and then, but my whole seven weeks' experience. For *this* about the sufficiency of grace, and *that* of Esau's parting with his birthright, would be like a pair of SCALES within my mind; sometimes one end would be uppermost, and sometimes again the other; according to which would be my peace or troubles.

"Therefore I did still pray to God, that he would come in with this scripture more fully on my heart; to wit, that he would help me to apply the *whole* sentence, for as yet I could not. That he gave, that I gathered; but further I could not go, for as yet it only helped me to hope there might be mercy for me. 'My grace is sufficient.' And though it came no further, it answered my former question; to wit, That there was hope; yet because 'for thee,' was left out, I was not contented, but prayed to God for *that* also. Wherefore, one day, when I was in a meeting of God's people, full of sadness and terror, for my fears again were strong upon me; and as I was now thinking, my soul was never the better, but my case most

sad and fearful, these words did with great power suddenly break in upon me; 'My grace is sufficient for thee, my grace is sufficient for thee, my grace is sufficient for thee,' three times together. And oh! methought that every word was a MIGHTY word unto me, as *my*, and *grace*, and *sufficient*, and *for thee;* they were then, and sometimes are still, far *bigger* than others be.

"At which time my understanding was so enlightened, that I was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from heaven, through the *tiles* upon me, and direct these words unto me. This sent me mourning home; it broke my heart, and filled me full of joy, and laid me low as the dust; only it stayed not long with me;—I mean in this glory and refreshing comfort; yet it continued with me for several weeks, and did encourage me to hope. But as soon as that powerful operation of it was taken from my heart, that other, about Esau, returned upon me as before: so my soul did hang as in a pair of scales again, sometimes *up*, and sometimes *down;* now in peace, and anon again in terror.

"Thus I went on for many weeks, sometimes comforted, and sometimes tormented; and especially at some times my torment would be very sore; for all those scriptures aforenamed in the Hebrews, would be set before me, as the only sentences that would keep me out of heaven, Then again I would begin to repent that ever that thought went through me. I would also think thus with myself; 'Why, how *many* scriptures are there against me? There are but three or four. And cannot God *miss* them, and save me for all them?' Sometimes again I would think, Oh! if it were not for these three or four words, now how might I be comforted! And I could hardly forbear at some times, to wish them *out* of the book.

"Then methought I should see as if both Peter and Paul, and John, and all the writers, did look with scorn upon me, and hold me in derision; and as if they had said unto me, 'All our words are truth; one of as much force as the other. It is not we that have cut you off, but you have cast away yourself. There is none of our sentences that you must take hold upon, but these, and such as these:—"It is impossible, there remains no more sacrifice for sin.—And it had been better for them not to have known the will of God, than after they had known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them, for the Scriptures cannot be broken."'

"These, as the elders of the city of refuge, I saw, were to

be judges both of my case and me, while I stood with the *avenger of blood* at my heels, trembling at their gate for deliverance: also with a thousand fears and mistrusts, I doubted that they would shut me out for ever. 'They shall be your refuge from the avenger of blood. And when he that doth flee unto one of those cities shall stand at the entering of the gate of the city, and shall declare his cause in the ears of the elders of the city, they shall take him into the city unto them, and give him a place that he may dwell among them.' *Jos.* xx. 6, 4.

"Thus was I confounded, not knowing what to do, or how to be satisfied in this question, 'Whether the Scriptures could agree in the salvation of my soul?' I quaked at the apostles; I knew their words were true, and that they must stand for ever.

"And I remember one day, as I was in divers frames of spirit, and considering that these frames were according to the nature of several scriptures that came in upon my mind; if this of *grace*, then was I quiet, but if that of *Esau*, then tormented. Lord, thought I, 'if both these scriptures should meet in my heart at once, I wonder *which* of them would get the better of me.' So methought I had a longing mind that they might come *both* together upon me; yea, I desired of God they might.

"Well, about two or three days after, so they did indeed: they *bolted* both upon me at a time, and did work and struggle strongly in me for a while. At last, that about Esau's birthright began to wax weak, and withdraw, and vanish; and this about the sufficiency of grace prevailed with peace and joy. And as I was in a muse about this thing, that scripture came in upon me, 'Mercy rejoiceth over judgment.'

"This was a *wonderment* to me; yet truly, I am apt to think it was of God; for the word of the law and wrath, must give place to the word of life and grace; because, though the word of condemnation be glorious, yet the word of life and salvation doth far exceed in glory, as it is written, 'How shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious. For if the ministration of condemnation be glorious, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For even that which was made glorious, had no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth.—And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here, and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and

one for Elias. For he wist not what to say, for he was sore afraid. And there was a cloud overshadowed them, and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, hear him.' Then I saw that Moses and Elias must both vanish, and leave Christ and his saints alone.

"That scripture did also most sweetly visit my soul; 'and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' Oh! the comfort that I had from this word, *in no wise!* As who should say,—'By no means, for nothing whatever he hath done.' But Satan would greatly labour to pull this promise from me, telling of me, 'That Christ did not mean me and such as I, but sinners of a lower rank, that had not done as I had done.' But I would answer him again, 'Satan, here is in these words no such exception; but *him that comes, him*, any *him*: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."' And this I well remember still, that of all the *sleights* that Satan used to take this scripture from me, yet he never did so much as put this question, 'but do you come aright?' And I have thought the reason was, because he thought I knew full well what coming aright was; for I saw that to come *aright*, was to come as I was, a vile and ungodly sinner, and so cast myself at the feet of mercy, condemning myself for sin. If ever Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ; he at one end, and I at the other. Oh! *what work we made!* It was for this in John, I say, that we did so tug and strive; he *pulled* and I *pulled*: But God be praised, I overcame him; I got sweetness from it.

"But notwithstanding all these helps, and blessed words of grace, yet that of Esau's selling of his birthright, would still at times distress my conscience: for though I had been most sweetly comforted, and that but just before, yet when it came into my mind, it would make me fear again: I could not be quite rid thereof, it would every day be with me: wherefore now I went another way to work, even to consider the nature of this blasphemous thought; I mean, if I should take the words at the largest, and give them their own natural force and scope, even every word therein. So when I had thus considered, I found, that if they were *fairly* taken, they would amount to this: 'That I had freely left the Lord Jesus Christ to his choice, whether he would be my Saviour or no;' for the wicked words were these, 'Let him go if he will.' Then that scripture gave me hope, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' 'O Lord,' said I, 'but I have left thee.' Then it an-

swered again, 'But *I will not leave thee.*' For this I thanked God also.

"Yet I was grievously afraid He should, and found it exceeding hard to trust him, seeing I had so offended him. I could have been exceeding glad that this thought had never befallen; for then I thought I could with more ease and freedom in abundance have leaned on his grace. I saw it was with me, as it was with Joseph's brethren; the guilt of their own wickedness did often fill them with fears that their brother would at last despise them.

"Yet above all the scriptures that I yet did meet with, that in Joshua xx. was the greatest comfort to me, which speaks of the slayer that was to flee for refuge: 'And if the avenger of blood pursue the slayer, then saith Moses, they that are the elders of the city of refuge shall not deliver him into his hands, because he smote his neighbour unwittingly, and hated him not aforetime.' Oh! blessed be God for this word. I was convinced that I was the slayer; and that the avenger of blood pursued me, I felt with great terror; only now it remained that I inquire, whether I have a *right* to enter the city of refuge. So I found, that he must not, 'who lay in wait to shed blood:' it was not the wilful murderer, but he who unwittingly did it, he who did it unawares; not out of spite, or grudge, or malice, he that shed it unwittingly: even he who did not hate his neighbour before. Wherefore, I thought verily I was the man that must enter, because I had smitten my neighbour 'unwittingly, and hated him not aforetime.' I hated him not aforetime; no, I prayed unto Him, was tender of sinning against him; yea, and against this wicked temptation I had strove for twelve months before; yea, and also when it did pass through my heart, it did in *spite* of my teeth: wherefore I thought I had a right to enter this city, and the elders, which are the apostles, were not to deliver me up. This, therefore, was great comfort to me, and gave me much ground of hope.

"Yet being very *critical*, for my smart had made me that I knew not what ground was sure enough to bear me, I had one question that my soul did much desire to be resolved about; and that was, 'Whether it be possible for any soul that hath sinned the unpardonable sin, yet after that to receive though but the least true spiritual comfort from God through Christ?' The which after I had much considered I found the answer was, 'No, they could not;' and that for these reasons:

"*First*, Because those that have sinned that sin, are debarred

a share in the blood of Christ, and being shut out of that, they must needs be void of the least ground of hope, and so of spiritual comfort; 'For to such there remains no more sacrifice for sin.' *Secondly*, Because they are denied a share in the promise of life: 'They shall never be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come.' *Thirdly*, The Son of God excludes them also from a share in his blessed intercession, being for ever ashamed to own them, both before his holy Father, and the blessed angels in heaven.

"When I had with much deliberation considered of this matter, and could not but conclude that the Lord had *comforted* me, and that too after this my wicked sin: then, methought, I durst venture to come nigh unto those most fearful and terrible scriptures, with which all this while I had been so greatly affrighted, and on which indeed, before I durst scarce cast mine eyes (yea, had much ado an hundred times, to forbear wishing them *out* of the Bible,) for I thought they would destroy me: but now, I say, I began to take some measure of encouragement, to come close to them to read them, and consider them, and to weigh their scope and tendency.

"The which when I began to do, I found their *visage* changed; for they looked not so *grimly*, as before I thought they did. And, *first*, I came to the seventh of the Hebrews, yet trembling for fear it should strike me; which when I had considered, I found that the falling there intended, was a falling quite away; and is as I conceived, a falling from, and absolute denying of the gospel, of remission of sins by Jesus Christ; for, from them the apostle begins his argument, verse 1, 2, 3. *Secondly*, I found that this falling away must be *openly*, even in the view of the world, even so as 'to put Christ to an open shame.' *Thirdly*, I found those he there intended, were for ever shut up of God both in blindness, hardness, and impenitency: 'It is impossible they should be renewed again unto repentance.' By all the particulars, I found, to God's everlasting praise, my sin was not the sin in this place intended.

"*First*, I confessed I was fallen, but not fallen *away*; that is, from the profession of faith in Jesus unto eternal life.

"*Secondly*, I confessed that I had put Jesus Christ to shame by my sin, but not to *open* shame; I did not deny him before men, or condemn him as a fruitless one before the world.

"*Thirdly*, Nor did I find that God had shut me up, or denied me to come (though I found it hard work indeed to come) to

him by sorrow and repentance: blessed be God for unsearchable grace.

"Then I considered that in the tenth chapter of the Hebrews, the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th verses, and found that the wilful sin there mentioned, is not every wilful sin, but that which doth *throw off* Christ, and then his commandments too. *Secondly*, That must be done also openly, before two or three witnesses, to answer that of the law, verse 28. *Thirdly*, This sin cannot be committed, but with great despite done to the Spirit of grace; despising both the dissuasions from that sin, and the persuasions to the contrary. But the Lord knows, though this my sin was devilish, yet it did not amount to these.

"And as touching that in the 12th chapter of the Hebrews, about Esau's selling of his birthright: though this was that which *killed* me, and stood like a spear against me, yet now I did consider, *First*, That his was not a hasty thought against the continual labour of his mind, but a thought consented to, and put in practice likewise, and that after some deliberation. *Gen.* xxv. *Secondly*, It was a public and open action, even before his brother, if not before many more; this made his sin of a far more heinous nature, than otherwise it would have been. *Thirdly*, He continued to slight his birthright: he did eat and drink, and went his way: thus Esau *despised* his birthright; yea, twenty years after he was found to despise it still. And Esau said, 'I have enough, my brother, keep that thou hast thyself.'

"Now as touching this, that Esau '*sought* a place of repentance;' thus I thought: *First*, This was not for the *birthright*, but the blessing: this is clear from the apostle, and is distinguished by Esau himself, he hath taken away my birthright (that is, formerly;) and now he hath taken away my blessing also. *Secondly*, Now this being thus considered, I came again to the apostle, to see what might be the mind of God, in a New Testament style and sense, concerning Esau's sin; and so far as I could conceive, *this* was the mind of God, that the birthright signified regeneration, and the blessing, the eternal inheritance; for so the Apostle seems to hint. 'Lest there be any profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat, sold his birthright;' as if he should say, that shall cast off all those blessed beginnings of God, that at present are upon him, in order to a new birth; lest they become as Esau, even be rejected afterwards, when they should inherit the blessing.

"For many there are, who in the day of grace and mercy, despise those things which are indeed the birthright to heaven, who yet when the deciding day appears, will cry as loud as Esau, 'Lord, Lord, open to us; but then, as Isaac would not repent, no more will God the Father, but will say, 'I have blessed these, yea, and they shall be blessed;' but as for you, 'Depart, you are the workers of iniquity.'

"When I had thus considered these scriptures, and found that thus to understand them, was not against, but *according* to other scriptures; this still added further to my encouragement and comfort, and also gave a great blow to that objection, to wit, 'That the scriptures could not *agree* in the salvation of my soul.' And now remained only the hinder part of the tempest, for the thunder was gone beyond me, only some drops did still remain, that now and then would fall upon me; but because my former frights and anguish were very sore and deep, therefore it oft befell me still, as it befalleth those that have been scared with fire;—I thought every voice was fire! fire! Every little touch would hurt my tender conscience.

"But one day, as I was passing into the field, and that too with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, 'Thy righteousness is in heaven;' and methought withal, I saw with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, was my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, God could not say of me, 'He wants my righteousness;' for that was just *before* him. I also saw moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, 'The same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'

"Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed; I was loosed from my afflictions and irons; my temptations also fled away; so that from that time those dreadful scriptures of God left off to trouble me: now went I also home rejoicing, for the grace and love of God; so when I came home, I looked to see if I could find that sentence; 'Thy righteousness is in heaven,' but could not find such a saying; wherefore my heart began to sink again, only that was brought to my remembrance, 'He is made unto us of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption:' by this word I saw the other sentence true.

"For by this scripture I saw that the man Christ Jesus, as he is distinct from us, as touching his bodily presence, so he is our righteousness and sanctification before God. Here, therefore I lived, for some time, very sweetly at peace with God through Christ; oh! methought Christ! Christ! there was nothing *but* Christ that was before my eyes: I was not now (only) for looking upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of his blood, burial, or resurrection, but considering him as a *whole* Christ!—as he in whom all these, and all other his virtues, relations, offices, and operations met together, and that he sat on the right hand of God in heaven.

"'Twas glorious to me to see his exaltation, and the worth and prevalency of all his benefits; and that, because now I could look from myself to him, and would reckon, that all those graces of God that now were green on me, were yet but like those *cracked groats* and *fourpence-halfpennies*, that rich men carry in their purses, when their gold is in their trunks at home! Oh! I saw my *gold* was in my trunk at home! In Christ my Lord and Saviour. Now Christ was all; all my *righteousness*, all my *sanctification*, and all my *redemption*.

"Further, the Lord did also lead me into the mystery of Union with the Son of God; that I was joined to him, 'that I was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone;' for now was that word of St. Paul sweet to me. By this also was my faith in him, as my righteousness, the more confirmed in me; for if he and I were one, then his righteousness was mine, his merits mine, his victory also mine. Now could I see myself in heaven and earth at once: in heaven by Christ, by my head, by my righteousness and life, though on earth by my body or person.

"Now I saw, that Christ Jesus was looked upon of God: and should also be looked upon by us, as that common or public person, in whom all the whole body of his elect are always to be considered and reckoned; that we fulfilled the law by him, died by him, rose from the dead by him, got the victory over sin, death, the devil, and hell, by him; when he died, we died, and so of his resurrection. 'Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body they shall rise,' saith he. And again, 'after two days he will revive us, and the third day we shall live in his sight.' Which is now fulfilled, by the sitting down of the Son of man on the right hand of the majesty in the heavens, according to that to the Ephesians, 'He hath raised

us up together and made us to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

"Oh! these blessed considerations and scriptures, with many others of like nature, were in those days made to *spangle* in mine eye, so that I have cause to say, 'Praise ye the Lord God in his sanctuary, praise him in the firmament of his power; praise him for his mighty acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness.' *Psal.* cl. 1, 2.

"Having thus in a few words given you a *taste* of the sorrow and affliction that my soul went under, by the guilt and terror that these my wicked thoughts did lay me under; and having given you also a *touch* of my deliverance therefrom, and of the sweet and blessed comfort that I met with afterwards, which comfort dwelt about a twelemonth with my heart, to my unspeakable admiration: I will now, (God willing,) before I proceed any farther, give you in a word or two, what, as I conceive, was the *cause* of this temptation; and also after that, what *advantage*, at the last, it became unto my soul.

"For the *causes*, I conceived they were principally two: of which two also I was deeply convinced all the time this trouble lay upon me. The first was, for that I did not, when I was delivered from the temptation that went before, still pray to God to keep me from the temptations that were *to come*; for though, as I can say in truth, my soul was much in prayer before this trial seized me,—yet then I prayed only, or at the most principally, for the removal of present troubles, and for fresh discoveries of his love in Christ, which I saw afterwards was not enough to do; I also should have prayed that the great God would keep me from the evil that was to come.

"Of this I was made deeply sensible by the prayer of holy David, who when he was under present mercy, yet prayed that God would hold him back from sin and temptation to come; 'For then,' saith he, 'shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent of the great transgression.' By this very word was I galled and condemned, quite through this long temptation.

"That was also another word that did much condemn me for my folly, in the neglect of this duty. 'Let us therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.' This I had not done, and therefore was thus suffered to sin and fall, according to what is written, 'Pray that ye enter not into temptation.' And truly this very thing is to *this day* of such weight and awe upon me, that I dare not, when I come before the

Lord, go off my knees, until I entreat him for help and mercy against the temptations that are *to come*:—and I do beseech thee, reader, that thou learn to beware of my negligence, by the afflictions, that for this thing I did for days, and months, and years, with sorrow undergo.

"Another cause of this temptation was, that I had *tempted* God: and on this manner did I do it: upon a time my wife was great with child, and before her full time was come, her pangs, as of a woman in travail, were fierce and strong upon her, even as she would immediately have fallen into labour, and been delivered of an untimely birth: now at this very time it was, that I had been so strongly tempted to question the *being* of God; wherefore, as my wife lay crying by me, I said, but with all *secresy imaginable* (even thinking in my heart,) 'Lord, if now thou wilt remove this sad affliction from my wife, and cause that she be troubled no more therewith this night, (and now were her pangs just upon her,) then I shall know that thou canst *discern* the most secret thoughts of the heart.'

"I had no sooner said it in my heart, but her pangs were taken from her, and she was cast into a deep sleep, and so continued till morning; at this I greatly marvelled, not knowing what to think; but after I had been awake a good while, and heard her cry no more, I fell asleep also; so when I awaked in the morning, it came upon me again, even what I had said in my heart the last night, and how the Lord had showed me, that he *knew* my secret thoughts; which was a great astonishment unto me for several weeks after.

"Well, about a year and a half afterwards, that wicked sinful thought, of which I have spoken before, went through my wicked heart, even this thought, 'let Christ go if he will;' so when I was fallen under the guilt of this, the remembrance of my other thought, and of the effect thereof, would also come upon me with this retort, which also carried rebuke along with it, 'now you may see, that God doth know the *most secret* thoughts of the heart.'

"And with this, that of the passages that were betwixt the Lord and his servant Gideon, fell upon my spirit; how because that Gideon tempted God with his fleece, both wet and dry, when he should have believed and ventured upon his words; therefore, the Lord did afterwards so try him, as to send him against an innumerable company of enemies, and that too, as to outward appearance, without any strength or

help. Thus he served me, and that justly, for I should have believed his word, and not have put an *if* upon the all-seeingness of God.

"And now to show you something of the *advantages* that I also have gained by this temptation; and first, by this I was made continually to possess in my soul a very wonderful sense both of the blessing and the glory of God, and of his beloved Son; in the temptation that went before, my soul was perplexed with unbelief, blasphemy, and hardness of heart, questions about the being of God, Christ, the truth of the word, and certainty of the world to come: I say, then I was greatly assaulted and tormented with *atheism;*—but now the case was otherwise; now was God and Christ *continually* before my face though not in a way of comfort, but in a way of exceeding dread and terror. The glory of the holiness of God, did at this time break me to pieces; and the bowels and compassion of Christ did break me as on the wheel; for I could not consider him but as a lost and rejected Christ, the remembrance of whom, was as the continual breaking of my bones.

"The Scriptures also were *wonderful* things unto me; I saw that the truth and verity of them were the keys of the kingdom of heaven; those that the Scriptures favour, they must inherit bliss; but those that they oppose and condemn, must perish for evermore. Oh! this word, 'For the Scriptures cannot be broken.' would rend the *caul* of my heart: and so would that other. 'Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted; but whose sins ye retain, they are retained.' Now I saw the apostles to be the elders of the city of refuge. Those that they were to receive in, were received to life; but those that they shut out were slain by the avenger of blood.

"Oh! one sentence of the Scripture did more afflict and terrify my mind, I mean those sentences that stood against me (as sometimes I thought they every one did) more, I say, than an army of forty thousand men that might come against me. Wo be to him against whom the Scriptures bend themselves!

"By this temptation I was made to see more into the nature of the promises than ever I had before, for I lying now trembling under the mighty hand of God, continually torn and rent by the *thundering* of his justice:—this made me with careful heart, and watchful eye, and great fearfulness, to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence, mixed with trem-

bling, to consider every sentence, together with its natural force and latitude.

"By this temptation also I was greatly holden off from my former foolish practice of *putting by* the word of promise when it came into my mind; for now, though I could not suck that comfort and sweetness from the promise, as I had done at other times, yet like to a man sinking, I would *catch* at all I saw; formerly I thought I might not meddle with the promise, unless I *felt* its comfort; but now 'twas no time thus to do; the avenger of blood too hardly did pursue me!

"Now therefore was I glad to catch at that word which yet I feared I had no ground or right to own; and even to leap into the *bosom* of that promise, that yet I feared did shut its heart against me. Now also I would labour to take the word as God hath laid it down, without restraining the natural force of one syllable thereof. O what did I see in that blessed sixth chapter of St. John: 'And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Now I began to consider with myself, that God had a bigger *mouth* to speak with than I had a *heart* to conceive with; I thought also with myself, that he spake not his words in haste, or in an unadvised heat, but with infinite wisdom and judgment, and in very truth and faithfulness.

"I would in these days, often in my greatest agonies even *flounce* towards the promise (as the horses do towards sound ground, that yet stick in the mire,) concluding (though as one almost bereft of his wits through fear) on this will I rest and stay, and leave the fulfilling of it to the God of heaven that made it. Oh! many a *pull* hath my heart had with Satan, for that blessed sixth chapter of St. John: I did not now, as at other times, look principally for *comfort*, though, O how welcome would it have been unto me! But now a *word*, a word to *lean* a weary soul upon, that it might not sink for ever!—'twas that I hunted for.

"Yea, often when I have been making to the promise, I have seen as if the Lord would refuse my soul for ever; I was often as if I had run upon the *pikes*, and as if the Lord had thrust at me, to keep me from him, as with a flaming sword. Then would I think of Esther, who went to petition the king contrary to the law, 'So will I go in unto the king, which is not according to law, and if I perish I perish.' I thought also of Benhadad's servants, who went with ropes upon their heads to their enemies for mercy. The woman of Canaan also,

that would not be daunted, though called dog by Christ: and the man that went to borrow bread at midnight, were also great encouragements unto me.

"I never saw those heights and depths in grace, and love and mercy, as I saw *after* this temptation. Great sins do draw out great grace; and where guilt is most terrible and fierce, there the mercy of God in Christ, when showed to the soul, appears most high and mighty. When Job had passed through his captivity, *he had twice as much as he had before.* Blessed be God for Jesus Christ our Lord. Many other things I might here make observation of, but I would be brief, and therefore shall at this time omit them; and do pray God that my harms may make others fear to offend, lest they also be made to bear the iron yoke as I did.

"I had two or three times, at or about my deliverance from this temptation, such *strong* apprehensions of the grace of God; that I could hardly bear up under it: it was so out of measure amazing, when I thought it could reach *me*, that I do now think if that sense of it had abode long upon me, it would have made me incapable for business."

CHAPTER XV.

BUNYAN'S BAPTISM.

1653.

After having been thus extricated again from the horrible pit and miry clay of despair, Bunyan joined Gifford's Church in Bedford. This was in 1653. He was then, says Ivimey, "about twenty-five years of age."

It was, it will be recollected, whilst worshipping with this little Church, that the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," seemed to him written in *capital* letters, and spoken to him through the *tiles* from heaven, by Jesus Christ. This, had there been no other strong associations between his mind and the Meeting, would have endeared both the place and the people to him. Even Elstow Church would have been more sacred to him in the days of his superstition than it was, had he known that it was founded in honour of Helena, the mother of Constantine. Any thing ancient or extraordinary had a magnetic charm for his taste. He had, however, other and better reasons for uniting himself with Gifford's flock, "to walk in the order and ordinances of Christ with them;" as he well describes Church fellowship. The Minister and the people had been his best friends. They had been unable to cheer him for years; but they watched over him, and wept with him, all the time. Neither by word or look had they ever betrayed, as he sometimes suspected, a fear to *pray* for him. In like manner, when he offered himself to their fellowship, they welcomed him sooner than Gifford himself had been, and manifested none of those doubts of his *sanity* which philosophy has insinuated, although they had witnessed all his wildest moods. "After I propounded to the Church my desire to walk with them, I was admitted by them," is all the account he gives of his reception; but it tells much, highly to their credit. Well might Dr. Southey say, "had it not been for the encouragement Bunyan received from the Baptists, he might have lived and died a Tinker."

It was not, however, because they were Baptists, but because they were serious Christians also, that they took so much interest in him. Any orthodox Congregational or Presbyterian Church of that day would have treated him with equal tenderness. So would pious Episcopalians, had they known him as well as the Baptists did. I much doubt, however, if any other orthodox body would have followed up his welcome into their fellowship, by calling him out to the ministry. In throwing out this passing hint, I do not forget that the Church at Bedford was not *wholly* a Baptist Church. Its pastor, however, was a Baptist; and the majority seem to have been the same. But they were not *strict* Baptists. Bunyan himself is a fine specimen of their spirit. He did not think it necessary even to mention his baptism, when he wrote for them, and dedicated to them, his Autobiography. He passes by, in silence, his *initiation* in the river Ouse: but in reference to the Sacrament he exclaims,—"That Scripture, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' was made a very precious word unto me, when I thought of that blessed ordinance, the Last Supper: for by it the Lord did come down upon my conscience, with the discovery of his death for my sins." Even this is not all the *singularity* of his own account of his joining the church: he connects with the Lord's Supper, not with Baptism, the only word by which any one could discover him to be a Baptist then, viz., "plunged." "I felt as if he *plunged* me in the virtue of" his death.

Is this accident or design? Whichever it may be, the passage is curious. It runs thus:—"The Lord did *come down* upon my conscience with the discovery of his death for my sins; and, as I then felt, *plunged* me in the virtue of the same." There seems to me in this passage, an intended use of terms which should express the views of both classes in his church, on the mode of baptism; and yet remind both at the same time, that neither mode was the meaning, or the *exact* emblem of being "buried with Christ by baptism into death." I am led to this conclusion, not merely because I find words equivalent to both immersion and pouring, transferred from Baptism to the Lord's Supper; but chiefly because this use of them agrees with Bunyan's doctrinal theology. For although he gave many hard hits at those of "the baptized way," as he calls the strict Baptists, this is not one of them. It is an illustration of his favourite doctrine, "that Jesus Christ is looked upon by God, and should be looked upon by us, as that public

person (or representative) in whom the whole body of his elect are always to be considered and reckoned, as having died with him, and risen from the dead with him;" not when they were baptized, but, as Bunyan expresses it, "when He died *we* died, and so of His resurrection."

The reader need not fear to go through this chapter. It will not touch the baptismal controversy; but merely bring out Bunyan's opinion and spirit, in a light they have never been placed before. Ivimey explains Bunyan's studied silence, in both the Pilgrim and Grace Abounding, on the subject of his baptism, by saying that he made "no allusion to the event," because "the constitution of the church at Bedford did not consider baptism by immersion, upon a personal profession of faith, as an essential requisite for communion at the Lord's Table." This is true; but it is not half the truth. He did not consider baptism as even an *initiatory* ordinance. He reckoned himself, as a believer, to have been put to death, buried, and raised again, with Christ, representatively; and thus as having a right to church membership, *before* he was baptized. This was his *cardinal* point; and it astounded as well as offended those of the "water-baptism way," as he calls them. They saw the meaning of Paul's doctrine of representation chiefly, if not only, in baptism. Bunyan saw it chiefly in the Lord's Supper, because that *plunged* him deepest into fellowship with the sufferings and death of Christ.

Bunyan's doctrine of the Saviour's representative character, although Paul's, in both its letter and spirit, is almost obsolete now; and this is not the place in which it can be revived. I once thought, indeed, that this was just the place in which to bring it out with some effect, and free it from the mysticism of the old writers: but I have not room. I regret this: for *practical* dying and rising with Christ will never be sufficiently bound upon the conscience of Christians, until they see that they were *put* to death, and *laid* in the grave, representatively, on the great day of atonement. For, all the ignominy and shame of the cross and the grave belong to *us*, as much as all the agony and merit of them belong to Christ. It was *our* desert which was exhibited in His sufferings. He was treated as we deserve; that we might be treated as He deserves. Whoever will "unloose" this angel of the river of the water of life—the *Pauline* doctrine of representation by both the first and second Adam—will both speed the flight of "the mighty angel" of the everlasting gospel, and help to bind

Satan up from perverting the doctrine of original sin. This will not be done, however, by republishing *Riccalton* on the Galatians. Even *Luther* mistook Paul on this point.

But to return to Bunyan's own baptism. No one, surely, can regret that he was baptized by immersion! That was just the mode calculated to impress him—practised as it usually was then in rivers. He felt the *sublimity* of the whole scene at the Ouse, as well as its solemnity. Gifford's eye may have realized nothing on the occasion, but the meaning of the ordinance; but Bunyan saw Jordan in the *lilied* Ouse, and John the Baptist in the holy minister, and almost the dove in the passing birds; whilst the sun-struck waters flashed around and over him, as if the Shechinah had descended upon them. For let it not be thought that he was *indifferent* about his baptism, because he was indignant against strict Baptists, and laid more stress upon the doctrine it taught than upon its symbolic significancy. He *loved* immersion, although he hated the close communion of the Baptist churches. The fact is—and I mention it with more than complacency—he always looked back upon this voluntary act of obedience to Christ, just as those do upon parental dedication, who, like myself, have the high and hallowed consciousness, that we could not, by any personal submission to baptism now, exceed, in faith or devotion, the intense solicitude of a holy mother, or the solemn faith of a godly father, who with united hands and hearts baptized us into the "one body" of the church of their "God and our God." Bunyan could not look back upon his baptism in infancy (if he was baptized then?) with either our emotions or convictions. We think, therefore, that he did wisely in being re-baptized. I think he did right in preferring immersion to sprinkling; not, however, that I believe immersion to be right, or sprinkling wrong, according to any scriptural *rule;* for there is none: but because the former suited his temperament best, inasmuch as it gave him most to do, and thus most to think of and feel. For that is the best mode of baptism to any man, which most absorbs his own mind with its meaning and design; now that no man can tell another (for God has not told us) what was done by John and the apostles, in the *interval* between going down into the water, and coming up from the water. Neither the going down, nor the coming up, was baptism. That was something *intermediate*, and performed by the minister. What,—I know not. I respect, therefore, equally, the man who thinks it was immersion, and the man

who thinks it was sprinkling; because, as they are equally ignorant of the form, they may be equally sincere. Let it not be said, that this is either levity or laxness. I revere baptism, just as I do the Lord's Supper, in any form. It is not in levity nor in laxness, that some churches *sit* and others *kneel* at the Sacrament; and yet both postures are a departure from the original position; but neither a departure from the spirit of commemoration. This subject will come up again in the chapter on Bunyan and the Baptists.

It was not chiefly because Gifford's church had been friendly to Bunyan, nor because their communion was open, that Bunyan preferred their fellowship; but because they were a *holy* church. He hated "mixed communion," in the sense of *promiscuous*, even more than strict communion. "I dare not," he says, "hold communion with them that profess not faith and holiness, or that are not *visible* saints by calling. He that is visibly or openly profane, cannot be a saint. He that is a visible saint must profess faith and repentance, and consequently (show) holiness of life: and with none else *dare* I communicate."—*Works*, p. 277.

He adds, "Church-communion with the openly profane and ungodly polluteth God's ordinances, it violateth his law, it defileth his people, and provoketh the Lord to severe and terrible judgments." Having proved this at large from both the Old and New Testament, he flings to the winds, with withering scorn, the pretence, that "the openly profane have always been in the church of God." "They were not *such* when they were received into communion," he says; "and they were only retained in order to their admonition; and if that failed, they were to be cut off from the church," or the church punished for harbouring them.—*Works*, p. 281.

Such were Bunyan's convictions of the supreme importance of open and pure communion in the church, that he said, after enduring *eleven* years' imprisonment for non-conformity,—"I dare not now revolt, nor deny them, on the pain of eternal damnation! My principles lead me to a *denial* to communicate with the ungodly in the things of the kingdom of Christ. Neither can I consent that my soul should be *governed* in any of my approaches to God. But if nothing will do (for my judges) unless I make my conscience a continual *butchery* and *slaughter-shop*; unless, putting out my own eyes, I commit me to the *blind* to lead me—I have determined, the Almighty

God being my help and shield, yet to suffer until even the *moss shall grow on mine eye-brows*, if frail life continue so long, rather than violate my faith and principles."—*Preface to Bunyan's Confession of Faith.*

These winged words will keep upon the wing for ever. The Tinker's protest against human authority and worldly associations in the church of Christ, will maintain in that church a "sacramental host," whom power can neither crush nor coerce, nor policy deceive. How true it is, that such "a word spoken in season," is a word upon *wheels!* Its wheels will go rolling down the track of time, without oiling, or wearing out. Nothing can stop them, nor turn them out of their course long. The Oxford Tracts may exalt the sacrament into a sacrifice, and Canon Law keep open the altar to the clean and the unclean, for a time; but Bunyan's protest will outlive and outlaw both. Bishop Pearson's personal declaration, "I mean that church alone which is both catholic and *holy*, when I say, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church,'" will become public opinion eventually; and his definition of the "Communion of Saints,"—"that to communicate with a sinner in *that* which is not sin (the sacrament,) can be no sin,"—will not pass long for an exposition of the Creed.—*Pearson on the Creed.* Fol. pp. 334, 356. The Protestants of Britain will soon *think* with Jeremy Taylor, that "a *fly* can boast of as much privilege as a *wicked* person can receive from this holy feast" (by tasting it;) although we may never *say* of it, in his words, that "it is more healthful than rhubarb, more pleasant than cassia: the botele and lareca of the Indians, the moly or nepenthe of Pliny, the lirinon of the Persians, the balsam of Judea, the manna of Israel, the honey of Jonathan, are but weak expressions to tell us, that it is excellent above art and nature."—We may not speak in this style; but we shall think in this spirit: and re-echo him to the *letter*, when he says, "All these must needs fall very short of those plain words of Christ, 'THIS IS MY BODY.' Here we must sit down and rest ourselves; for this '*is the Mountain of the Lord*,' and we can go no further." "This holy sacrament is a nourishment of spiritual life; and therefore cannot with effect be ministered to them who are in a state of spiritual death. It is giving a cordial to a *dead* man: and, therefore, it were well they abstained from the rite itself."—*Taylor's Life of Christ.* Dis. 19. Bunyan summed up his *own* opinion of the sacraments thus:—

"Two Sacraments, I do believe, there be;
Even Baptism and the Supper of the Lord:
Both mysteries Divine, which do to me,
By God's appointment, benefit afford.
But shall they be my God? or shall I have
Of them so foul and impious a thought,
To think that from the Curse they can me save?
Bread, Wine, nor Water, me no *ransom* brought!"

Bunyan's Poems.

CHAPTER XVI.

BUNYAN'S SICK BED.

1654.

The title of this chapter can hardly surprise the reader. The only wonder is, that the facts of it did not occur sooner. For as Bunyan was highly nervous, as well as sensitive, his health was as much endangered as his spirits, by both the hot and cold paroxysms of his despair. Even his happy moments were perilous to health; and will remind Scotchmen of the emphatic lines of one of their own poets,

> "Oh, hold my head!
> This gush o' pleasure 's like to be my *dead*."

He had, indeed, an iron frame; and he needed it; for he had a soul of fire. The latter, however, *overheated* the former at last, and for a time seemed consuming it.

The case was this. The burning sensation at the pit of his stomach, which seemed to him calcining or breaking his breast-bone, during the crisis of his anguish, was followed by a *sinking* which almost incapacitated him for business, when the joy of deliverance had expended its force. Another thing which hastened on his illness was, the sudden revolution of his *sacramental* feelings. They had been, at first, pure and pleasing; but they soon assumed an opposite character. Indeed, the transition was tremendous. He says, "I had not long been a partaker of that ordinance, but fierce and sad temptations did at all times attend me therein, both to *blaspheme* the ordinance itself, and to wish some *deadly* things to those who then eat thereof." No wonder he called this temptation, even although there was no "bait." He, accordingly, treated it as such;—not by staying away from the sacrament, but by *forcing* himself "to bend in prayer all the while," lest he should "at any time be guilty of *consenting* to these wicked and fearful thoughts." For "three-quarters of a year," he was haunted

thus, and could "never have rest nor ease," except whilst praying to God, "to be kept from such blasphemies," and *crying* to him "to bless the bread and cup from mouth to mouth," amongst the communicants.

It was during this distressing period, that symptoms of *galloping* Consumption showed themselves about him. He had been "something inclined to consumption" before; but now, he was "suddenly and violently seized with such weakness in the *outward* man," that he thought he "could not live." At first, the prospect of death did not unman him. It gave a *turn* to his thoughts, which made him "very well and comfortable" in his spirit, whenever he was able to crawl out to the Sacrament. That, however, he was soon unable to do. He, therefore, set himself, according to his "usual course," to a serious examination of his spiritual state, that he might "keep his interest in the Life to come, *clear* before his eyes."

His own account of the process and result of this self-examination, is very affecting: "I had no sooner begun to recall to mind my former experience of the goodness of God to my soul, but there came *flocking* into my mind an innumerable company of my sins and transgressions: amongst which, *these* were at this time most to my affliction;—my deadness, dulness, and coldness in my holy duties; my wanderings of heart, my wearisomeness in all good things, my want of love to God, his ways and people;—with this at the *end* of all, 'Are these the *fruits* of Christianity? Are these the *tokens* of a blessed man?'

"At the apprehension of these things, my sickness was *doubled* upon me; for I was now sick in my *inward* man. My soul was *clogged* with guilt. Now also, all my former experience of God's goodness to me was quite taken out of my mind, and hid as if it had never been or seen. Now was my soul greatly *pinched* between these two considerations;—'Live I must not; Die I dare not.' Now I sunk and fell in my spirit, and was giving up all for lost.

"But as I was walking up and down in my house, as a man in a most woeful state, (how poor Mrs. Bunyan must have watched and wept over these successive scenes of wo!) that word of God took hold of my heart,—'Ye are justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.' O, what a *turn* it made upon me! Now I was as one awaked out of some troublesome sleep and dream; and listening to this pleasing sentence, I was as if I heard it thus spoken to me,—

'Sinner, thou thinkest that because of thy sins and infirmities, I *cannot* save thy soul: but, Behold, my Son is by me, and upon Him I look, and not on thee; and shall deal with thee according as I am pleased with him.' At this I was greatly enlightened in my mind, and made to understand that God could justify a sinner at any time, by looking upon Christ, and imputing his merits to us; and the work was forthwith done!

"And as I was thus in a muse, that scripture came with great power upon my spirit, 'Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to His mercy he saved us,' *Tit.* iii. 5. Now I was got on high—I saw myself within the arms of Grace and Mercy! Though I was before afraid to think of a dying hour, yet now I cried, 'Let me die.' Now death was lovely and beautiful in my sight; for I saw that we shall never live *indeed*, till we be gone to the other world. O, methought, this life is but a slumber, in comparison with that above?

"At this time also, I saw more than I shall ever be able to express, while I live in this world, in these words, '*Heirs of God.*' Heirs of God! himself then is the *portion* of the saints. This I saw and wondered at: but cannot *tell* you what I saw."

This lasted with him until a severer fit of his illness and weakness set him upon another review of his state before God; and although the process and the result of this second scrutiny of his heart be much the same as the preceding, they both deserve to be recorded, because they help to explain that apparent *anomaly* in the Pilgrim,—the Valley of the Shadow of Death, at *midway* in Christian's journey. This is not fully explained by what Bunyan felt, when Justice Keeling (Jefferies' *jackall*) told him "plainly, he *must stretch by the neck for it*," if he did not submit to the Laws. That threatening made him taste "the bitterness of death" in the midst of life; and was thus one reason for placing the Valley midway in the pilgrimage. But it was not the chief reason. He was not then in such "bondage to the fear of death," as we now find him. Ivimey has illustrated this distinction with much ingenuity, although with some confusion, in his Notes to the Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan was not so free from all "distress of soul respecting his future salvation," whilst he was "a *young* prisoner" at Bedford, as Ivimey thought. Still "the sorrows of death" although bitter then, were not so lasting as now. "I

find," he says, "that Satan is much for assaulting the soul, when it begins to approach towards the grave. He did now beset me strongly; labouring to hide from me my former experience of God's goodness: also setting before me the Terrors of death and judgment, insomuch that, through my fear of miscarrying for ever, (should I now die)—I was as one dead *before* death, and as if I felt myself already descending into the pit. Methought, I said, there was no way—but to hell I must!"

No wonder Bunyan placed the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in the midst of Christian's pilgrimage! Besides, CHRISTIAN is—*himself*. By remembering this, his deliverances from death and the fear of death, at this time, will explain the Pilgrim's song,

"But since I *live* let Jesus wear the Crown."

"Just as I was in the midst of those fears," he says, "the words about the angels carrying Lazarus into Abraham's bosom, *darted* in upon me, as if one said,—'So it shall be with thee, when thou dost leave the world.' This did sweetly revive my spirits, and helped me to hope in God. And when I had with comfort mused on this awhile, that Word fell with great weight upon my mind, 'O Death, where is thy sting; O Grave, where is thy victory?'"

The effect of this strong consolation was as great upon his *body*, as upon his spirits. "I became well in both body and mind," he says, "at once: for my sickness did presently vanish, and I walked comfortably in my work for God again." This is not so *strange* as it appears at first sight. His illness had been brought on by long mental anguish; and had been aggravated even by his intervals of joy because they were extatic, if not extravagant before: but this joy was a perfect *anodyne*, that "sweetly revived his spirits," and just "helped him to hope." There was thus no excitement from surprise or rapture; but all was sweet and soothing whilst it lasted.

His recovery was now rapid and steady. It seems to have had but one interruption, and that arose from his mind again. Another

"Change came o'er his spirit."

"I had been pretty well and savoury in my spirit," he says, "yet suddenly there fell upon me a great cloud of darkness,

which did so *hide* from me the things of God and Christ,—that I was as if I had never seen or known them in my life. I was also so overrun in my soul with a senseless, heartless, frame of spirit, that I could not feel my soul to move or stir after grace and life by Christ. I was as if my bones were broken, or as if my hands and feet were tied or bound with chains. I felt at this time some weakness seize upon my *outward* man, which made the other affliction the more heavy and uncomfortable to me.

"After I had been in this condition three or four days, as I was sitting by the fire (it was now Spring) I suddenly felt this Word sound in my heart,—'*I must go to Jesus!*' At this, my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of Heaven were set in my view." He could not, however, find the words which thus cheered him. I am not sorry that his memory failed him for a moment. We get a glimpse of his *wife* again, whilst it is at fault. "Wife," he said, "is there ever such a scripture,—'I must go to Jesus?'" He would not have appealed to her thus fondly and familiarly, if she had been unacquainted with her Bible. "She said, she could not tell." No wonder; the words as he quoted them are not in the Scriptures. The idea floating in his mind, was drawn from that sublime passage in the Hebrews, xii. 22:—"Ye are come to Mount Sion, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant."

After musing "two or three minutes, it came *bolting* upon him," he says, "and MOUNT SION was *set* before" his eyes. A fine vision it must have been! Brighter to him than Carmel to the prophet, when it was encircled and enshrined with horses and chariots of fire. His was just the eye to catch the vision of

"The Mount of God,"

as it stands crowned with the eternal city, and crowded with the general assembly of saints and angels, and irradiated with the glory of the Lamb. "With joy," he says, "I told my wife; O! now I know, I know! I longed also for the company of some of God's people, that I might have imparted to them what God had showed me. That was a good night to me. I never had many better. Christ was precious to my soul that night. I could scarce lie in my bed for joy, and peace, and triumph, through Christ. This great glory did con-

tinue upon me until the morning. It was a blessed scripture to me for many days together after this."

Bunyan did not forget this vision of Mount Sion, when he wrote his Pilgrim. His Shining Ones tell Christian and Hopeful, just what he has told us; and these Pilgrims ascend Mount Sion just as his own thoughts did, "with agility and speed, although it was higher than the clouds." Indeed, except the Trumpeters, who "made the heavens to echo with melodious noises and loud," the whole scene was present to him on this occasion. This will hardly be wondered at when his own account of the process of discovery is read.

"The words are these," he says: "'Ye are come to Mount Sion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven; to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.' Through this sentence the Lord led me over and over again; first to *this* word, and then to *that:* and showed me *wonderful glory* in every one of them. These words also have oft since that time been great refreshment to my spirit."

He refreshed others, and especially his fellow prisoners, by them at a future day: for it was the vivid recollection of what he now saw in them, that enabled him to pour out that unpremeditated commentary on the heavenly Jerusalem, which he afterwards published under the title of "The Holy City." The history of that remarkable work (which was a special favourite with himself, because of "the *Jasper-light*" in which it shone out upon him suddenly, when he thought he could not speak "so much as five words of truth,") will be found in the chapter of his Prison Thoughts.

This season of affliction was useful to Bunyan. It brought his best affections, as well as his best powers, into full operation. He said, in reference to it, "the incense was to be *bruised*, and so to be burned in the censer. Sweet gums and spices cast their fragrant scent into the nostrils of man, when beaten; and the heart, when beaten and bruised, casts its sweet smell into the nostrils of God."—*Works*, p. 543. He meant himself, also, when he said of David, "He knew what it was to hang over the mouth of Hell, and to have Death *pulling* him down into the Pit. This he saw, to the

breaking of his heart. His relief, therefore, made him a *thankful* man! And if a man who has had a *leg* broken, is made to understand that by breaking of that, he was kept from breaking his *neck*, he will be thankful to God for a broken leg."—*Works*, p. 547. Agreeably to these maxims, Bunyan was thankful for his visit to the gates of death.

CHAPTER XVII.

BUNYAN'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

1656.

If either the consciousness of mental power, or the command of intelligible and terse modes of expressing his religious thoughts and feelings, could have encouraged Bunyan to preach the Gospel to others, he would have begun to do so when he regretted that the Crows did not understand him. If, again, *example* could have tempted him to "expose his gifts" (according to the phrase and fashion of his times) he might have commenced when he liked, without being sent or sanctioned by any church; for (as Dr. Chalmers told the Christian Influence Society, in his Presbyterian Lectures in aid of Episcopacy) "the mystic superiority arrogated by domineering Churchmen who claim for themselves (to the exclusion of all others 'as beyond the pale') the immaculate descent of a pure and apostolic ordination," had rendered ordination a bye-word in the Army; and taught hosts of better men to say with Chalmers, "We disclaim all aid from any such factitious argument;—an argument which could have been of no avail against the Popery we rejected, and should be of as little avail against (other) denominations of Protestanism."—*Chalmers' Last Lecture.*

Bunyan had, however, an overwhelming dread of the ministry; not merely because he was alive to its solemn responsibilities, and to his own lack of knowledge, but chiefly because he could not appropriate to himself the Salvation he wished to proclaim to others. He was thus as much awed at the bare idea of entering the ministry of the Church on earth, as a reflecting man is, in the immediate prospect of taking a part in the service of the Church in heaven. We must both remember and realize *this*, if we would either understand Bunyan, or sympathize with him, at this point of his history.

Now we do not wonder at all, that a very great change must take place upon both the heart and conscience of even

the *holiest* Christians at death, before they can serve or enjoy God in heaven; for there, His servants serve Him day and night without weariness or dread. Such untiring and cheerful service is natural to Angels. There is nothing in their nature or history, to hinder it. Their spirit was never unfit, nor reluctant, nor afraid, to see or to serve God, face to face. They have thus no painful recollections of the past, and no fears as to the future. They can look back upon their whole life without one blush of shame, or one sigh of regret; and forward through Eternity, without one suspicion. It is, however, just as true of the human spirits in Heaven, as of the angelic, that they too serve God without weariness or dread. Their power and composure to do so arise, indeed, from other and widely different causes: but they have both power and composure to equal the Angels in duty and delight.

It is, I grant, easier to believe this of others, than to realize it for ourselves. We can hardly conceive how we could be able, for ages, to look up, at all, before the Eternal Throne, even if Angels conveyed, or old Friends welcomed us, into heaven. We feel, when we think of seeing God and the Lamb face to face, as if we should like to look at them first, from "the *borders* of Emanuel's land." We are so sure, that the "great sight" must remind us of the long time during which, and the low reasons for which, we lived without God, and without Christ, in the world,—that we cannot help feeling as if we could not bear the sight at once; but as if it must overwhelm us with shame and confusion of face. Thus, so far as we can judge at present, we should prefer, when we enter Heaven to creep out of sight for a time; or to dwell alone in some retired spot amongst the hills of Immortality, until we could collect our thoughts, and compose our spirits, and be somewhat prepared to approach the Throne; for it seems impossible now, that we could wear a crown of glory, or wave a palm of victory, or use a golden harp, at once, or even soon. Accordingly, the only thing we can realize as within the utmost reach of our power, whilst Heaven is all new to us, is, that we might just be able to sit down in the mansion of some of our old friends, and after recovering from our surprize take lessons from them on the duties of heaven.

I will not ask, why we feel thus when we think of entering into the presence, and upon the service, of God in heaven. We cannot help feeling thus intimidated, when we think thus distinctly. Now it is quite possible to be thus intimidated at

the service of God on earth. Bunyan felt for a long time, as *unfit* for it, and as *unworthy* of it, as we can do in regard to the engagements and enjoyments of heaven. The question of permission, welcome, and ability, to serve God acceptably, gravelled him far more than the question of time, trouble, or convenience. He was not unwilling to serve, at any expense of time or trouble. His difficulty was, to see how he could be *allowed* to serve God, as God requires to be served; in the spirit of adoption, or with filial love and godly fear. He saw clearly that slavish or forced obedience would not be acceptable; and he felt, although willing to obey from the heart, that he was unable to shake off the spirit of bondage, or of fear. He felt this long, even in regard to the *private* duties of godliness. He shrunk back from Baptism and the Sacrament, for years, lest he should presume. No wonder, therefore, that he was timid as well as modest, when his friends urged him to preach the faith he had once blasphemed. Like Paul, he exclaimed with amazement, "putting *me* into the ministry, who was before a blasphemer!" This consideration, far more than his mean rank or education, overpowered him, even whilst he was rejoicing in the hope of eternal life, when his friends called upon him to preach the Gospel. They chose, however, a good time, for making their appeal to him. He had recovered both his health and spirits; and Gifford was just dead.

Bunyan's face might have *shone*, like that of Moses, with the glory of joy and peace, when, he came down from the Mount of Vision, and mingled again with the congregation. They "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus," and reckoned him fit for the ministry. His oldest Biographer, who knew him well, says, "He had been but a few years a member of the Congregation, when his promptness in prayer, and in the Scriptures, gave the people hopes that he would be one day—what he proved. And therefore they, at a private meeting, desired him to *expose* his talent in edifying the people; which he very modestly declined," at first. This quotation both illustrates and confirms Dr. Southey's remark, that "Bunyan was not one of those enthusiasts who thrust themselves forward in confident reliance upon what they suppose to be an *inward* call." Bunyan deserves this tribute, whatever it mean; and, in regard to him, it means all that is honourable. At whose *expense*, however, is it paid to him? An inward call, and that from the Holy Ghost, is put forward by

all candidates for holy orders. Are they therefore, all enthusiasts? This is not what is meant. The reference must, therefore, be to Methodists and Dissenters; and so far as Mawworms, or men grossly ignorant, are allowed to thrust themselves forward amongst them, let them bear the blame. The inward call of a man destitute of common-sense, is as great an absurdity, although not so great an impiety, as the pretences of clerical sportsmen to be moved by the Holy Ghost.

By what infatuation is ridicule kept up against an inward call, whilst the Ordination Service is based upon the necessity and reality of a Divine movement? Either that Service should be altered, or this sneer abandoned. Or if it be desirable to keep the *finger* of scorn pointed at empty-headed novices, why then, let the whole *hand*, yea *both* hands, of scorn, be pointed at the empty-hearted scholars, who have nothing but scholarship to qualify them for holy orders; and thus let none have the moral benefit of a sacred name, but those,—and happily they are not few nor feeble in the Episcopalian Church now, —who accredit and adorn that name, by holy character and faithful preaching.

Bunyan's own account of his call to the ministry is very interesting. He says, "And now I am speaking of my experience, I will in this place thrust in a word or two concerning my preaching the Word, and God's dealing with me in that particular also.

"After I had been about five or six years awakened, and helped to see for myself both the want and the worth of the Lord Jesus Christ, and also enabled to venture my soul upon him,—some of the most *able* among the saints with us (I say the *most* able for judgment and holiness of life) did perceive, as they conceived, that God had counted me worthy to understand something of his will in his holy and blessed Word, and had given me utterance, to express, in some measure, what I saw, to others, for edification: therefore they desired me—and that with much earnestness, that I would be willing, at some times to take in hand, in one of the meetings, to speak a word of exhortation unto them.

"The which, though at the first it did much dash and abash my spirit, yet being still by them desired and entreated, I consented to their request, and did twice at two several assemblies (but in *private*,) though with much weakness and infirmity, discover my gift amongst them; at which they not only seemed to be, but did frequently protest, as in the sight of the

great God, they were both affected and comforted; and gave thanks to the Father of mercies, for the grace bestowed on me.

"After this, sometimes, when some of them did go into the country to teach, they would also that I should go with them; where, though, as yet, I did not, nor durst not, make use of my gift in an *open* way, yet more privately, still, as I came amongst the good people in those places, I did sometimes speak a word of admonition unto them also; the which they, as the other, received with rejoicing at the mercy of God to me-ward, professing their souls were edified thereby.

"Wherefore, to be brief, at last, being still desired by the church, after some solemn prayer to the Lord, with fasting, I was more particularly called forth, and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching of the word, not only to and amongst them that believed, but also to offer the Gospel to those who had not yet received the faith thereof."

It appears from a note of Ivimey, that seven other members of the Church were called forth along with Bunyan. One of them, Nehemiah Coxe, was the grandson of a Bishop; and although a Cordwainer, a scholar. Accordingly, when he, like Bunyan, came to be tried at Bedford assizes for preaching, he pleaded first in Greek, and then in Hebrew. The Judge was astounded, and called for the Indictment. In that, Coxe was styled a Cordwainer. The Judge told him, that none of the Lawyers could answer him. Coxe claimed, however, his right to plead in whatever language he pleased. It is said, he escaped by this; and that the Judge enjoyed the discomfiture of the Lawyers. Report adds, that he said to them as Coxe left the court, "Well, Gentlemen, this Cordwainer has wound you all up." I refer to this anecdote, because it was probably from Coxe that Bunyan picked up the few Latin words and classical allusions, which appear in some of his writings.

It deserves notice here, that Bunyan in yielding to the urgency of his friends, and venturing to preach, had more than timidity to contend against. They saw nothing else: but he *felt* more. "I was at that time," he says, "most *sorely* afflicted with the fiery darts of the devil, concerning my *eternal* state." Accordingly, he often preached *hope* to others, when he himself was all but despairing; and carried in his own conscience the *fire* he warned them to flee from. This was more heroic than Darracot's preaching, whilst his children lay dead at home. He said to Whitefield, "weeping must not

stop sowing." Bunyan said to himself, "the fear of wrath must not stop duty.

But he has told his own story; and those will read it, who wish to understand the workings of a *ministerial* mind. Bunyan's alternations of hope and fear, are not uncommon.

"But yet I could not be content, unless I was found in the exercise of my gift, unto which also I was greatly animated, not only by the continual desires of the godly, but also by that saying of Paul to the Corinthians; 'I beseech you brethren (ye know the household of Stephanas, that it is the first fruits of Achaia, and that they have addicted themselves to the ministry of the saints,) that ye submit yourselves unto such, and to every one that helpeth with us and laboureth.' 1 *Cor.* xvi. 15.

"By this text I was made to see that the Holy Ghost never intended that men who have gifts and abilities, should bury them in the earth, but rather did command and stir up such to the exercise of their gift, and also did commend those that were apt and ready so to do. 'They have addicted themselves to the ministry of the saints.' This scripture in these days, did continually run in my mind, to encourage me, and strengthen me, in this my work for God; I have also been encouraged from several other scriptures and examples of the godly, both specified in the Word and other ancient histories ('Fox's Acts and Monuments'). 'Therefore they that were scattered abroad went every where preaching the Word.—And a certain Jew named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man and mighty in the scriptures, came to Ephesus. This man was instructed in the way of the Lord, and being fervent in the spirit he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophecy, according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth on teaching; or he that exhorteth on exhortation.'

"Wherefore, though of myself of all the saints the most unworthy, yet I, but with great fear and trembling at the sight of my own weakness, did set upon the work, and did, according to my gift, and the proportion of my faith, preach that blessed gospel that God had showed me in the holy word of truth: which when the country understood, they came in to hear the word by hundreds, and that from all parts, though upon divers and sundry accounts.

"And I thank God, he gave unto me some measure of bowels and pity for their souls, which also did put me forward to labour, with great diligence and earnestness, to find out such a word as might, if God would bless it, lay hold of, and awaken the conscience, in which also the good Lord had respect to the desire of his servant; for I had not preached long, before some began to be touched, and be greatly afflicted in their minds at the apprehension of the greatness of their sin, and of their need of Jesus Christ.

"But I first could not believe that God should speak by me to the heart of any man, still counting myself unworthy; yet those who were thus touched, would love me and have a particular respect for me; and though I did put it from me, that they should be awakened by me, still they would confess it, and affirm it before the saints of God. They would also bless God for me (unworthy wretch that I am!) and count me God's instrument that showed to them the way of salvation.

"Wherefore, seeing them in both their words and deeds to be so constant, and also in their hearts so earnestly pressing after the knowledge of Jesus Christ, rejoicing that ever God did send me where they were; then I began to conclude it might be so that God had owned in his work such a foolish one as I; and then came that word of God to my heart, with much sweet refreshment, 'The blessing of them that were ready to perish, is come upon me; yea, I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'

"At this therefore I rejoiced; yea, the tears of those whom God did awaken by my preaching, would be both solace and encouragement to me. I thought on those sayings, 'Who is he that maketh me glad, but the same that is made sorry by me?' And again, 'Though I be not an apostle to others, yet doubtless I am unto you: for the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord.' These things, therefore, were as another argument unto me, that God had called me to, and stood by me in this work.

"In my preaching of the word, I took special notice of this one thing, namely, that the Lord did lead me to begin where his word begins with sinners; that is, to condemn all flesh, and to open and allege, that the curse of God by the law, doth belong to, and lay hold on all men as they come into the world, because of sin. Now this part of my work I fulfilled with great sense; for the terrors of the law, and guilt for my transgressions, lay heavy on my conscience: I preached what I

felt, what I smartingly did feel; even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment.

"Indeed I have been as one sent to them from the dead; I went myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience, that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say, and that without dissembling, that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror even to the pulpit-door, and there it hath been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the pulpit-stairs, I have been as bad as I was before; yet God carried me on, but surely with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor hell could take me off my work.

"Thus I went on for the space of two years, crying out against men's sins, and their fearful state because of them. After which, the Lord came in upon my own soul, with some sure peace and comfort through Christ; for he did give me many sweet discoveries of his blessed grace through him: wherefore now I altered in my preaching, (for still I preached what I saw and felt;) now therefore I did much labour to hold forth Jesus Christ in all his offices, relations, and benefits unto the world, and did strive also to discover, to condemn, and remove those false supports and props on which the world doth both lean, and by them fall and perish. On these things also I staid as long as on the other."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUNYAN AND THE QUAKERS.

1656.

In reading this chapter, it will be as *useless* to remember, as it is impossible to forget, the present form of the Quaker controversy. The Quakers who assailed Bunyan, and those who were assailed by him, must be estimated here by what they did and said then, and not by the sayings or doings of the Society of Friends now. It was not with Hicksites, Tukeites, nor Gurneyites, Bunyan had to deal. His opponents had none of Hicks' scepticism, and but little of Tuke's prudence, and still less of Gurney's scriptural orthodoxy. They must, therefore, be taken and treated just as we find them upon the page of contemporary history, and not as they are caricatured by the New Lights, nor as they are complimented by the Old Lights of modern Quakerism. No caricature, however ludicrous, can render George Fox, or Edward Burroughs contemptible; and no pleading, however special, can redeem their memory from the charge of fanaticism.

The Quakerism which Bunyan found in Bedfordshire, he thus describes:—

"The errors that this people then maintained, were,

"1. That the Holy Scriptures were not the word of God.

"2. That every man in the world hath the spirit of Christ, grace, faith, &c.

"3. That Christ Jesus, as crucified, and dying sixteen hundred years ago, did not satisfy divine justice for the sins of the people.

"4. That Christ's flesh and blood were within the saints.

"5. That the bodies of the good and bad, that are buried in the churchyard, shall not rise again.

"6. That the resurrection is past with good men already.

"7. That the man Jesus, that was crucified between two thieves on Mount Calvary, in the land of Canaan, by Jerusalem, was not ascended above the starry heavens.

"8. That the same Jesus that died by the hands of the Jews, would not come again at the last day and as man, judge all nations, &c."

This is not modern Quakerism; nor was primitive Quakerism, as that is explained and defended in the writings of its authors, chargeable with all this error. This is, however, the Quakerism which Bunyan met with whilst going his rounds as a travelling tinker. These were the startling assertions flung in his face, by *ordinary* Quakers, when their tongue and his hammer happened to sound in the same streets, or when they contradicted his barn-sermons in the villages. Then, whatever may have been the *key-note* given by their ministers, the burden of their vociferated song was, "Christ is a Christ crucified *within*, dead *within*, risen again *within*, and ascended *within!*" It was, therefore, to what he saw and heard, that Bunyan addressed himself, when he first became a writer. In his first treatise, he named neither a minister nor a book of the Quakers. With the exception of seven questions to them, at the end of it, he does not even plead with them, but with those who "listened" to them.

His *maiden* work is entitled "Gospel Truths opened;" and it well deserves the name! It is a fine specimen of the apostolic mode of "opening and alleging, that Jesus is the Christ." Apollos may have been more eloquent than Bunyan, but he could not have been mightier in the Scriptures. There is no extravagance in this compliment. It is confined to his *reasonings*, of course. His occasional railing is like that of his times, severe. It is not, however, *bitter*, even when most severe.

Dr. Southey says of Bunyan's Treatise, that although "little wisdom and less moderation might be expected in a polemical discourse," which professedly assails "scorpions broken loose from the bottomless pit," it is yet "a calm, well-arranged and well-supported statement of the scriptural doctrines on some momentous points, which the primitive Quakers were understood by others to deny; and which, in fact, (though they did not understand themselves,) they did deny, both virtually and explicitly, when in the heat and acerbity of oral disputation they said they knew not what." This testimony is strong. I must, however, go beyond it. The book was written in 1656, when Bunyan began to preach. It must, therefore, have been thrown off on the spur of the moment, and at one heat. And yet it sweeps the whole circle of the

question of the Messiahship of Jesus ; and that with a strict logic, and a pure taste. I can never read it without thinking of Dr. Smith's "Scripture Testimony." It has all the convincing power of that masterly work, although it acquires that power from common-sense alone. This may seem an extravagant statement to those who have only skimmed the Treatise ; but it will be acknowledged as the words of truth and soberness, by all who have studied the work with an express reference to the class it was addressed to. I shall tempt some to do so, when I add, that, for ordinary readers, it is perhaps the best thing against Socinianism they could read. In this point of view, it deserves to be republished, and circulated amongst the poor ; for its bearings against old Quakerism are its least merit.

Dr. Southey is, no doubt, right, in saying, that "Burton may have corrected some vulgarisms," and mended the "tinkerly appearance" of the spelling, as well as prefaced the work. "Other corrections," he justly says, "it would not need." If it had, Burton could not have supplied them ; for neither his style nor his vein would have chimed in with Bunyan's. The good man must, however, have been both amazed and delighted, when he prepared Bunyan's *manuscript* for the Press! I can now see Burton's face lighted up with complacency, when he said of his friend and brother, "He hath through Grace, taken *three heavenly* Degrees, *viz.* union with Christ,—the anointing of the Spirit,—experience of Temptation ; which do more fit a man for the weighty work of preaching the gospel, than all the University learning and degrees that can be had." But if his friend felt thus—what must his *wife* have enjoyed when she saw her husband writing a book! She deserved the joy of that event, after having seen him so often and long sitting, like the Man in the Iron Cage, "with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together, and sighing as if he would break his heart." *Pilgrim.* She who watched over him then, would work for him now, and take care that neither pan nor kettle should thrust the pen out of his hand, whilst he was getting on, whenever her own hand could clench a rivet or solder a crack.

There is a peculiarity about his "Gospel Truths Opened," which proves more against the Quakerism he was surrounded by, than any of his charges against it. He almost invariably calls the Jesus Christ, "the Son of Mary." One part of the title is, "The Doctrine of Jesus the Son of Mary." Bunyan

was driven to this phraseology, by the clamour of Quakerism against preaching the *outward* Christ, and by the identification of the *inward* light with Christ. In no other way could he have exposed or detected the *glib* pretence of the Quakers around him, when they boasted of making Christ "all in all." This, however, brought them to a test they could not flinch from; and accordingly, they charged him to his face with setting up an *idol* in Heaven, because he taught the people, that the "Son of Mary was in Heaven with the same body that was crucified on the Cross."

Edward Burroughs felt that Quakerism was endangered by Bunyan's dexterity. He could not conceal his suspicions, nor suppress his fears of the *Tinker*, although remonstrating at the time with the PROTECTOR. This is a curious coincidence. Burroughs testified against Cromwell and Bunyan at the same time, and much in the same style; and both answered him; the former by sending for him, and the latter by writing to him. Cromwell had rather a high opinion of him notwithstanding all the *home* truths as well as extravagancies, he uttered. Indeed, he was evidently a clever man, although somewhat crazed about prophecy. Sewell, the Quaker historian, maintained that Burroughs predicted the fate of Richard Cromwell: and it is an odd coincidence, that Richard resigned soon after he read the prophecy.—*Sewell*, vol. i. p. 326.

I have not room to characterize Burroughs at full length: but a pretty good idea of him may be formed from the fact, that he publicly shouted, "Plagues, plagues, and vengeance," against the friends of Oliver, when he met them escorting, with heraldic pomp and blazonry, the *image* of the Protector to Westminster. Sewell says, "he thus raised for himself a more lasting monument, than the Statue erected to his *quondam* friend, O. Cromwell."—*Ibid.*

What kind of statue he raised for himself by writing against Bunyan, will be seen from the following "*Rabshaking*." as Dr. Southey well calls the tirade. "John Bunyan, your spirit is tried, and your generation is read at large, and your stature and countenance is clearly described to me, to be of the stock of Ishmael,—and of the seed of Cain,—whose line reacheth unto the murthering Priests, Scribes, and Pharisees. O thou blind Priest, whom God hath confounded in thy language,—the design of the Devil in deceiving souls is thine own, and I turn it back to thee.—Thou directest altogether to a thing without, despising the Light within, and worshipping the

name Mary in thy imagination, and knowest not Him who was before the world was; in whom alone is salvation, and in no other.—If we would diligently search we should find thee, through feigned words, through covetousness, making merchandise of souls, and loving the wages of unrighteousness: and such were the scoffers Peter speaks of, among whom thou art found in thy practice, among them who are preaching for hire, and love the error of Balaam, who took gifts and rewards.—The Lord rebuke thee, thou unclean spirit, who has falsely accused the innocent to clear thyself of guilt; but at thy door guilt lodges, and I leave it with thee! Clear thyself, if thou art able. Thou art one of the Dragon's army against the Lamb and his followers; and thy weapons are slanders; and thy refuge is lies. Thy Work is confused, and hath hardly gained a name in Babylon's Record."

This is a specimen of what Burrough calls, "contending for the true faith of the Gospel of Peace in the spirit of meekness!" We may laugh at this as pretence; but the writer was quite serious. He saw nothing in all this bitter and railing accusation, but the true spirit of meekness. This is just the way in which meek spirits write when they kindle with zeal. It is only *passionate* men who remonstrate temperately, in religious controversy. They are afraid of their own spirit; and thus suppress its fire: whereas, bland and gentle spirits, when they burn, indulge it. Robert Sandeman was gentle as a lamb, although he wrote like a fury; whereas John Glass, whose writings on Faith breathe nothing but love, is said to have been an irritable and violent man. One of the *Ishmaels* of the present day, is as mild as an emulsion. He said to me, the first time I saw him, "you calculated upon meeting a roaring lion." He was surprised when I told him, that the violence of his pen had convinced me of the gentleness of his spirit; and that I calculated upon finding him a lamb. The fact is, men of fiery mood, when they wax unusually warm, suspect that they are "set on fire of hell;" and thus resist a conflagration: whereas, when cool men kindle, they fan the flame, because they think it comes from heaven. Burroughs believed it to be *inspiration*. The hotter he became, the more heavenly he deemed himself. He seems, however, to have been a bland, as well as a bold man. His Letters to his family and his suffering friends, are full of tenderness. His eulogist, Howgill, says in his *Epicedium* (for it deserves that name, although in prose; being full of poetical "thoughts which

breathe, and words which burn,") "For though thou didst cut as a razor—and many a rough stone hast thou squared and polished—and much knotty wood hast thou hewed in thy day; yet to the SEED, thy words dropped like oil, and thy lips as the honeycomb." William Penn is another illustration of this paradox.

I am not apologizing for Burroughs. His denunciations of Bunyan admit of no defence; and his sneers at him are ill-concealed alarms or mortifications. Had Bunyan's work not been *telling* within and beyond the pale of Quakerism, Burroughs would have let the Tinker alone. Bunyan answered him with great dignity, and much point. In reply to the calumnious charge of being a hireling, he calmly said, "Ask others: I preach the truth, and work with my hands for mine own living, and for those that are with me." Burroughs had the meanness to give him the lie direct, to this vindication; and to say, "Thy portion shall be howling and gnashing of teeth; for the Liar's portion is the Lake." The secret of this rage is, that Bunyan had *nailed* him with powerful questions, to which a "Yea or Nay" answer was demanded. He had also placed him between the horns of a laughable dilemma, which all the country could understand. It was this. Bunyan had classed the Quakers with the false prophets, whom St. John describes. Burroughs said, in answer to this, that "there was not a Quaker heard of in these days." Sad concession! Bunyan caught at it at once, and said, "Thou art right: there was no Quaker; but there were many of Christians then. By this you yourself do confess, that you are a new upstart Sect, which was not, at other times in the world, though christian saints have been always in the world. Friend, here, like a man in the dark, in seeking to keep thyself out of one ditch, thou art fallen into another: instead of proving yourselves no false prophets, you prove yourselves no Christians; saying, 'there was not a Quaker heard of then.' But if Quakers had been Christians, they would have been heard of then."

Bunyan could enjoy a joke, and point a sarcasm; but there was no *venom* in his wit, and he had no taste for personalities. He, therefore, just vindicated his character and creed, and dropt the controversy, that he might devote himself to the work of an evangelist. We shall see, however, that he kept his eye upon Quakerism, even whilst he was a prisoner; especially when Ludovic Muggleton began to rave. Then he sent

out warnings against fanaticism, which made the Quakers themselves denounce Muggleton. Richard Farnsworth himself declared this maniac (the *Courtenay* of these times) "to be punishable by the law of the land:" and Sewell seems to regret that he could not "find any punishment inflicted on him, other than the pillory, and half a year's imprisonment." —*Sewell*, vol. ii. p. 95. In other respects, the Quakers acquitted themselves well of all sympathy with the Muggletonian fanatics.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUNYAN'S EXAMPLE.

Although no one's experience is exactly like Bunyan's, yet all who have had any experience of terror or temptation, of hope or fear, of agony or anguish, find something in his vicissitudes, analogous to their own. The revolutions of his hopes and fears were indeed often abrupt, and always extreme; but they circled for ever around the question of his eternal salvation. It was for his soul he feared when he was shaken with terrors: it was for his soul he hoped when he shouted for joy. When he hung his harp upon the willows, it was because the hope of salvation had fallen into the dark waters of despair beneath; and when he took down that harp, it was because this hope had emerged from them again. For although he marked and felt the vicissitudes of his health and his family, he was absorbed chiefly by the varying aspects of eternity.

This is the real secret of our sympathy *for* him. It is a sympathy *with* him. Not, indeed, in all the depth of his wo, nor in all the height of his rapture: but, still, in the causes or springs of both. At the extremes of both hope and fear, he is beyond us. In the power of describing or expressing both, he is above us. His harp, when *muffled*, is too sad for us; and when tuned to the harps around the throne, too loud or too sweet for the usual melody of our own hearts. But still, we feel it to be alike *true* to the fear of perishing, and to the hope of salvation. It was not too solemn when the sorrows of death compassed him, and the pains of hell gat hold upon him; nor too cheerful, even when it rung with rapture over the tokens of the divine presence, and the earnests of eternal glory. We may not exactly regret that we cannot rise to all the height of Bunyan's joy, when it is unspeakable, by its fulness of glory; and we may even dread and deprecate sinking so low in the fearful pit of terror as he did: but we cannot wonder that his song was loud when he *felt* his footing upon the Rock of Ages, nor that his grief was clamorous whilst he thought heaven shut against his prayers, and hell his inevitable portion; for his

feelings then are not too strong for such extremes of hope and fear. He may, indeed, have feared too much when the cloud was upon his spirit, and hoped too fondly when the rainbow spangled and dispersed that cloud: but he *did* feel all the hope and the fear he gave utterance to. He *said* nothing stronger than he thought and felt at the time, although he has said more about both his joys and sorrows than any other man.

It was not by *accident*, however, that he said so much, nor that he had so much to say. God was training him to teach many, and therefore made him "a wonder to many." And he was just the man, so far as *mind* is concerned, to be thus selected for a sign to "be wondered at:" for neither the great nor the wise can question his genius, and the poor will sympathise with his mean origin for ever. No class can doubt his perfect sincerity, and all classes must feel his matchless power. Like the sun, he reveals himself by his own light, and reaches the meridian by his own strength, so far as human help is concerned. He owes little to circumstances, and still less to education, for what he became as a thinker or a writer. He was *born*, not *made*, an allegorical poet in prose.

It was both like God, and worthy of him, to select this man to be "a polished shaft in his quiver." Bunyan may be *shot* anywhere, at any time, and with great effect, until the end of time. He can neither break nor blunt by long use, nor rust when unemployed. He is always new, however often read; and never entirely forgotten by the most superficial reader. Some fine image, or emphatic maxim, or thrilling sentiment, lays hold on the mind, and lingers in the memory, even if his devotional spirit be forgotten as penitence, or disliked as prayer.

It was just in a mind of this order, that a public manifestation of the power of conscience could be made with effect. The terrors of a weak mind, or even of an ordinary mind, are easily ascribed to intellectual weakness: but when conscience overpowers an acute understanding, and saddens a spirit at once buoyant and mighty, and makes a creative genius create only visions of horror and despair, we are compelled to pause and ask, what must conscience be, seeing it can thus master all the other powers of the mind, and, without deranging them, turn each of them into a conscience, or make them all parts of itself? It is this fact that *flames* in the example of Bunyan. We see the man who had an eye for all that is lovely, and an ear for all that is sweet, and a heart for all that is sublime in

nature, so bowed down under a sense of guilt, unworthiness, and danger, that he can neither speak nor look up; neither eat nor sleep!

We need a sight of this kind, on many accounts. We do not naturally suspect, and are not willing to believe, that conscience can thus bleed or burn, except when it is laden with unusual or unutterable crimes. We can hardly admit, in our own case, that we *could* be brought thus low, or be stretched on this rack. And, happily, it is not necessary that we should be either racked or bowed down as he was. It is, however, both necessary and desirable, that we should be fully aware of what an inflamed conscience can inflict upon mind and body. We do not understand "the wrath to come," until we understand the power of conscience in some measure, either from feeling or observation. God has, therefore, *exemplified*, in a man universally known and admired, the gnawings of the worm which dieth not, and the heat of unquenchable fire, just that we may appreciate the mercy of more *gentle* awakenings, and not provoke him to make or let conscience do its worst; for its *worst* could make any man a terror to himself, and to all around him!

This, I grant, seldom happens. The reason of its rareness is not, however, sufficiently acknowledged or noticed. It is because God has shown in the case of David, Paul, the Philippian jailor, the Pentecostal converts—and not less in Bunyan—how conscience can, like the Sinai trumpet, *outspeak* the thunder, and *outburn* the lightning, that he so seldom repeats the fearful experiment, or adopts this fiery line of moral discipline. Indeed, it is evidently a part of his plan to make as few public *examples* as possible: and, therefore, he has made the few *signal:* and in men who can neither be forgotten nor overlooked; and in characters which no man of sense can suspect of weakness, or doubt their sincerity. WILBERFORCE was one of these signal examples, although not known as such until his sons told his secret. There is a Bunyan-like emphasis in some of his confessions. "It was not," he says, "so much the fear of punishment by which I was affected,—as a sense of my great sinfulness in having so long neglected the unspeakable mercies of my God and Saviour: and such was the effect which this thought produced, that for *months* I was in a state of the deepest depression, from strong convictions of my guilt. Indeed, nothing which I had ever read in the accounts of others, *exceeded* what I then felt."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 89.

Pitt wondered even at the little he saw of this in Wilberforce; but "Old Newton" did not, although he saw the whole of it.

God has thus placed in a very puzzling and mortifying dilemma, the men who deny that He either interferes with the conscience by His Spirit, or allows Satan to lodge "fiery darts" in the mind. For, to what can they refer the sharp agony of Paul at Damascus, or the frequent despair of David, or the anguish of Wilberforce, or the protracted horrors of Bunyan? It will not do to call these men weak. The world, as well as the church, feels and owns their strength! Not one of all the *nicknames* in the *vocabulary* of ridicule, can be applied to them. He stamps himself *rogue* in philosophy, who stigmatizes them as fools, fanatics, impostors, or dupes. And he is neither Philosopher nor Philanthropist, for the *good* of his species, who tells them that neither God nor Satan had any thing to do with the mental sufferings of John Bunyan: for if mind has a tendency to such fearful moods, or can take such dread turns, in spite of both its wish and will, even when its powers are strong, and its tastes pure, aad its aspirations sublime, what security has any man, who is not half an *idiot*, against becoming a terror or a burden to himself? How *benign* is the philosophy of the New Testament, compared with this "cruel mockery" of human nature. "THE SPIRIT SHALL CONVINCE OF SIN, AND OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND OF JUDGMENT!" This promise, although it set no certain limits to the degree of conviction, places both the length and power of it in the hands of one, who is emphatically and officially the *Comforter*, and thus sure not to "contend for ever," nor to inflict wounds which are unhealable, nor to impose burdens which are unbearable. Accordingly, although Bunyan suffered much and long, he was was not left to sink in the "deep waters" nor allowed to become desperate.

In like manner, if there was much wisdom in making him an example of the power of conscience, there was not less in making him an example of the power of the Gospel to cheer and console. For as he was just the man in whom fear cannot be thought weakness, nor despair affectation, so was he just the man in whom hope cannot be deemed presumption, nor joy pretence. He was humbled too deeply to presume, and he suffered too much to be consoled by fancies. He took, indeed, fanciful views, at first, of the real grounds of hope: but still, it was of the *real* grounds of hope; and they are so peculiar and sublime, that a little confusion or rashness in stepping on to them can-

not injure them, however it may show his weakness for a time. Besides, he soon became both strong and wise, when he understood them.

Religious joy, like religious fear, needs a wise representative: for it too is deemed enthusiasm, if not weakness by many. Hence the importance of a few specimens, and of one prominent specimen, of holy joy, in which the keenest eye cannot trace imbecility, nor detect extravagance. Hence the necessity, in a world like ours, for lodging the joy of salvation, like the *perfection* of Light, in a mind, which, like the diamond, can enshrine it without being consumed by it, and reflect it without discoloring its brilliancy. That joy ought, indeed, to be respected and admired in any mind. It is one of its chief glories, that it can dwell with the poor, and accommodate itself to the weak, and combine itself with little knowledge, and with less talent. Like the sun, it can gild a dew drop, as well as enshrine a mountain, or flush an ocean. Still, it is desirable to see this joy reigning supreme in mighty minds, where other joys have a place, or can be duly appreciated. This keeps in check the senseless and unfeeling cry of the multitude who say of the godly,—'they can enjoy nothing else.' I call that an *unfeeling* cry, because many of the pious have nothing else to enjoy. It is, therefore, both cruel and mean, when men of talents, taste, and education, sneer at the religious joys of those who, if they had no comfort in religion, would be of "all men the most miserable." A well-judging, even a well-disposed mind, would rejoice in the fact, that the joy of salvation can lighten the toil of the labourer, and sweeten the crumbs of the poor, and soften the couch of the afflicted. God has not, however, left all the vindication of spiritual joy, to the good it does to the poor and the afflicted. It is to be eternal joy to them who fear Him; and as the weakest of them will one day know even as they are known, and be for ever like angels in both talents and taste, He shows now to the world, some of the master-spirits of the world rejoicing in His Salvation with joy unspeakable, and full of glory, whilst enjoying with high zest the beauties and sublimities of Nature, and giving full play to a hallowed curiosity and a sanctified imagination. Bunyan is but one exemplification of the truth of this. Newton's eye was not less keen to discover, nor his wing less quick to track, the motions of stars and comets, when he studied alternately the Universe and the Bible, than whilst the former wholly absorbed him. Milton tore no string from his harp, nor struck

its strings with less boldness, when he made Mount Zion his Parnassus, and "Siloa's brook" his Helicon. Wilberforce only *amused* princes and senators whilst his joy was like their own; "of the earth, earthy;" but he both fascinated and awed them, and won the homage of the world, when he made salvation his chief good, and the glory of God, in the welfare of man, his supreme end. Robert Hall lost none of the purity of Plato, and laid aside none of the majesty of Cicero, in his style, when he wrote on the glory of the Atonement and the grace of the Holy Spirit, as the grounds of his own hope and joy. And in the case of Bunyan, that joy was the strength of his imagination, as well as "of his heart," when he conducted the Holy War like a Wellington, and his Pilgrim's Progress like a Moses. And this was done, be it remembered, in Bedford Jail. Bunyan's joy not only sustained him there inflexible in all his principles, but also uncramped in all his powers. The prison of his body became the palace of his mind, and made the world his kingdom, and Time the length of his reign. Christians can thus afford to smile in public,—although they prefer to "weep in secret places,"—when the men of the world call the joy of Salvation a weak fancy, or a warm dream. It made Bunyan happy, and gave that turn to his genius which has added to the happiness of myriads. It made Bunyan acquainted with *himself*, and thus threw open to him the secrets of the world and the Church, and unveiled to him no small portion of "the things which are unseen and eternal."

He was, also, just the man in whom the "sanctification of the Spirit, through belief of the Truth," could be exemplified with commanding effect. Never was a *rougher* diamond polished into the beauty of Holiness. He became a gentleman too, when he became a Christian. I have heard men of fine tact apply to him, playfully, the expression, "he having not the law (of *good breeding*) was a law unto himself; thus showing the work of that law written on his heart." There is more truth in this, than was intended by the compliment. The law of good breeding was written upon his heart, by his *veneration* for God. That principle towards God, became an *instinct* towards man, which seldom erred by word, look, or deed, even when provocation was great.

But courtesy was the least part of his conformity to the Divine image. Even his *zeal* is not the chief beauty of his holiness: for he could do nothing by halves; and, therefore, he took the lead in reforming others, just as he had done in

corrupting them, and was as zealous in preaching as he had been in blaspheming. Accordingly, he cared no more for the *yelp* of downy Doctors, or the *yell* of rash Magistrates, when he became an itinerant, than he formerly did for the sermons of "our Parson," against dancing and bell-ringing on the Sabbath. It was, however, in holy *consistency*, that Bunyan excelled, when he avowed himself to be a Christian. This will be both illustrated and confirmed as we proceed. It is asserted here, that *proof* may be expected.

His example, at this time, is sketched here, in order to account for his wide influence as a preacher, and for the warm sympathy which followed him to "bonds and imprisonment." It had made thoughtful men think more deeply, and thoughtless men meditative, before he was immured from their sight in Bedford jail. He knew this,—and nobly sustained the impression he had made upon them. The prisoner sacrificed none of the influence which the Preacher had won by his experience and example: and he had won more at this time, than has hitherto been shown or imagined. He was "*Bishop Bunyan*," in reality, though not in name, when he was arrested. We shall see this in the next chapter;—which, although rambling, because *sketchy*, is yet the *key* to the heroism of his spirit, and to the motives of his conduct. It will also throw some true light on Dr. Southey's "extreme disingenuousness," as Mr. Conder justly brands the assertion, that "Bunyan has been most wrongfully represented as having been the victim of intolerant laws, and prelatical oppression."

CHAPTER XX.

BUNYAN'S MINISTERIAL POSITION.

1658.

In order to appreciate, or even to apprehend, Bunyan's reasons for writing and acting as he did, it is necessary to have a clear idea, of his Ministerial position. That regulated, as well as influenced, his chief movements and habits. Had he not been a Baptist, he would have written a little more than his Pilgrim's Progress and the Holy War; because he knew, that profounder theologians than he ever pretended to be, were publishing quite enough, both doctrinal and practical, for any nation to read: but he knew also, that the Baptists, as a body, would take a lesson from him more readily than from an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, or an Independent; or at least, that he would be read by many who would not read Owen nor Baxter. In like manner, had he not been *more* than a Baptist, he would have written less than he did. But he had to write *against* the Baptists as well as *for* them; because, in general, they *sprinkled* all other churches then, with the bitter waters of strict communion. I say, sprinkled: but if any one choose to read, *immersed*, fact will warrant the version. Bunyan had no sympathy with this Shibboleth of his times. He was the *first* to oppose it formally as a test of faith or fellowship: and thus, its *best* opponent—Robert Hall not excepted. He was not, however, the originator of open communion at Bedford. The Baptist Church there, was founded by Mr. Gifford in 1650, upon the principle, that a profession of faith in Christ, attended with holinesss of life, was the only condition of Christian fellowship.

Another thing which influenced him to write so much, and as well as he could, was, the consideration that he could not do too much for the glory of that grace which plucked him as "a brand from the burning." It is quite a mistake, that he wrote in order to beguile the tedious years of his imprisonment, or for the sake of authorship. He enjoyed indeed—no man

more—the exercise of his own talents, when he discovered them; but he began to write, as he did to preach, from the single consideration, that he could speak to the hearts of both sinners and saints from an *experience*, to which both would listen, and neither could misunderstand. Besides, both expected Bunyan to address them. He had been too long and too far amongst the wild, in early life, to be forgotten by them, when deserted from their ranks. That ring looked after their *ring-leader*, when he ceased to lead them. They were amazed at his conversion from "prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life," even before he had left off dancing at the Maypole. When, therefore, he became altogether a Christian, they calculated upon hearing from him in some form. They mocked him, because they feared him. He knew them; and therefore wrote the Life and Death of Mr. Badman. He knew them; and therefore when he saw them come to hear his preaching, he often said in his heart, "that if to be *hanged* before their eyes would be the means to awaken them, he would 'gladly be contented.'" Thus the Minister tried all means to save some of those whom, in his youth, he had led on or joined in ungodliness. These were not few, nor all in one place. His most intimate companions in iniquity were, of course, about Bedford: but the Tinker had associated with the *scum* of every town and village in the county, whilst following his craft. The minister did not forget this. Accordingly, his "great desire," as he calls it, "was to get into the *darkest* places of the country; even amongst those people who were *farthest* off of a profession." "My spirit," he adds, "did lean most after awakening and converting work, and the word that I carried did lean itself most that way also." It was this *leaning* which led him to write that awakening Work, "*Sighs from Hell; or the Groans of a Damned Soul:*" a book no man could have written, who had not both seen and shared the ways of the most ungodly, as well as known the pangs of remorse.

Bunyan's conversion drew the attention of the pious also, from the first; and they never lost sight of him afterwards. They crowded to hear him when he began to preach, and longed to hear from him when he was imprisoned. He knew this, and wrote his Pilgrim for their edification, just as he did his "Grace Abounding," for the comfort of his own spiritual children, "whom he had begotten by the ministry of the word."

Thus his popularity as a preacher was won, at first, by his "amazing conversion." That told upon saint and sinner, throughout the county, as Saul's did upon Jew and Gentile. It was not the novelty of a preaching *Tinker* in Bedfordshire, any more than that of a preaching *Tentmaker* at Corinth, that drew attention. Odd and unexpected preachers were no novelty in Bunyan's time. Cromwell's soldiers preached too often in their armour, to leave any *singularity* for the man who could mend casques and kettles. Even stranger transitions than Bunyan's were not uncommon then. It was his moral and spiritual *transformation*, that drew so many eyes upon him at once. Both the godly and the ungodly paused to wonder, —not at the preaching Tinker, but at the holy and zealous man, whom they had long known as a reprobate. Only "the Doctors and Priests of the country," he says, "did *open wide* against me." The rabble seem never to have molested him.

This is an interesting fact. Ivimey says truly, "there is no record in his Works, nor in authentic sources, that he was ever the object of derision and virulence among the lower classes." The only intimation of the kind is in Ireland's Print of Bunyan's cottage. I have preserved that print; but expunged from it both the rabble and the dog, which Ireland, the forger of the Shakspeare documents, foisted in for effect. I did this before seeing his *original* draughts of these forged papers; and since, I am quite satisfied that I do his memory no injury. He could do any thing for effect.

It is honourable to Bunyan's times, as well as to himself, that his character and talents commanded the veneration of all rabbles, except the *rabble* Magistracy of the Restoration. The common people, with the exception of a few half-crazy Quakers, heard him gladly.

This glimpse at Bunyan's ministerial position, although it embraces a little more than belongs to the first years of his preaching, was necessary, in order to understand his own account of the character and success of his itinerant labours. We have seen, that for the space of two years, he imitated John the Baptist chiefly, by warning the multitude to flee from the wrath to come. This fact renders the reception he met with, the more creditable to them. He had not to say to them, "Strike, but hear:"—they listened to his remonstrances and warnings without threatening to strike, or venturing to stir. Nor was he less faithful to their consciences, when he began to preach "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel." "I did

labour," he says, "to speak the Word so that thereby, if it were possible, the sin and the guilty person might be *particularized* by it." Those who have read Bunyan's sermons know well how he could particularize! There is a personality, as well as point, in his improvements, which makes individuals stand out even to the eye of the reader. We almost expect the strain of his appeal to take a new turn, from some pentecostal outcry.

Nothing, however, is so instructive in the history of his preaching, as his intense solicitude to win souls. Whatever was his subject, this was his grand object. Hence he says, on reviewing his preaching, "I thank God, my heart hath often, all the time of *this* and the *other* exercise, cried to God with great earnestness, that he would make the Word effectual to the salvation of the soul: being still grieved lest the Enemy should take it away from the Conscience, and so it should become unfruitful. And when I had done the exercise, it hath gone to my *heart* to think the Word should now fall in stony places. I was still wishing in my heart,—O, that they who have heard me speak this day, did but see as I do, what sin, death, hell, and the curse of God is! And also (did see as I see) what the grace, and love, and mercy of God, through Christ, is, to men in such a case as they are, who are yet estranged from him!" Bunyan did not, like Paul, exactly desire to be Anathema, on these occasions of soul-travail: but he came very near to the Apostle's magnanimity, when he "did *often* say in his heart before the Lord,—'I would gladly be hanged up before their eyes presently, if that would be a means to awaken them, and confirm them in the truth.'"

This is a spirit which God was sure to *honour*, and man to feel. Accordingly, Bunyan says, "I have been, in my preaching, especially when I have been engaged in the doctrine of life by Christ, without works, as if an ANGEL of God had stood at my *back* to encourage me; oh! it hath been with such power and heavenly evidence upon my own soul, while I have been labouring to unfold it, to demonstrate it, and to fasten it upon the consciences of others,—that I could not be contented with saying, 'I believe, and am sure:' methought I was *more* than sure (if it be lawful so to express myself) that those things which I then asserted were true." He could thus *afford*, whilst he felt as if an Angel strengthened him, to shut his ears "when the Doctors and Priests of the country did open *wide*" upon him. Their railing could not make him rail. "I set

myself instead," he says, "to see how many of these carnal professors I could convince of their miserable state by the law, and of the want and worth of Christ: for, thought I, 'This shall answer for me in time to come, when they shall be for my hire before their face.' *Gen.* xxx. 33.

"I never cared to meddle with things that were controverted, and in dispute among the saints, especially things of the lowest nature; yet it pleased me much to contend with great earnestness for the word of faith, and the remission of sins by the death and sufferings of Jesus: but I say, as to other things, I would let them alone, because I saw they engendered strife; and because that they neither in doing, nor in leaving undone, did commend us to God to be his. Besides, I saw my work before me did run into another channel, even to carry an *awakening* word;—to that, therefore, I did stick and adhere.

"I never endeavoured to nor durst make use of other men's lines (though I condemn not all that do,) for I verily thought, and found by experience, that what was taught to me by the word and spirit of Christ, could be spoken, maintained, and stood to, by the soundest and best established conscience; and though I will not now speak all that I *know*, in this matter, yet my experience hath more interest in that text of Scripture, *Gal.* i. 11, 12, than many amongst men are aware:—'I certify unto you, Brethren, that the Gospel which is preached of me, is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.'

"If any of those who were awakened by my ministry, did after that fall back (as sometimes too many did,) I can truly say, their loss hath been more to me, than if my own *children*, begotten of my own body, had been going to their grave. I think verily, I may speak it without any offence to the Lord, nothing has gone so near me as that; unless it was the fear of the loss of the salvation of my own soul. I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my (spiritual) children were born; my heart had been so wrapt up in the glory of this excellent work, that I counted myself more blessed and honoured of God by this, than if he had made me the emperor of the Christian world, or the Lord of all the glory of the earth without it! Oh these words! 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way doth save a soul from death.—The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise.—They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many

to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.—For what is our hope, our joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy.' These, I say, with many others of a like nature, have been great Refreshments to me.

"I have observed, that where I have had a work to do for God, I have had first, as it were, the going of God upon my spirit, to desire I might preach there. I have also observed, that such and such souls, in particular, have been strongly set upon my heart, and I stirred up to wish for their salvation; and that these *very* souls have, after this, been given in as the fruits of my ministry. I have observed, that a word cast in by the bye, hath done more execution in a sermon, than all that was spoken besides. Sometimes also, when I have thought I did no good, then I did the most of all; and at other times, when I thought I should catch them, I have fished for nothing.

"I have also observed, that where there has been a work to do upon sinners, there the devil hath begun to roar in the hearts and by the mouths of his servants: yea, oftentimes, when the wicked world hath raged most, there hath been souls awakened by the word.—I could instance particulars, but I forbear.

"My great desire in my fulfilling my ministry was to get into the darkest places of the country, even amongst those people that were farthest off of profession; yet not because I could not endure the light, (for I feared not to show my gospel to any,) but because I found my spirit did lean most after awakening and converting work, and the word that I carried did *lean* itself most that way also: 'Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation.' *Rom.* xv. 20.

"In my preaching I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God; neither could I be satisfied unless some fruits did appear in my work. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me: but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn. I have thought of that, 'Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward.—As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that has his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.' *Psal.* cxxvii. 3.

"It pleased me nothing to see people drink in opinions, if

they seemed ignorant of Jesus Christ, and the worth of their own salvation, sound conviction for sin, especially unbelief, and an heart set on fire to be saved by Christ, with strong breathings after a truly sanctified soul.—That it was, that delighted me; those were the souls I counted blessed.

"But in this work, as in all other, I had my temptations attending me, and that of divers kinds; as sometimes I should be assaulted with great discouragement therein, fearing that I should not be able to speak a word at all to edification; nay, that I should not be able to speak *sense* unto the people; at which times I should have such a strange faintness and strengthlessness seize upon my body, that my legs have scarce been able to carry me to the place of exercise.

"Sometimes again when I have been preaching, I have been violently assaulted with thoughts of blasphemy, and strongly tempted to *speak* the words of my mouth before the congregation. I have also at some times, even when I have begun to speak the word with much clearness, evidence, and liberty of speech, yet been, before the ending of that opportunity, so blinded and so estranged from the things I have been speaking, and have been also so straightened in my speech, as to utterance before the people, that I have been as if I had not known or remembered what I have been about; or as if my head had been in a *bag* all the time of my exercise.

"Again, when as sometimes I have been about to preach upon some smart and searching portion of the word, I have found the tempter suggest, 'What! will *you* preach this! This condemns yourself; of this your own soul is guilty; wherefore preach not of this at all; or if you do, yet so *mince* it, as to make way for your own escape; lest instead of awakening others, you lay that guilt upon your own soul, that you will never get from under.'

"But I thank the Lord, I have been kept from consenting to these so horrid suggestions, and have rather, as Samson, bowed myself with all my might, to condemn sin and transgression, wherever I found it; yea, though therein also, I did bring guilt upon my own conscience: 'Let me die (thought I) with the Philistines,' rather than deal corruptly with the blessed word of God. 'Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?' It is far better then to judge thyself even by preaching plainly unto others, than thou, to save thyself, imprison the truth in unrighteousness. Blessed be God for his help also in this.

"I have also, while found in this blessed work of Christ' been often tempted to pride and liftings up of heart." (In Mr. Toplady's works, vol. iv. p. 11, there is this anecdote: "Mr. John Bunyan having preached one day with peculiar warmth and enlargement, some of his friends, after service was over, took him by the hand, and could not help observing what a sweet sermon he had delivered. 'Ay,' said the good man, 'you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it *before* I was out of the pulpit.'") "I dare not say, I have not been affected with this; yet truly the Lord, of his precious mercy, hath so carried it towards me, that for the most part I have had but small joy to give way to such a thing. For it hath been my every day's portion to be let into the evil of my own heart, and still made to see such a multitude of corruptions and infirmities therein, that it hath caused hanging down of the head under all my gifts and attainments. I have felt this thorn in the flesh: 'And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelation, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me.' These verses were the very mercy of God to me.

"I have also had, together with this, some notable place or other of the word presented before me, which word hath contained in it some sharp and piercing sentence concerning the perishing of the soul, notwithstanding gifts and parts. As for instance, that hath been of great use to me: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.' 1 *Cor.* xiii. 1, 2.

"A tinkling cymbal is an instrument of music, with which a skilful player can make such melodious and heart-inflaming music, that all who hear him play can scarcely hold from *dancing;* and yet behold the cymbal hath not life, neither comes the music from it, but because of the art of him that plays therewith; so then the instrument at last may come to naught and perish, though in times past such music hath been made upon it.

"Just thus, I saw it was, and will be, with them that have gifts, but want saving grace; they are in the hand of Christ,

as the cymbal in the hand of David; and David could with the cymbal make that mirth in the service of God, as to elevate the hearts of the worshippers, so Christ can use these gifted men, as with them to affect the souls of his people in his church; yet when he hath done all, hang them by, as *lifeless*, though sounding cymbals.

"This consideration, therefore, together with some others, were for the most part, as a *maul* on the head of pride, and the desire of vain-glory; What, thought I, shall I be proud because I am a sounding brass? Is it so much to be a *fiddle*? Hath not the least creature that hath *life*, more of God in it than these? Besides, I knew it was *love* should never die, but those must cease and vanish: so I concluded, a little grace, a little love, a little of the true fear of God, is better than all the gifts. Yea, and I am fully convinced of it, that it is possible for souls that can scarce give a man an answer, but with great confusion as to method; I say, it is possible for them to have a thousand times more grace, and so to be more in the love and favour of the Lord, than some who by the virtue of the gift of knowledge, can deliver themselves like angels.

"Thus therefore I came to perceive, that though gifts in themselves were good, to the thing for which they are designed, to wit, the edification of others, yet empty, and without power to save the soul of him that hath them, if they be alone. Neither are they, as so, any sign of a man's state to be happy, being only a dispensation of God to some, of whose improvement, or non-improvement, they must, when a little time more is over, give an account to Him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead.

"This showed me too, that gifts being alone, were dangerous, not in themselves, but because of those evils that attend them that have them, to wit, pride, desire of vain-glory, self-conceit, &c. all which were easily blown up at the applause and commendation of every unadvised Christian, to the endangering of a poor creature to fall into the condemnation of the devil.

"I saw therefore that he that hath gifts, had need to be let into a sight of the nature of them, to wit, that they come short of making of him to be in a truly saved condition, lest he rest in them, and so fall short of the grace of God.

"He hath cause also to walk humbly with God, and be little in his own eyes, and to remember withal, that his gifts are not his own, but the church's; and that by them he is made a

servant to the church; and he must give at last an account of his stewardship unto the Lord Jesus, and to give a good account will be a blessed thing.

"Let all men therefore prize a *little*, with the fear of the Lord (gifts indeed are desirable,) but yet great grace and small gifts are better than great gifts and no grace. It doth not say, the Lord gives *gifts* and glory, but the Lord gives *grace* and glory; and blessed is such an one, to whom the Lord gives grace, true grace; for that is a certain forerunner of glory.

"But when Satan perceived that his thus tempting and assaulting of me, would not answer his design; to wit, to overthrow the ministry, and make it ineffectual, as to the ends thereof; then he tried another way, which was, to stir up the minds of the ignorant and malicious to load me with slanders and reproaches. Now therefore I may say, that what the devil could devise, and his instruments invent, was whirled up and down the country against me, thinking as I said, that by that means they should make my ministry to be abandoned.

"It began therefore to be rumoured up and down among the people, that I was a witch, a jesuit, a highwayman, and the like.

"To all which, I shall only say, God *knows* that I am innocent. But as for mine accusers, let them provide themselves to meet me before the tribunal of the Son of God, there to answer for all these things (with all the rest of their iniquities) unless God shall give them repentance for them, for the which I pray with all my heart.

"But that which was reported with the boldest confidence, was, that I had my misses, my whores, my bastards; yea, *two* wives at once, and the like. Now these slanders (with the others,) I glory in, because but slanders, foolish or knavish lies, and falsehoods cast upon me by the devil and his seed; and should I not be dealt with thus wickedly by the world, I should want one sign of a saint, and a child of God. 'Blessed are you,' said the Lord Jesus, 'when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil of you falsely for my sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.' *Matt.* v. 11.

"These things therefore, upon mine *own* account, trouble me not; no, though they were twenty times more than they are, I have a good conscience; and whereas they speak evil

of me, as an evil-doer, they shall be ashamed that falsely accuse my good conversation in Christ.

"So then, what shall I say to those who have thus bespattered me? Shall I threaten them? Shall I chide them? Shall I flatter them? Shall I entreat them to hold their tongues? No, not I. Were it not for that these things make them ripe for damnation, that are the authors and abettors, I would say unto them, report it, becaase it will increase my glory.

"Therefore I bind these lies and slanders to me as an ornament; it belongs to my Christian profession to be vilified, slandered, reproached and reviled; and since all this is *nothing else*, as my God and my conscience do bear me witness, I rejoice in reproaches for Christ's sake.

"I also call all those fools and knaves that have thus made it any thing of their business to affirm any of these things aforenamed of me; namely, that I have been naught with other women, or the like. When they have used the utmost of their endeavours, and made the fullest inquiry that they can, (I defy them) to prove against me truly, that there is any woman in heaven, or earth, or hell, that can say, I have at any time, in any place, by day or night, so much as attempted to be naught with them. And speak I thus to beg my enemies into a good esteem of me? No, not I: I will in this beg belief of no man. Believe me or disbelieve me in this, all is a case to me.

"My foes have missed their mark in this their shooting at me. I am not the man. I wish that they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would be *still* alive and well. I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the copes of the heavens, but by their apparel, their children, or by common fame, except my wife.

"And in this I admire the wisdom of God, that he made me *shy* of women from my first conversion until now. These know, and can also bear me witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it *pleasantly* towards a woman; the common salutation of women I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company alone, I cannot away with. I seldom so much as touch a woman's hand, for I think these things are not so becoming me. When I have seen good men *salute* those women that they have visited, or that have visited them,

I have at times made my objection against it; and when they have answered, that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them, it is not a *comely* sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked why they made *baulks*, why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured go. Thus, how laudable soever such things have been in the eyes of others, they have been unseemly in my sight.

"And now for a *wind-up* in this matter; I calling not only men, but angels, to prove me guilty of having carnally to do with any woman save my wife; nor am I afraid to do it a second time, knowing that I cannot offend the Lord in such a case, to call God for a record upon my soul, that in these things I am innocent. Not that I have been thus kept, because of any goodness in me, more than any other, but God has been merciful to me, and has kept me: to whom I pray that he will keep me still, not only from this, but from every evil way and work, and preserve me to his heavenly kingdom. *Amen!*"

Such was Bunyan's own review of his work, warfare, and reward, as a Minister, up to the time of his imprisonment. It admits of much amplification and illustration; but as it is complete in itself, I reserve the additional facts of the period, to throw light upon the origin and cast of some of his writings, whilst he was a prisoner. For as a man and a minister, he is now sufficiently before us, to secure both our sympathy and confidence, as we follow him to the Jail and the Bar. Indeed, we are quite prepared already to exclaim, "This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds."

CHAPTER XXI.

BUNYAN'S ARREST.

1660.

Dr. Southey says "Bunyan was one of the *first* persons, after the Restoration, punished for Nonconformity." So he was: and as nonconformity was quite enough to account for his punishment, when the Act of the 35th of Elizabeth, as well as the spirit of Laud, was restored by the last and the worst Charles, there was no need for further explanations. Not so, however, has Dr. Southey allowed the matter to stand. He asserts, that Bunyan was "*known* to be *hostile* to the restored church." He insinuates, that Bunyan's service in "the Parliament's army" had some influence upon his doom. He maintains, that Bunyan's "calling might *well* be deemed incompatible with his office." This is bad enough; but it is not the worst. The Fifth Monarchy men, who proclaimed King Jesus, are dragged in to account for the persecution of Bunyan, although he was lodged in Bedford Jail two months *before* Venner, their leader, made the proclamation. Indeed, it was only on the 3d of April, Bunyan heard of it from Cobb, the Clerk of the Peace! These attempts to explain and palliate the conduct of Bunyan's persecutors, might be forgiven, if the policy of either the Church or the State, at that time, were worthy or capable of any imitation now:—but they are unpardonable, now that neither Church nor State would, or could, revive that policy. Viewed in this light, it is *infatuation* to defend the Church, as Charles II. headed it, and Clarendon ruled it, and Jeffries sustained it. For, what would the defenders of the Church of that time, have us to believe? If not, that the Establishment might yet persecute Nonconformists in the old style, it is both unfriendly and unfair to palliate the old style of Prelacy. That, indeed, can only be done by arguments which, if they prove any thing, excuse Nero and Domitian, the Vatican and the Inquisition, far more than they do the Church of the Restoration. For the Non-

conformists of that age differed *less* from the thirty-nine Articles, than the first reformers did from the Church of Rome. And if Bunyan might well be persecuted for State reasons, Paul and Polycarp, Latimar and Ridley deserved their doom. The matter comes to this! Here the logic of palliation lands us.

Were I hostile to the Establishment, I would not espostulate thus against defences of it, which defame the Puritans, and abet a King who superseded "the reign of the saints, by the reign of strumpets; who was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand, and died with the Host sticking in his throat, after a life spent in dawdling suspense between Hopbism and Popery" (*Ed. Rev.*,) and in degrading bondage to levity and licentiousness. The Church would not persecute Bunyan now: why then should she be insulted by vindications of his persecutors? She would not, even if she durst, revive the policy of the Restoration: why then should she own any "Book of the Church," which dares to justify that policy? They are not her best friends who say, "Aha, we would have it so."

The persecution of Bunyan for preaching did not commence, however, with the Restoration. An indictment was preferred against him in Cromwell's time. The Church Book, preserved at Bedford, contains this entry, "On the 25th December, 1657, the Church resolved to set apart a day for seeking council of God, what to do with respect to the indictment against brother Bunyan at the assizes, for preaching at Eaton." This action seems to have broke down; for both in February and July of 1658, he was present at the Church-meetings of his flock. The fact is, it was not so easy to sustain an action of this kind during the Commonwealth, as before and after it: for Cromwell, although he gave no countenance to persecution for conscience' sake, could not always prevent it. The Presbyterian party contrived to elude his vigilance, and to defeat his measures, at times. He described them well when he said, "Nothing will satisfy them, unless they can put their finger upon their brethren's conscience, and *pinch* them there." Indeed, as a party, they were a proud aristocracy, until the execution of Love, and the elevation of Owen, humbled them a little. In 1649, Parliament had to say of them, "Our being obliged to take away all such acts and ordinances as are penal in matters of conscience, hath given them great offence." This offence had not ceased

in 1657, when Bunyan was indicted. His grand offence, however, was his *popularity* in the country. It was that, "opened wide the mouths of the Priests and Doctors." Their flocks would hear the Tinker, in spite of all warning; and therefore he was indicted as a *wolf* without even sheep's clothing. This seems to have been the real secret of his first persecution. Solemn *drones* could not keep him out of their parishes, nor always out of their pulpits; for the people drew him into both: and the Geneva cloak could no more brook this then, than the surplice can now. Still, it could not prevent this, even in Cambridgeshire. He often preached in the churches of that county, and occasionally had gownsmen amongst his hearers. Crosby (the historian of the Baptists) says, that a Cambridge scholar—not one of the soberest—on hearing that a tinker was to preach in church, resolved "to hear him *prate*," and gave a boy twopence to hold his horse during the sermon. The sermon soon made him serious as well as sober. He began from that day to embrace every opportunity of hearing Bunyan, whether in churches or barns, and became a godly man and a useful minister. This fact, although it does not exactly identify the author of the Sketch of Bunyan's Life, in the British Museum, shows that Bunyan had a clerical friend, who was likely to embalm his memory. My own opinion is, that this convert was the author of that Sketch. I am led to this conclusion, not merely because I cannot trace the tribute to any one else, but chiefly because it manifests so much intimacy with, and veneration for, Bunyan. The following account of his preaching and arrest could come only from one who loved him much, and who had strong reasons for loving him.

"He saw that his powerful and piercing words brought tears from the eyes, and melted the hearts (of his hearers;) but he knew that would not continue long upon them, without God's grace. But by often teaching, at last he saw such signs of contrition in his hearers, that he boldly expressed himself in St. Paul's words, 'Though I be not an apostle to others, yet doubtless I am unto you, for the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord.' 1 *Cor.* viii. 2.

"By this time his family was increased, and as that increased God increased his stores, so that he lived now in great credit among his neighbours, who were amazed to find such a wonderful reformation in him; that from a person so vile as he had been, should spring up so good a Christian; and people

who had heard his circumstances came many miles to hear him, and were highly satisfied; so that, telling their neighbours, more crowded after him, insomuch that the place was many times too *strait* for them; for although he often confessed he had fears upon him, and doubts, and sometimes tremblings, inward evil suggestions, and temptations, before he stood up to speak, yet he no sooner began to utter the word of God than they all vanished; he grew warm with a fervent zeal, and nothing obstructed his delivery.

"His congregation, as I said, increasing, a stop was put to that liberty of conscience, that is, freedom in congregating and teaching, which had been indulged by proclamation in the former part of the reign of King Charles II.; and the penal laws against dissenters being strictly put in execution against them, many were encouraged by rewards to inform against and prosecute those that met.

"This hot prosecution silenced many, who fled because they were but hirelings, and cared not what became of the flock, so they got their fleeces; but our *true champion* stood, resolved not to let go what God had so mercifully put into his hands; yet that he might not appear contemptuous to the government he lived under, he thought fit to move in this with caution, and therefore assembled more privately, sometimes in a barn, at other times in a milk-house or stable, and indeed such convenient places as they could, to avoid giving offence: considering it is not the place that God regards, but the purity of heart and intention. But these places were not so secret but prying eyes got an inlet, and some disturbances they had by the order of the justices, with louder threats, that, if they repeated the like again, they must expect to find no favour.

"He finding he could not go on with his proceedings here, resolved, as it was commanded the apostles in such cases by our blessed Saviour, to fly unto another city or place; and so acquainting most of his hearers whither he intended to retire, many followed him, and in his journeyings he visited many at their houses, and gave them consolation, arming them with a steady resolve to be patient in suffering, and trust to God for their reward, and promised them he would discuss some points in that nature at a private meeting, where their joint prayers being put up to God might be more available.

"In short, they met one evening, to the number of about forty, yet could not do it so obscurely but that spies were upon them, and a justice in those parts being informed of it, came

immediately upon them with several constables, and such as had promised to be aiding to them, and beset the house; and upon the first demand the doors were opened; and although Mr. Bunyan was persuaded (when news was brought they approached) to fly by a back door into an adjacent wood, he would not be prevailed withal to do it in so good a work, but kept his standing, and continued speaking to the people when they entered. The justice commanded him down from his stand, but he mildly told him he was about his Master's business, and must rather obey his voice than that of man. Then a constable was ordered to fetch him down, who coming up and taking hold on his coat, no sooner did Mr. Bunyan fix his eyes steadfastly upon him, having his Bible then open in his hand, but the man let go, looked pale, and retired; upon which said he to his auditors, 'See how this man trembles at the Word of God!' But knowing it in vain to contend, being commanded in the king's name to be obedient, he came down, and was carried to the justice's house, the rest of the people being dismissed; where finding he must go to prison, and being startled a little at that, more for his family's sake than his own concern, he offered sufficient bail to appear and answer what charge should be laid against him, the next assizes or sessions, unless it would be given for his good behaviour, which was in their terms—'That he should teach no more:' but rather than any such thing should be engaged on his behalf, that he never intended to keep, he resolved to cast himself and his cause upon God, what would come of it.

"To be brief, though many intercessions and entreaties were made on his behalf, he was sent to Bedford jail, where sometimes he sighed, and sometimes, with Paul and Silas, he sung in prison psalms and hymns to his Maker, that in his good time he would deliver him out of all his trouble; and sent comfortable letters to his family, that they should not be cast down at his afflictions; for that God, who had suffered him to fall unto them, would deliver him out of them.

"The assizes come, amongst other prisoners, he was brought to answer for himself. He declared he had not, or ever designed any injury or prejudice to the government; but his mean endeavour was to show the ignorant the way to Christ and saving knowledge, which through mercy he hoped himself had found out; and that although he could not comply with the ceremonies of the Church of England, though it was the national religion, he hoped that was no sin; and as for his

doctrine, he challenged all that had heard him, to prove it in any point or particular disconsonant to the word of God.

"For they had charged him as a maintainer and upholder of routous and riotous meetings, unlawful conventicles and assemblies, and not being in conformity with the church established; and urged him to know whether he would now conform or not, and leave off for ever his way of teaching: but he resolutely refusing so to do, and not denying that he had followed this way for about five years, they took it, *pro confessio*, that he was guilty of his charge, and proceeded, after they had laid their heads together for a time, to pass upon him a sentence of banishment out of the kingdom, not for limitation, but for ever: and so he was returned to prison, in expectation of its being put in execution. And whilst he was suffering under this affliction, between cold stone walls, in a close confinement, his enemies abroad were labouring to press down and stifle his reputation with calumnies and reproaches. They not only reaped up what was true of his former wicked life, but added many grievous things to his charge that he was utterly innocent and ignorant of.

"Under this affliction his thoughts were many times various, and fears broke in upon him, for he knew not but, by the same rule they had power to banish him, they might cause him to be executed; and this was buzzed into his ears by one of his jailors, thinking by this means to oblige him to raise a sum of money among his friends abroad, to purchase a reprieve or pardon, and that then he might come in for *snack:* yet he prepared for the worst, and resolved, if it came to be his hard fortune, by the assistance of God, he would die like a valiant Christian in such a cause. But when he came up to these resolves, the care of his family would come upon him, and with a feeble tenderness disarm him of his resolution, so that he would be at a stand, to think what would become of his wife and poor children, if he were taken away from them, one of his children especially being blind and helpless: yet in the end, growing full of courage, and finding his former weakness but a temptation of Satan, he confirmed himself to seal his testimony, which way soever he should be called unto it. But having in expectation of the issue, continued upwards of twelve years, where he writ some good books, and found abundance of God's goodness to his soul, the Rev. Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, coming into those parts, and being truly informed of Mr. Bunyan's sufferings, he, out of a true Christian compassion,

took a speedy care to be the main and chief instrument in his deliverance; for which, as a hearty acknowledgment, Mr. Bunyan returned him his unfeigned thanks, and often remembered him in his prayers, as, next to God, his deliverer."

This account, although imperfect, is worthy of preservation; for if it did not come from the pen of his Cambridge convert, it was written by an Episcopal Clergyman, and is thus still more interesting, because the author was under no obligations to defend Bunyan.

Bunyan's own Narrative of these events, is in his best style. It will show, indeed, that he had undue prejudices against the Liturgy; but it will not prove him to have been a "high-minded," nor a "hot-minded man," in the sense Dr. Southey has called him so. He was too high-minded to submit to dictation, as to *how* he should pray, or *where* he should preach; and too hot-minded (for his "heart had been kindled at the Book of Martyrs," Dr. Southey says) to heed the ban of a Bench, or the opinion of a Squirearchy, in matters of conscience and duty. And he was right! For, what is the *humour* of a Court, the *authority* of a Conclave, or the *whim* of a Magistrate, when they interdict the preaching of the Gospel? Impertinences to be despised by all free-men, and to be calmly defied by all conscientious men. Bunyan did both;—and was the *first* to do so in Bedfordshire.

This fact,—that he was the first,—although not overlooked by his Biographers, has never been placed in a proper light, by any of them; and yet it is the *key* to both his doings and darings on this occasion. He was not acting for himself alone, nor for his Church in Bedford only; but for the whole body of his adherents and converts throughout the wide range of his Itineracy. He felt this, and nobly resolved to set them an example of unflinching steadfastness. For his village flocks did not appear to him, what Dr. Southey calls them, "Conventicles" for diffusing "abhorrence of the Protestant Church;" but for the diffusion of the great Protestant doctrine of Salvation, "by grace, through faith." By preaching this doctrine in the villages, Bunyan had won many hearts to love Christ and Holiness; and that he might keep all he had won, he was ready to sacrifice himself in the service of their faith. He reasoned with himself thus,—"I have showed myself hearty and courageous in my preaching, and made it my business to encourage others: if, therefore, I should run now, and make an escape, it will, thought I, be of a very *ill* savour

in the country. For what will my weak and newly converted brethren think of it; but that I was not so strong in *deed*, as I was in word? Also I feared that, if I should run now there was a warrant out for me, I might, by so doing, make *them* afraid to stand, when great *words* only should be spoken to them. Besides, I thought that (seeing God, of his mercy, had chosen me to go upon the *Forlorn Hope* in this country,) if I should fly, it might be a discouragement to the whole body that might follow after; I being (chosen) to be the *first* that should be opposed for the Gospel." This was Bunyan's chief reason for refusing to concede to Law or Advice, one iota of the rights of conscience.

He had also *public* reasons for making a determined stand. "I thought further, If I fly, the world will take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel, and have some ground to suspect worse of me and my profession than I deserved: for, blessed be the Lord, I knew of no *evil* I had said or done." Bunyan was not over-rating himself when he "thus judged:" for, although still a Tinker, he had more influence as a Minister than the Bishop of the diocese. His *hammer* had more moral weight than the Crozier, and his *kit* than the Mitre. He was no obscure nor uninfluential man, although still a very poor man; and both the State and Church knew this, when they singled him out as one of their first victims: for he was apprehended *before* any Proclamation against the meetings was issued.

But it is high time to allow Bunyan to tell his own story: for no man could tell it so well. "In November, 1660," (only *five* months after the return of the King,) "I was desired by some of the friends in the country to come to teach at Samsell, by Harlington, in Bedfordshire. To whom I made a promise, if the Lord permitted, to be with them at the time aforesaid. The justice hearing thereof (whose name is Mr. Francis Wingate,) forthwith issued out his warrant to take me, and bring me before him, and in the mean time to keep a very strong watch about the house where the meeting should be kept;—as if we that were to meet together in that place did intend to do some *fearful* business, to the destruction of the country; when alas, the constable when he came in, found us only with our Bibles in our hands ready to speak and hear the word of God: for we were just about to begin our exercise. Nay, we had begun in prayer for the blessing of God upon our opportunity, I intending to have preached the word of the

Lord unto them there present." (The text he proposed to have preached from was John ix. 34, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?") "But the constable coming in prevented us. So that I was taken, and forced to depart the room. But had I been minded to have played the coward, I could have escaped, and kept out of his hands. For when I was come to my friend's house, there was whispering there on that day I should be taken, for there was a warrant out to take me; which when my friend heard, he being somewhat timorous, questioned whether we had best have our meeting or not; and whether it might not be better for me to depart, lest they should take me and have me before the justice, and after that send me to prison (for he knew better than I what *spirit* they were of, living by them,) to whom I said, 'No; by no means, I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed for this. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted, our cause is good; we need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's word, is so good a work, that we shall be rewarded, if we suffer for that;' or to this purpose.—(But as for my friend, I think he was more afraid of me than of himself.) After this I walked into the close seriously considering the matter."

Whilst in the close he pondered deeply his responsibility to the world and the Church, as we have seen. "These things, with others," he says, "being considered by me, I came in again to the house, with a *full* resolution to keep the meeting, and not to go away, though I could have been gone about an hour before the officer apprehended me, but I would not; for I was resolved to see the utmost of what they could say or do unto me. And so, as aforesaid, I begun the meeting. But being prevented by the constable's coming in with his warrant to take me, I could not proceed. But before I went away, I spake some few words of counsel and encouragement to the people, declaring to them, that they saw we were prevented of our opportunity to speak and hear the word of God, and were like to suffer for the same: desiring them that they would not be discouraged; for it was a mercy to suffer upon so good account; for we might have been apprehended as thieves or murderers, or for other wickedness; but blessed be God it was not so, but we suffered as Christians for well doing; and we had better be the persecuted than the persecutors. But the constable and the Justice's man waiting on us, would not be quiet till they had me away, and that we departed the

house. But because the Justice was not at home that day, there was a friend of mine engaged for me to bring me to the constable on the morrow morning. Otherwise the constable must have charged a watch with me, or secured me some other way, my crime was so great. So on the next morning we went to the constable, and so to the Justice. He asked the constable, What we did?—where we were met together?—and, what we had with us? I trow, he meant, whether we had *armour* or not; but when the constable told him that there were only met a few of us together to preach and hear the word, and no *sign* of any thing else, he could not well tell what to say: yet because he had sent for me, he did adventure to put a few proposals to me, which were to this effect; namely, What I did there? And why I did not content myself with following my calling: for it was against the law, that such as I should be admitted to do as I did?

"Bunyan. To which I answered, that the intent of my coming thither, and to other places, was to instruct and counsel people to forsake their sins, and close in with Christ, lest they did miserably perish; and that I could do both these without confusion, (to wit) follow my calling and preach the word also.

"At which words, he was in a chafe, as it appeared; for he said that he would break the neck of our meetings.

"Bun. I said, It may be so. Then he wished me to get sureties to be bound for me, or else he would send me to the jail.

"My sureties being ready, I called them in, and when the bond for my appearance was made, he told them, that they were bound to keep me from preaching; and that if I did preach, their bonds would be forfeited. To which I answered, that then I should *break* them; for I should not leave speaking the word of God, to counsel, comfort, exhort, and teach the people among whom I came; and I thought this to be a work that had no hurt in it; but was rather worthy of commendation, than blame.

"Wingate. Whereat he told me, that if they would not be so bound, my mittimus must be made, and I sent to the jail, there to lie to the quarter-sessions.

"Now while my mittimus was making, the Justice was withdrawn; and in comes an old enemy to the truth, Dr. Lindale, who when he was come in, fell to taunting at me with many reviling terms.

"Bun. To whom I answered, that I did not come thither to talk with him, but with the Justice. Whereat he supposed that I had nothing to say for myself, and triumphed as if he had got the victory; charging and condemning me for meddling with that for which I could show no warrant. And asked me, if I had taken the oaths? and if I had not, 't was pity but that I should be sent to prison.

"I told him, that if I was minded, I could answer to any sober question that he should put to me. He then urged me again (how I could prove it *lawful* for me to preach,) with a great deal of confidence of the victory.

"But at last, because he should see that I could answer him if I listed, I cited to him that verse in Peter, which saith, 'As every man hath received the gift, even so let him minister the same,' &c.

"Lindale. Ay, saith he, to whom is that spoken?

"Bun. To whom, said I, why to every man that hath received a gift from God. Mark, saith the apostle, 'As every man hath received a gift from God,' &c. And again, 'You may all prophesy one by one.' Whereat the man was a little stopt, and went a softlier pace: but not being willing to lose the day, he began again, and said:

"Lind. Indeed I do remember that I have read of one Alexander, a *coppersmith*, who did much oppose, and disturb the apostles. (Aiming 't is like at me, because I was a tinker.)

"Bun. To which I answered, that I also had read of *very many* priests and pharisees, that had their hands in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Lind. Ay, saith he, and you are one of those scribes and pharisees: for you, with a pretence, make long prayers to devour widows' houses.

"Bun. I answered, that if he had got no more by preaching and praying than I had done, he would not be so *rich* as now he was. But that scripture coming into my mind, 'Answer not a fool according to his folly,' I was as sparing of my speech as I could, without prejudice to truth.

"Now by this time my mittimus was made, and I committed to the constable to be sent to the jail in Bedford.

"But as I was going, two of my brethren met with me by the way, and desired the constable to stay, supposing that they should prevail with the Justice, through the favour of a *pretended* friend, to let me go at liberty. So we did stay, while

they went to the Justice, and after much discourse with him, it came to this; that if I would come to him again, and say some certain words to him, I should be released. Which when they told me, I said, if the words were such that might be said with a *good* conscience, I should, or else I should not. So, through their importunity I went back again, but not believing that I should be delivered: for I feared their spirit was too full of opposition to the truth, to let me go, unless I should, in something or other, dishonour my God, and wound my conscience. Wherefore as I went, I lifted up my heart to God, for light, and strength, to be kept, that I might not do any thing that might either dishonour him, or wrong my own soul, or be a grief or discouragement to any that was inclining after the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Well, when I came to the Justice again, there was Mr. Foster, of Bedford, who coming out of another room, and seeing me by the light of the candle (for it was dark night when I went thither) he said unto me, who is there, John Bunyan? with such seeming affection, as if he would have leaped on my neck and kissed me, (a *right Judas!*) which made me somewhat wonder, that such a man as he, with whom I had so little acquaintance, and besides, that had ever been a close opposer of the ways of God, should carry himself so full of love to me: but afterwards, when I saw what he did, it caused me to remember those sayings, 'Their tongues are smoother than oil, but their words are drawn swords.' And again, 'Beware of men,' &c. When I had answered him, that blessed be God I was well, he said, 'What is the occasion of your being here?' or to that purpose. To whom I answered, that I was at a meeting of people a little way off, intending to speak a word of exhortation to them; but the Justice hearing thereof (said I) was pleased to send his warrant to fetch me before him.

"Foster, So (said he) I understand: but well, if you will promise to call the people no more together, you shall have your liberty to go home; for my brother is very loath to send you to prison, if you will be but ruled.

"Bun. Sir, (said I) pray what do you mean by calling the people together? My business is not any thing among them, when they are come together, but to exhort them to look after the salvation of their souls, that they may be saved, &c.

"Fost. Saith he, we must not enter into explication, or dispute now; but if you will say you will call the people no

more together, you may have your liberty; if not, you must be sent away to prison.

"Bun. Sir, said I, I shall not force or compel any man to hear me, but yet if I come into any place where there are people met together, I should, according to the best of my skill and wisdom, exhort and counsel them to seek out after the Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation of their souls.

"Fost. He said, that was none of my work: I must follow my calling; and if I would but leave off preaching and follow my calling, I should have the Justice's favour, and be acquitted presently.

"Bun. To whom I said, that I could follow my calling and that too, namely, preaching the word: and I did look upon it as my duty to do them both, as I had an opportunity.

"Fost. He said, to have any such meetings was against the law; and therefore he would have me leave off, and say, I would call the people no more together.

"Bun. To whom I said, that I durst not make any further promise: for my conscience would not suffer me to do it. And again, I did look upon it as my duty to do as much good as I could, not only in my trade, but also in communicating to all people wheresoever I came, the best knowledge I had in the word.

"Fost. He told me, that I was the nearest the Papists of any; and that, he would convince me of immediately.

"Bun. I asked him wherein?

"Fost. He said, In that we understood the scriptures literally.

"Bun. I told him, that those that were to be understood literally we understood them so; but for those that were to be understood otherwise, we endeavoured so to understand them.

"Fost. He said, Which of the scriptures do you understand literally?

"Bun. I said, This, 'He that believes shall be saved.' This was to be understood just as it was spoken; that whosoever believeth in Christ, shall, according to the plain and simple words of the text, be saved.

"Fost. He said, that I was ignorant, and did not understand the scriptures; for how (said he) can you understand them, when you know not the original Greek?

"Bun. To whom I said, that if that were his opinion, that

none could understand the Scriptures, but those that had the original Greek, then but a very few of the poorer sort would be saved, (this is harsh) yet the Scripture saith, 'That God hides these things from the wise and prudent,' (that is, from the learned of the world,) 'and reveals them to babes and sucklings.'

"Fost. He said there were none that heard me, but a company of *foolish* people.

"Bun. I told him that there were the wise as well as the foolish that did hear me; and again, those that were most commonly counted foolish by the world, were the wisest before God. Also, that God had rejected the wise, and mighty, and noble, and chosen the foolish and the base.

"Fost. He told me that I made people neglect their calling; and that God had commanded people to work six days, and serve him on the seventh.

"Bun. I told him that it was the duty of people (both rich and poor,) to look out for their souls on those days, as well as for their bodies: and that God would have his people 'exhort one another daily while it is called to-day.'

"Fost. He said again, that there were none but a company of poor, simple, ignorant people, that came to hear me.

"Bun. I told him that the foolish and the ignorant had most need of teaching and information; and therefore it would be profitable for me to go on in that work.

"Fost. Well, said he, to conclude, but will you promise that you will not call the people together any more?—and then you may be released, and go home.

"Bun. I told him that I durst say no more than I had said. For I durst not leave off that work which God had called me to.

"So he withdrew from me, and then came several of the justice's servants to me, and told me, that I stood too much upon a nicety. Their master, they said, was willing to let me go; and if I would but say that I would call the people no more together, I might have my liberty.

"Bun. I told them, there were more ways than one in which a man might be said to call the people together. As for instance, if a man got upon the market-place, and there read a book, or the like, though he do not say to the people, Sirs, come hither and hear: yet if they come to him because he reads, he, by his very reading, may be said to *call* them to-

gether; because they would not have been there to hear, if he had not been there to read. And seeing this might be termed a calling together, I durst not say, I would not call them together; for then, by the same argument, my preaching might be said to call them together.

"Then came the Justice and Mr. Foster to me again, (we had a little more discourse about preaching, but because the method of it is out of my mind, I pass it,) and when they saw that I was at a *point*, and would not be moved nor persuaded, Mr. Foster told the justice, that then he must send me away to prison. And that he would do well also, if he would present all those that were the *cause* of my coming among them to meetings. Thus we parted.

"And verily, as I was going forth of the doors, I had much ado to forbear saying to them, that I carried the peace of God along with me: but I held my peace, and blessed be the Lord, went away to prison with God's comfort in my poor soul!

"After I had lain in the jail five or six days, the brethren sought means again to get me out by bondsmen; (for so ran my mittimus, that I should lie there till I could find sureties;) they went to a justice at Elstow, one Mr. Crompton, to desire him to take bond for my appearance at the quarter sessions. At the first he told them that he would, but afterwards he made a demur at the business, and desired first to see my mittimus which ran to this purpose; That I went about to several conventicles in the county, to the great disparagement of the government of the Church of England, &c. When he had seen it, he said there might be something more against me, than was expressed in my mittimus: and that he was but a young man, therefore he durst not do it. This my jailor told me. Whereat I was not at all daunted, but rather *glad*, and saw evidently that the Lord had heard me; for before I went down to the justice, I begged of God that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty: but if not, his will be done; for I was not altogether without hopes, but that my imprisonment might be an awakening to the saints in the country, therefore I could not tell well which to choose. Only I in that manner did commit the thing to God. And verily at my return, I did meet my God sweetly in prison again, comforting of me and satisfying of me that it was his will and mind that I should be there.

"When I came back again to prison, as I was musing at the *slender* answer of the justice, this word dropped in upon my heart with some life, 'For he knew that for envy they had delivered him.'

"Thus have I in short, declared the manner and occasion of my being in prison, where I lie waiting the good will of God to do with me as he pleaseth; knowing that not one hair of my head can fall to the ground without the will of my Father which is in heaven. Let the rage and malice of men be never so great, they can do no more, nor go any farther, than God permits them; but when they have done their worst, 'We know that all things shall work together for good to them that love God.' *Rom.* viii. 28.

Of their Worships who figure on this occasion, not much is known, except of Justice Foster. I have been able to trace that "right Judas," as Bunyan calls him, throughout a persecution which he headed against the Bedford Nonconformists in 1670. The account of him will be found in the chapter, "Bunyan's Church Persecuted;" and it will verify the oracle, that "evil men and seducers wax worse and worse." Foster began as a Judas, and ended as a Herod. Dr. Lindale was evidently a beneficed clergyman, and of Bedford too. He could not otherwise have taken such a *lead* in the examination of Bunyan. And as he was an "old enemy of the truth," and now a new enemy of its preachers, the law which made it obligatory to attend that man's ministry, or that of men like him, was an *insult* to both conscience and common-sense. Who can wonder that the Nonconformists, who had heard or read the sermons of the Owens and Baxters, the Howes and Bunyans, of the Commonwealth, refused to hear at all, not a few of the priesthood of the Restoration? Let us judge righteous judgment! All evangelical Churchmen of the present day would disobey any law which attempted to bind them to hear *Puseyite* Popery, or *Hawkerite* Antinomianism. Their consciences would not brook such an outrage on truth. Well; the *Pelagianism* of the Restoration was just as abhorrent to the Nonconformists then, as the Oxford Tracts are to sound Churchmen now. True; the Dissenters disliked Episcopacy as much as Pelagianism, and did not believe in the apostolicity of such Doctors as Lindale, nor in the authority of such Bishops as Laud: but do not Churchmen dislike Independency, and disbelieve the apostolic descent of the Puseyites? No law could alter their opinion of these things, much as they revere

magisterial authority in religion. Tens of thousands of them would remain Episcopalians, if either Presbyterianism or Independency were *established* in England to-morrow. Thus they would just do what the Nonconformists of Bunyan's times did—obey only as they believe, in matters of religion. Bunyan went to prison in the very same spirit as the Bishops went to the Tower afterwards. Why then should he be held up as unreasonable or contumacious? His conscience was just as good, and as worthy of respect, as Archbishop Sancroft's; and Bunyan and his fellow prisoners had just as much influence upon the Protestantism of the poor, as "THE SEVEN GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS" had on that of the aristocracy.

These remarks are hung upon Lindale's horns, because his character is not unknown, although his history cannot be given: for it was evidently Dr. Lindale, whom Bunyan *cut up* into the several Witnesses who gave evidence against FAITHFUL, before Lord Hategood, at Vanity Fair. Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank, are only *aliases* of Lindale. Had this pillorying unto all posterity been understood, it would have deterred other Doctors, and Bishop Fowler among the rest, from connecting their names with ill-natured sarcasms upon John Bunyan. The man who does that, puts himself into a *life-boat*, which will land none of its passengers, until the heavens and the earth be no more. Even the man who "blows hot and cold" on Bunyan's memory, cannot get out. Dr. Owen had a very narrow escape from being *taken* into this boat, when the strict Baptists persuaded him to "waive" his promise of prefacing Bunyan's work on Communion.

It is thus a serious matter to tamper with the men who, "like the first lion, *paw* themselves out of the earth," by their own unearthly power, and then shake the whole forest of society by their first majestic roar. The hand that touches their mane in scorn or wantonness, may not wither; but it contracts a *leprous* spot which lasts for ever. Dr. Johnson touched Milton thus; and he must bear the marks of his presumption until Milton be forgotten. Even Brougham perilled himself at the University of Glasgow, by not naming Milton amongst the masters and models of eloquence, in his Inaugural Discourse. This oversight would have been unpardonable, had not the Lord Rector made Milton his *own* model, whilst commending Hooker and Taylor to the students. But of all who have suffered for such tampering with the mighty, Bishop

Hall, our theological Seneca, is most to be pitied; for whether it was his son or himself who denounced Milton as a "miscreant wretch," the cry, "Stone him to death," came from the palace of Norwich. This may easily be forgiven to the author of the "Contemplations;" but it can never be forgotten.

CHAPTER XXII.

BUNYAN'S TRIAL.

1661.

BUNYAN was tried by *five* justices, whose names will be as widely known and as imperishable as "THE FIVE POINTS," although for *other* reasons. Keeling, Chester, Blundale, Beechir, and Snagg, will be *red*-letter names for ever, in the Almanac of Persecution. Dr. Southey has not at all removed them from this

"Bad eminence,"

nor made their standing more honourable, by declaring that he felt "*bound*" to say, "that Bunyan has been most *wrongfully* represented as having been the victim of intolerant laws, and prelatical oppression." These justices were both the interpreters and representatives of law and prelacy; and as he has neither shown that they went beyond their commission, nor that they disgraced it, even when they said that Bunyan's god was Beelzebub, and his spirit the devil, both law and prelacy, as they then reigned, must now stand with them. One of them, Sir George Blundale, could *cudgel* Nonconformists, as well as question, insult, and fine them, when informers brought them before him at his own house:—like his friend Foster, who signalized himself, at the same time, by well nigh ruining a poor *pipe-maker*, and then telling him that his children "must *starve*," if he continued "a rebel." See the chapter—"Bunyan's Church Persecuted." Justice Chester did all he could to set Sir Matthew Hale against Bunyan. Keeling, the judge in this junto, could ape both the insolent buffoonery, and breathe the ruffian spirit, of Jefferies. Indeed, he almost rivalled that *laughing-hyæna*, when he called Bunyan's defence, "canting in pedlar's Latin;" and concluded his sentence of imprisonment by the brutal threat, "You must stretch by the neck for it, if you do not submit;—I tell you plainly." His

learning also equalled that of the popish dignitary, at the Reformation, who pronounced the Hebrew to be a *newly* invented language: Keeling, with equal erudition, affirmed that the Prayer Book had been "since the time of the apostles." Still, with all his faults, he had sense enough to acknowledge that it is mere "*babbling*," for men who have no piety, to address God as their "Father," by the Lord's Prayer.

These hints concerning the justices, will prepare the reader for Bunyan's own account of his trial. "After I had lain in prison above seven weeks," he says, "the Quarter Sessions were to be kept in Bedford, for the county thereof; unto which I was to be brought; and when my jailor had set me before these justices, there was a bill of indictment preferred against me. The extent thereof was as followeth: 'That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, being a person of such and such conditions, he hath (since such a time) devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to *church* to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king,' &c.

"The CLERK. When this was read, the clerk of the sessions said unto me, What say you to this?

"BUN. I said, that as to the first part of it, I was a common frequenter of the church of God. And was also, by grace, a member with the people, over whom Christ is the Head.

"KEELING. But saith Justice Keeling, (who was the judge in that court,) Do you come to church, (you know what I mean) to the *parish* church, to hear divine service?

"BUN. I answered, No, I did not.

"KEEL. He asked me why?

"BUN. I said, because I could not find it commanded in the word of God.

"KEEL. He said we were commanded to pray.

"BUN. I said, but not by the common prayer-book.

"KEEL. He said how then?

"BUN. I said, with the spirit. As the apostle saith, 'I will pray with the spirit, and with the understanding.' 1 *Cor.* xiv. 15.

"KEEL. He said we might pray with the spirit, and with the understanding, and with the common prayer-book also.

"BUN. I said that the prayers in the common prayer-book were such as were made by other men, and not by the motion

of the Holy Ghost within our hearts; and as I said, the apostle saith, he will pray with the spirit, and with the understanding; not with the spirit and the common prayer-book.

"ANOTHER JUSTICE. What do you count prayer? Do you think it is to say a few words over before, or among a people?

"BUN. I said, no, not so; for men might have many elegant or excellent words, and yet not pray at all: but when a man prayeth, he doth through a sense of those things which he wants (which sense is begotten by the Spirit) pour out his heart before God through Christ: though his words be not so many and so excellent as those of others are.

"JUSTICES. They said that was true.

"BUN. I said, this might be done *without* the common prayer-book.

"ANOTHER. One of them said (I think it was Justice Blundale, or Justice Snagg,) How should we know, that you do not *write out* your prayers first, and then read them afterwards to the people? This he spake in a laughing way.

"BUN. I said, it is not our use, to take a pen and paper and write a few words thereon, and then go and read it over to a company of people.

"But how should we know it? said he.

"BUN. Sir, it is none of our custom, said I.

"KEEL. But said Justice Keeling, it is lawful to use the common prayer, and such like forms: for Christ taught his disciples to pray, as John also taught his disciples. And further, said he, Cannot one man teach another to pray? 'Faith comes by hearing:' and one man may convince another of sin, and therefore prayers made by men, and read over, are good to teach, and help men to pray.

"Whilst he was speaking these words, God brought that word into my mind, in the eighth of the Romans, at the 26th verse: I say God brought it, for I had not thought on it before: but as he was speaking, it came so fresh into my mind, and was set as evidently before me, as if the Scripture itself had said, 'Take me, take me;'—so when he had done speaking,

"BUN. I said, Sir, the Scripture saith, that 'it is the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered.' Mark, said I, it doth not say the common prayer-book teacheth us how to

pray, but the Spirit. And 'it is the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities,' saith the apostle; he doth not say it is the common prayer-book.

"And as to the Lord's-prayer, although it be an easy thing to say, 'Our Father,' &c. with the mouth; yet there are very few that can, in the Spirit, say the two first words in that prayer; that is, that can call God their Father, as *knowing* what it is to be born again, and as having experience that they are begotten of the Spirit of God; which if they do not, all is but babbling, &c.

"KEEL. Justice Keeling said, that *this* was a truth.

"BUN. And I say further, as to your saying that one man may convince another of sin, and that 'faith comes by hearing,' and that one man may tell another how he should pray, &c. I say men may tell each other of their sins, but it is the Spirit that must *convince* them.

"And though it be said that 'faith comes by hearing:' yet it is the Spirit that worketh faith in the heart through hearing, or else, they are not profited by hearing.

"And that though one man may tell another how he should pray: yet as I said before, he cannot pray, nor make his condition known to God, except the Spirit help. It is not the common prayer-book that can do this. It is the Spirit that showeth us our sins, and the Spirit that showeth us a Saviour: and the Spirit that stirreth up in our hearts' desires to come to God, for such things as we stand in need of, even sighing out our souls unto him for them with 'groans which cannot be uttered.' With other words to the same purpose. At this they were *set*.

"KEEL. But says Justice Keeling, what have you *against* the common prayer-book?

"BUN. I said, Sir, if you will hear me, I shall lay down my reasons against it.

"KEEL. He said, I should have liberty; but first, said he, let me give you one caution; take heed of speaking *irreverently* of the common prayer-book; for if you do so, you will bring great damage upon yourself.

"BUN. So I proceeded, and said, my first reason was because it was not *commanded* in the word of God, and therefore I could not use it.

"ANOTHER. One of them said, where do you find it commanded in the Scripture, that you should go to Elstow or

Bedford, and yet it is lawful to go to either of them, is it not?

"BUN. I said, to go to Elstow, or Bedford was a *civil* thing, and not material, though not commanded; and yet God's word allowed me to go about my calling, and therefore if it lay there, then to go thither, &c. But to pray, was a great part of the divine worship of God, and therefore it ought to be done according to the *rule* of God's word.

"ANOTHER. One of them said, he will do *harm:* let him speak no further.

"JUST. KEEL. Justice Keeling said, No, no, never fear him, we are better *established* than that; he can do no harm: we *know* the Common Prayer-Book hath been ever since the APOSTLES' time, and it is lawful for it to be used in the church.

"BUN. I said, show me the place in the epistles, where the common prayer-book is written, or one text of Scripture, that commands me to read it, and I will use it. But yet notwithstanding, said I, they that have a *mind* to use it, they have their liberty, that is, I would not keep them from it: but for our parts, we can pray to God without it. Blessed be his name!

"With that one of them said, Who is your God, BEELZEBUB? Moreover, they often said I was possessed with the spirit of delusion, and of the devil. All which sayings, I passed over; the Lord forgive them! And further, I said, blessed be the Lord for it, we are encouraged to meet together, and to pray, and exhort one another; for we have had the comfortable presence of God among us; for ever blessed be his holy name!

"KEEL. Justice Keeling called this *pedlar's* French, saying, that I must leave off my canting. The Lord open his eyes!

"BUN. I said, that we ought to 'exhort one another daily while it is called to-day.'

"KEEL. Justice Keeling said, that I ought not to preach. And asked me where I had my authority!—with other such like words.

"BUN. I said, that I would prove that it was *lawful* for me, and such as I am, to preach the word of God.

"KEEL. He said unto me, by what Scripture?

"I said, by that in the first epistle of Peter, the ivth chap. the 11th ver. and Acts the xviiith, with other scriptures, which

he would not suffer me to mention. But said, hold; not so *many;* which is the first?

"Bun. I said this: 'As every man hath received the gift, even so let him minister the same unto another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God: if any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God,' &c.

"Keel. He said, let me a little open that scripture to you: 'As every man hath received the gift;' that is, said he, as every man hath received a *trade* so let him follow it. If any man have received the gift of *tinkering*, as thou hast done, let him follow his tinkering. And so other men their trades. And the Divine his calling, &c.

"Bun. Nay, Sir, said I, but it is most clear, that the apostle speaks here of *preaching* the Word; if you do but compare both the verses together, the next verse explains this gift, what it is; saying, 'If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God.' So that it is plain, that the Holy Ghost doth not so much in this place exhort to *civil* callings, as to the exercise of those gifts that we have received from God. I would have gone on, but he would not give me leave.

"Keel. He said we might do it in our *families*, but not otherwise.

"Bun. I said, if it were lawful to do good to some, it was lawful to good to more. If it were a good duty to exhort our families, it was good to exhort others: but if they held it a sin to meet together to seek the face of God, and exhort one another to follow Christ, I should *sin still:* for so we should do.

"Keel. He said he was not so well versed in scripture as to dispute, or words to that purpose. And said, moreover, that they could not wait upon me any longer; but said to me, then you confess the *indictment*, do you not? Now, and not till *now*, I saw I was indicted!

"Bun. I said, this I confess,—we have had many meetings together, both to pray to God, and to exhort one another, and that we had the sweet comforting presence of the Lord among us for our encouragement, blessed be his name; therefore, I confess myself guilty, and no otherwise.

"Keel. Then said he, *hear* your judgment. 'You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to *church* to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm: and if, after such a day as shall be

appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, &c. or be found to come over again without special license from the king, &c. you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly ;' and so he bid my jailor have me away.

"BUN. I told him, as to this matter, I was at a *point* with him: for if I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the gospel again *to-morrow*, by the help of God.

"ANOTHER. To which one made me some answer; but my jailor pulling me away to be gone, I could not tell what he said.

"Thus I departed from them; and I can truly say, I bless the Lord Jesus Christ for it, that my heart was sweetly refreshed in the time of my examination, and also afterwards, at my returning to the prison: so that I found Christ's words more than bare trifles, where he saith, 'He will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay, nor resist.' This peace no man can take from us.

"Thus have I given you the substance of my examination. The Lord make this profitable to all that shall read or hear it. FAREWELL."

This trial is wonderfully like some earlier trials, which are now universally condemned by Protestants. Thus the Lollards and Wycliffites were treated by the Church and State of their times: but what Protestant would call them unreasonable; or say of them, that having persuaded themselves "by *weak* arguments, they used them as strong ones;" or distinguish between them and Martyrs "who had no other alternative than idolatry or the stake?" Not Dr. Southey, certainly. And yet, thus he *distinguishes* between Bunyan, and the Martyrs whose example Bunyan was prepared to follow. Why? Because, he says, Bunyan was "neither called upon to *renounce* any thing that he did believe, nor to *profess* any thing he did not." —*Life*, p. 70. Now it is true that, "except in the point of infant baptism, he did not differ a hair's breadth from the doctrines" of the Church of England. So far there is no parallel between Bunyan and the first Protestant martyrs. But although the points for which he contended were not the same, the *penalty* for preaching them "up and down the country" was imprisonment, banishment, or death: and therefore, the less he differed from the Church in doctrine, the more culpable was the Church in calling for the sword of the Magistrate. Never were her Altars or her Liturgy so *profaned*, as when attendance on them was enforced by fines, chains, and dun-

geons. This was a desecration of them, viler than any which the most fanatical of the Roundheads perpetrated. The Prayer-Book was shamefully insulted when it was tossed by their spears, and torn by their mailed hands: but it was *disgraced*, when its own votaries enforced it by batons, brands, and the sword. When thus *bristled* with weapons so unlike itself, and so alien to its holy design, Bunyan was more than justified in rejecting the use of it, and in refusing to worship where it was used: for, what was it but an *idol*, when, like the golden image on the plain of Dura, the fiery furnace sustained its claims? The King and the Church went as far beyond their prerogative when they commanded all men to worship by it, as Nebuchadnezzar when he commanded all men to worship his golden image. Besides, the SWORD in Religion is as much an idol as Moloch or Baal. No idolatry which the first Protestants "resisted even unto blood," was more opposed to either the letter or the spirit of Christianity, than the sword of persecution. Bunyan was, therefore, ready to *go* to the stake for the *same* principle that the Lollards and Wycliffites *went* to it. He knew the spirit of Christianity, although the Church mistook it, and although the author of "The Book of the Church," says, that "John Bunyan did not ask himself how far the case of those Martyrs resembled the situation in which he was placed." He saw, if Dr. Southey do not, that resistance unto blood, against a system which "reigned unto death," was "a plain duty wherewith there may be no compromise."—*Life*. This *fling* at Bunyan's martyr-spirit, as influenced by weak arguments, is very like Dr. Lingard's explanation of that faithful martyr, SAWTRE, whom Arundel burnt at Smithfield, in 1401;—"The enthusiast aspired to the crown of martyrdom, and had the satisfaction to fall a *victim* to his own folly."

In thus animadverting upon the Church of the Restoration I do not forget that the Church of the Commonwealth persecuted also. Laws or swords *forbidding* the Prayer-Book, were as unchristian as those which enforced it. Dissenters, however, do not palliate the errors of the Puritans, nor sneer at the victims of their intolerance. No Nonconformist pen would underrate the imprisonment, or the privations, of Bishops Hall and Taylor. They too were high-minded and hot-minded men; engaged in "a course of dangerous activity," at one time; but who would flippantly say of them, that they "had leisure in *confinement*, to cool and ripen?" No good cause can

be promoted or upheld, by disparaging the spirit, motives, or reasons of such men as Taylor, Hall, and Bunyan, when they became sufferers for conscience' sake. Even historical truth is trifled with, when it is said of Bunyan, that "he was only required not to go about the country holding conventicles." Well might Conder call this "extreme disingenuousness," seeing "the statute under which Bunyan was indicted, rendered his nonconformity itself a *crime;* for his abstaining from coming to Church was placed at the *front* of his offence: and he was not only required to profess what, in him, would have been *hypocrisy*, but to renounce what he believed to be his sacred duty."—*Life*, p. 25.

His own explanations in the Pilgrim's Progress, will best close this chapter: FAITHFUL is made to say, "In answer to what Mr. *Envy* hath spoken, I never said aught but this;—that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were *flat* against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. As to Mr. *Superstition*, and his charge against me, I said only this,—that in the worship of God a *divine* faith is required, and there can be no divine faith without a divine Revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into His worship, not agreeable to divine Revelation, cannot be done but by a *human* faith; which faith will not be profitable to Eternal Life."

CHAPTER XXIII.

BUNYAN'S DEFENCE.

1661.

BUNYAN's defence did not end with his trial. He had to argue the question over again with the Clerk of the Peace and the Jailor. "The Justices," as he calls them, seem, like Pilate, to have "feared the people;" and therefore sent Cobb, the Clerk, to negociate with him privately. And they chose well: for Cobb was a good diplomatist, and Bunyan regarded him as a friend. This circumstance brought out a full view of Bunyan's spirit. He spoke without reserve or suspicion; and thus, although he furnished his Tempter with weapons which were afterwards wielded against himself, he also threw open his heart to posterity, and showed at once his *metal* and motives. Neither Cobb's reasonings, nor the Jailor's kind remonstrances, moved him at all, except to acknowledge their "meekness;" a compliment which the *cobwebs* ill deserved; for they were spun to ensnare him, as the Spider showed eventually.

This does not appear from the process of the negociation. Throughout that, Cobb seems a kind, although not a wise, friend; and Bunyan somewhat obstinate, as well as firm: for he refused to accept the liberty of exhorting his neighbours privately. He would be nothing but a Preacher, or a Prisoner; a Minister, or a Martyr! This was not obstinacy in him. He had felt it to be his duty to preach salvation to others, even when he had little or no hope of salvation for himself. Neither the fear nor the fire of the wrath of God, even when at their height in his own mind, could stop him from warning men to flee from that wrath. It was not likely, therefore, that the wrath of man would weigh with him.

Besides, he had learned, by some means, that Wycliffe had said, "Whoever leaveth off preaching the Word of God for fear of excommunication from men, is excommunicated by

God already, and shall be counted a *Traitor* to Christ in the day of judgment." This was enough for Bunyan; for Wycliffe had said it! No matter that he could not read the "*Impedimenta Evangelizantium*," nor that he had no access to the English MS. at Cambridge, entitled, "How Antichrist and his Clerkis feran trewe prestis fro prechyinge of Christis gospel,"—he knew the Author's opinion, and identified himself with it, although he had no Duke of Lancaster, nor any Lord Percy, to awe his enemies.

It is a curious coincidence, that the Monkish historians implicate Wycliffe in the insurrection of Watt Tyler, just in the same way that Dr. Southey connects *Venner's* insurrection with Puritanism and Bunyan's arrest!

These hints will enable the reader to appreciate Bunyan's narrative of what he calls, "The Substance of some Discourse had between the Clerk of the Peace and myself, when he came to admonish me, according to the tenor of that Law by which I was in Prison.

"When I had lain in prison other twelve weeks, not knowing what they intended to do with me, the third of April, 1661, comes Mr. Cobb unto me, (as he told me) being sent by the justices to admonish me, and demand of me submittance to the Church of England &c. The extent of our discourse was as followeth.

"Cobb. When he was come into the house he sent for me out of my chamber; and when I was come unto him, he said, Neighbour Bunyan, how do you do?

"Bun. I thank you, Sir, said I, very well, blessed be the Lord.

"Cobb. Saith he, I come to tell you, that it is desired, you would submit yourself to the laws of the land, or else at the next sessions it will go worse with you, even to be sent away *out* of the nation, or else *worse* than that.

"Bun. I said, that I did desire to demean myself in the world, both as becometh a man and a Christian.

"Cobb. But saith he, you must submit to the laws of the land, and leave off those meetings, which you was wont to have: for the statute law is directly against it; and I am sent to you by the justices to tell you, that they do *intend* to prosecute the law against you, if you submit not.

"Bun. I said, Sir, I conceive that the law by which I am in prison at this time, doth not reach or condemn either me, or the meetings which I do frequent; that law was made

against those, that being designed to do evil in their meetings, make the exercise of religion their pretence to cover their wickedness. It doth not forbid the private meetings of those that plainly and simply make it their only end to worship the Lord, and to exhort one another to edification. My end in meeting with others is simply to do as much good as I can, by exhortation and counsel, according to that small measure of light which God hath given me, and not to disturb the peace of the nation.

"Cobb. Every one may say the same, said he; you see the late insurrection at London, under what glorious pretences they went, and yet indeed they intended no less than the ruin of the kingdom and commonwealth."

("Mr. Cobb," says Ivimey, "referred to the fifth monarchy men, a small number of enthusiasts. Their leader was Thomas Venner, a wine-cooper, who in his little conventicle, in Coleman-street, warmed his admirers with passionate expectations of a fifth universal monarchy, under the personal reign of King Jesus upon earth, and that the saints were to take the kingdom themselves. To introduce this imaginary kingdom, they marched out of their meeting-house towards St. Paul's Churchyard, on Sunday, January 6, 1661, to the number of about fifty men well armed, and with a resolution to subvert the present government, or die in the attempt. They published a declaration of the design of their rising, and placed sentinels at proper places. The Lord Mayor sent the Trained Bands to disperse them, whom they quickly routed, but in the evening retired to Cane Wood, between Highgate and Hampstead. On Wednesday morning they returned, and dispersed a party of the King's soldiers in Threadneedle-street. In Wood-street they repelled the Trained Bands, and some of the Horse-guards; but Venner himself was knocked down, and some of his company slain; from hence the remainder retreated to Cripplegate, and took possession of a house, which they threatened to defend with a deperate resolution, but nobody appearing to countenance their frenzy, they surrendered after they had lost about half their number: Venner and one of his officers, were hanged before their meeting-house door in Coleman-street January 19; and a few days after, nine more were executed in divers parts of the city.")

Bun. That practice of theirs I abhor, said I; yet it doth not follow, that because they did so, therefore all others will do so. I look upon it as my *duty* to behave myself under the

king's government, both as becomes a man and a Christian, and if an occasion were offered me, I should willingly manifest my *loyalty* to my prince both by word and deed.

"Cobb. Well, said he, I do not profess myself to be a man that can dispute; but this I say truly, neighbour Bunyan, I would have you consider this matter seriously, and submit yourself; you may have your liberty to exhort your neighbour in *private* discourse, so be you do not call together an assembly of people; and truly you may do much good to the church of Christ, if you would go this way; and this you may do, and the law will not abridge you of it. It is your *private meetings* that the law is against.

"Bun. Sir, said I, if I may do good to *one* by my discourse, why may I not do good to two? And if to *two*, why not to four, and so to eight?

"Cobb. Ay, saith he, and to a *hundred*, I warrant you.

"Bun. Yes, Sir, said I, I think I should not be forbid to do as much good as I can.

"Cobb. But, saith he, you may but *pretend* to do good, and instead, notwithstanding, do harm, by seducing the people; you are therefore denied your meeting so many together, lest you should do harm.

"Bun. And yet, said I, you say the law *tolerates* me to discourse with my neighbour; surely there is no law tolerates me to seduce any one; therefore if I may by the law discourse with one, surely it is to do him good; and if I by discoursing may do good to one, surely by the same law, I may do good to many.

"Cobb. The law, saith he, doth expressly forbid your *private* meetings, therefore, they are not to be tolerated.

"Bun. I told him, that I would not entertain so much uncharitableness of that parliament in the 35th of Elizabeth, or of the Queen herself, as to think they did by that law intend the oppressing of any of God's ordinances, or the interrupting any in the way of God; but men may, in the wresting of it, turn it against the way of God; but take the law in itself, and it only fighteth against those that drive at *mischief* in their hearts and meeting, making religion only their cloak, colour, or pretence; for so are the words of the statute.

"Cobb. Very good; therefore the king seeing that pretences are usually in and among people, so as to make religion their pretence only; therefore he, and the law before him,

doth forbid such private meetings, and tolerates only public; you may meet in public.

"Bun. Sir, said I, let me answer you in a similitude: set the case that, at such a *Wood* corner, there did usually come forth thieves to do mischief, must there therefore a law be made, that every one that cometh out there shall be killed? May not there come out from thence true men as well as thieves? Just thus is it in this case; I do think there may be many, that may design the destruction of the commonwealth. But it doth not follow therefore that all private meetings are unlawful. Those that transgress, let them be punished. And if at any time I myself should do any act in my conversation as doth not become a man and Christian, let me bear the punishment. And as for your saying I may meet in public, if I may be suffered, I would gladly do it. Let me have but meeting enough in public, and I shall care the less to have them in private. I do not meet in private because I am *afraid* to have meetings in public. I bless the Lord that my heart is at that point, that if any man can lay any thing to my charge, either in doctrine or in practice, in this particular, that can be proved error or heresy, I am willing to disown it, even in the very market-place. But if it be truth, then to stand to it to the *last drop* of my blood. And, Sir, said I, you ought to commend me for so doing. To err, and to be a heretic, are two things: I am no heretic, because I will not stand refractorily to defend any one thing that is contrary to the word: prove any thing which I hold, to be an *error*, and I will recant it.

"Cobb. But goodman Bunyan, said he, methinks you need not stand so strictly upon this one thing, as to have meetings of such public assemblies. Cannot you submit, and, notwithstanding, do as much good as you can, in a neighbourly way, without having such meetings?

"Bun. Truly, Sir, said I, I do not desire to commend myself, but to think meanly of myself: yet when I do most despise myself, I cannot help taking notice of that small measure of *light* which God hath given me, also that the people of the Lord (by their own saying) are edified thereby. Besides, when I see that the Lord, through grace, hath in some measure blessed my labour, I dare not but exercise that gift which God hath given me, for the good of the people. And I said further, that I would willingly speak in public if I might.

"Cobb. He said, that I might come to the public assemblies

and hear. What though you do not preach? you may hear. Do not think yourself so well enlightened, and that you have received a gift so far above others, but that you may hear other men preach. Or to that purpose.

"Bun. I told him, I was as willing to be *taught* as to give instruction, and I looked upon it as my duty to do both; for, said I, a man that is a teacher, he himself may learn also from another that teacheth; as the apostle saith, 'We may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn.' That is, every man that hath received a gift from God, he may dispense it, that others may be comforted; and when he hath done, he may hear, and learn, and be comforted himself of others.

"Cobb. But, said he, what if you should forbear awhile, and sit still, till you see further how things will go?

"Bun. Sir, said I, Wycliffe saith, that he which leaveth off preaching and hearing of the word of God for fear of excommunication of men, he is *already* excommunicated of God, and shall in the day of judgment be counted a traitor to Christ.

"Cobb. Ay, saith he, they that do not *hear* shall be so counted indeed; do you therefore hear.

"Bun. But, Sir, said I, he saith, he that shall leave off either *preaching* or hearing, &c. That is, if he hath received a *gift* for edification, it is his sin, if he doth not lay it out in a way of exhortation and counsel, according to the proportion of his gift; as well as to spend his time altogether in hearing others preach.

"Cobb. But, said he, how shall we know that *you* have received a gift?

"Bun. Said I, let any man hear, and search, and prove the doctrine by the Bible.

"Cobb. But will you be willing, said he, that two *indifferent* persons shall determine the case, and will you *stand* by their judgment?

"Bun. I said, are they *infallible?*

"He said, no.

"Bun. Then, said I, it is possible my judgment may be as *good* as theirs. But yet I will pass by either, and in this matter be judged by the Scriptures; I am sure that is infallible, and cannot err.

"Cobb. But, said he, who shall be judge between you? for you take the Scriptures one way, and they another.

"Bun. I said, the Scripture should, and that by comparing

one scripture with another; for that will open itself if it be rightly compared. As for instance, if under the different apprehensions of the word MEDIATOR, ('He seems shrewdly to remind Mr. Cobb,' says Ivimey, 'that as he had undertaken the office of a mediator between him and the justices, he should be *faithful* to both parties,') *you* would know the truth of it, the Scriptures open it; and tell us, that he that is a mediator, must take up the business between two, and 'a mediator is not a mediator of one—but God is one, and there is one mediator between God and man, even the man Christ Jesus.' So likewise the Scripture calleth Christ a complete, or perfect, or able high priest. That is opened in that he is called man and also God. His blood also is discovered to be effectually efficacious by the same things. So the Scripture, as touching the matter of meeting together, &c., doth likewise sufficiently open itself and discover its meaning.

"COBB. But are you willing, said he, to stand to the *judgment* of the *church?*

"BUN. Yes Sir, said I, to the approbation of the church of God, (the church's judgment is best expressed in Scripture.) We had much other discourse, which I cannot well remember, about the laws of the nation, and submission to governors; after which I told him, that I did look upon myself as bound in conscience to walk according to all righteous laws, and that, whether there were a king or not; and if I did any thing that was contrary, I did hold it my duty to bear patiently the penalty of the law, that was provided against such offenders; with many more words to the like effect. And I said moreover, that to cut off all occasions of suspicion from any, as touching the harmlessness of my doctrines in private, I would willingly take the pains to give any one the *notes* of all my sermons. For I do sincerely desire to live quietly in my country, and to submit to the present authority.

"COBB. Well, neighbour Bunyan, said he, but indeed I would wish you seriously to consider of these things, between this and the quarter-sessions, and to submit yourself. You may do much good if you *continue* still in the land. But alas, what benefit will it be to your friends, or what good can you do to them, if you should be sent away beyond the seas into SPAIN or CONSTANTINOPLE, or some other remote part of the world? Pray be ruled!

"JAIL. Indeed, Sir, *I hope he will be ruled!*

"BUN. I shall desire, said I, in all godliness and honesty to

behave myself in the nation whilst I am in it. And if I must be so dealt withal, as you say, I hope God will help me to bear what they shall lay upon me. I know no evil that I have done in this matter, to be so used. I speak as in the *presence* of God.

"Cobb. You know, saith he, that the Scripture saith, 'the powers that be, are ordained of God.'

"Bun. I said yes, and that I was to submit to the king as supreme, and also to the governors, as to them who are sent by him.

"Cobb. Well then, said he, the king then commands you, that you should not have any private meetings; because it is against his law, and he is ordained of God, therefore you should not have any.

"Bun. I told him, that Paul did own the powers that were in his day, to be of God; and yet he was *often* in prison under them for all that. And also, though Jesus Christ told Pilate, that he had no power against him, but of God, yet he died under the same Pilate; and yet, said I, I hope you will not say, that either Paul or Christ, were such as did deny magistracy, and so sinned against God in slighting the ordinance. Sir, said I, the law hath provided two ways of obeying:—The one to do that which I in my conscience do believe that I am bound to do, *actively;* and where I cannot obey actively, there I am willing to lie down, and to *suffer* what they shall do unto me. At this he sat still and said no more; which when he had done, I did thank him for his civil and meek discoursing with me; and so we parted.

"O that we might meet in Heaven!" Bunyan exclaimed, as this negociation closed. They met first, however, in the Court, at the Bedford Assizes in 1662, and then Cobb meanly and malignantly deprived him of the opportunity of appearing before the Judge; blotted his name from the Calendar, threatened his Jailer, and suborned the Court against him. Well might Bunyan say, "Mister Cobb did discover himself to be one of *my greatest* opposers."

It was well for Bunyan that he knew Wycliffe's opinion. It had as much influence upon his manly resistance of unjust human Laws, as Luther's opinions had upon his evangelical treatment of the divine Law. It is thus that the *watchwords* of the Master-Spirits of one age, find out and unfold the incipient master-spirits of fu'ure ages, whenever a crisis comes. Wycliffe and Luther, Bunyan and Baxter, Whitefield and

Wesley, have not done half their *work* yet upon the world. Their "winged words," are but rising to the eagle-elevation, from which they will shoot down with eagle-power upon all ecclesiastical error, apathy, and inefficiency. Our old Reformers, will *reform* us eventually, if their Books be allowed to live! And, *live* they will, whatever die! No man, in his senses, can imagine for a moment, that the mongrel theology of the Oxford Tract School, or the meagre theology of the Christian Knowledge Society, can ever supersede Barrow, or suppress Butler, or eclipse Newton, or neutralize Simeon. The world cannot be thrown *back* thus, by monks, hermits, or hierophants. The four winds of heaven are too full of the *winged* seeds of both the *first* and the *second* Reformation (Protestantism and Methodism,) to allow the arable land of the nation to be sown again with the *Tares* of popery, priestcraft, or formalism. What is the *weight* of a Pusey, Hook, or Exeter, when thrown into the scale against Taylor and Tillotson; Baxter and Butler; Bishop Hall and John Bunyan? "Less than nothing and vanity!" Contrasts, which shock the understanding, and sharpen the wits, of thinking men!

CHAPTER XXIV.

BUNYAN'S SECOND WIFE.

1661.

THE woman whom Sir Matthew Hale evidently respected, as well as pitied and advised, when she pleaded in open Court her husband's cause, deserves to share her husband's immortality. She would have deserved this, had there been no HALE to appreciate her. Well might Mr. St. John say of her, "It is abundantly manifest, that the wife of the humble preacher fell not short of an Arria or a Lady Russell in soul." He might have added, that Pliny had not a better comforter in his Hispulla, nor Cicero an abler advocate in his Terentia, than Bunyan had in his Elizabeth.

Mr. St. John has done himself great credit by saying of the second Mrs. Bunyan, that she was "worthy of the first." The first deserves this tribute, although she had neither the talents nor the spirit of the second: for her meek and quiet spirit made her as emphatically "a helpmate" for Bunyan whilst he was a prisoner in Doubting Castle, as Elizabeth was when he was a prisoner in Bedford Jail. It may be said of each of them with equal truth, "of this fine, high-minded Englishwoman, little, by far too little is known."

I can hardly forgive Bunyan for saying so little about his first wife. He has not said much, indeed, about the second; but then, he has allowed her to speak for herself; whereas, he has left only the *works* of the first "to praise her in the gate." Well; her works are no *mute* memorial! Perhaps Bunyan thought so, and therefore was silent; for fine taste was one of the instincts of his genius. He showed this, by saying nothing of her death. That was most likely hastened by the calumny and threatnings, which assailed him so long and sharply. These "*smayed*" (dismayed,) at first, even the high spirit of his young wife; and well nigh proved as fatal to herself as to her first-born. No wonder, therefore, if they brought the wife of his youth to a premature grave, after all the hard work,

and harder watching, which she had gone through for many years. He did well, therefore, in saying nothing about her death, in his Narratives. He could only have traced it to the same cause, which perilled the life of Elizabeth; and as this must have drawn down public odium, if not indignation, upon the ringleaders of his enemies, he remained silent, that they might be safe. Besides, Bunyan never brings forward any part of his *domestic* history, but when it is essential to explain leading points in his character or ministry; and even then, the references are but slight; for he is delicately modest, even when he is most egotistical; and always more concerned for his *public* object, than for his private affairs. Accordingly, he allows Elizabeth no *second* opportunity of displaying either her conjugal and maternal character, or her natural eloquence and noble spirit, after she has defended his *ministerial* rights before the Judges. Indeed, from that time she disappears altogether. It is delightful, however, to trace in the subsequent narrative, the high zest and complacency with which Bunyan records, what Mr. St. John well calls the "intrepid replies of his young wife, when pleading for his liberty, in language which the most Patrician lips might not have scorned, and which shook the resolution, or disturbed the equanimity, of more than one of the assembly." Bunyan says, "After I had received sentence of Banishment or Hanging from them, and after the former admonition, touching the determination of the justices, if I did not recant; just when the time drew nigh, in which I should have *abjured*, or have done worse (as Mr. Cobb told me) came the time in which the king was to be crowned, April 23, 1661. Now at the coronation of kings, there is usually a releasement of divers prisoners by virtue of his coronation: in which privilege also I should have had my share; but that they took me for a *convicted* person, and therefore, unless I sued out a *pardon*, (as they called it.) I could have no benefit thereby, notwithstanding; yet forasmuch as the coronation proclamation did give liberty from the day the king was crowned, to that day twelvemonth to sue it out; therefore, though they would not let me out of prison, as they let out thousands, yet they could not meddle with me, as touching the *execution* of their sentence; because of the liberty offered for the suing out of pardons. Whereupon I continued in prison till the next assizes, which are called Midsummer Assizes, being then kept in August, 1661.

"Now at that assizes, because I would not leave any possible

means unattempted, that might be lawful; I did, by my wife, present a petition to the judges three times, that I might be heard, and that they would impartially take my case into consideration.

"The first time my wife went, she presented it to Judge Hale, who very mildly received it at her hand, telling her that he would do her and me the best good he could; but he feared, he said he could do none. The next day again, lest they should through the multitude of business forget me, we did throw another petition into the coach to Judge Twisdon; who, when he had seen it, *snapt* her up, and angrily told her that I was a convicted person, and could not be released, unless I would promise to preach no more, &c.

"Well, after this, she yet again presented another to Judge Hale, as he sat on the bench, who, as it seemed, was willing to give her audience. Only Justice Chester being present, stept up and said, that I was convicted in the court, and that I was a *hot-spirited* fellow (or words to that purpose) whereat he waved it, and did not meddle therewith. But yet, my wife being encouraged by the high-sheriff, did venture once more into their presence (as the poor widow did before the unjust judge,) to try what she could do with them for my liberty, before they went forth of the town. The place where she went to them, was to the Swan-chamber, where the two judges, and many justices and gentry of the country, were in company together. She then, coming into the chamber with abashed face, and trembling heart, began her errand to them in this manner.

"Woman. My Lord, (directing herself to Judge Hale,) I make bold to come once again to your Lordship, to know what may be done with my husband.

"Judge Hale. To whom he said, Woman, I told thee before, I could do thee no good; because they have taken that for a conviction which thy husband spoke at the sessions; and unless there be something done to *undo* that, I can do thee no good.

"Wom. My Lord, said she, he is kept unlawfully in prison; they clapped him up before there were any proclamations against the meetings: the indictment also is false: besides, they never asked him whether he was guilty or no: neither did he confess the indictment.

"One of the Justices. Then one of the Justices that

stood by, whom she knew not, said, My Lord, he was lawfully convicted.

"Wom. It is false, said she, for when they said to him do you confess the indictment? He said only this, that he had been at several meetings, both where there were preaching the word, and prayer, and that they had God's presence among them.

Judge Twisdon. Whereat Judge Twisdon answered very angrily, saying, What, you think we can do what we list; your husband is a breaker of the peace, and is convicted by the law, &c. Whereupon Judge Hale called for the statute book.

"Wom. But, said she, my Lord, he was not lawfully convicted.

"Chester. Then Justice Chester said, my Lord, he was lawfully convicted.

"Wom. It is false, said she; it was but a word of discourse that they took for a conviction (as you heard before.)

"Chest. But it is recorded, Woman, it is recorded, said Justice Chester. As if it must be of necessity true because it was *recorded!* With which words he often endeavoured to stop her mouth, having no other argument to convince her, but 'it is recorded, it is recorded.'

"Wom. My Lord, said she, I was a while since at London, to see if I could get my husband's liberty, and there I spoke with my Lord Barkwood, one of the House of Lords, to whom I delivered a petition, who took it of me and presented it to some of the rest of the House of Lords, for my husband's releasement; who, when they had seen it, they said, that they could not release him, but *committed* his releasement to the judges, at the next assizes. This he told me; and now I am come to you to see if any thing may be done in this business, and *you* give neither releasement nor relief! To which they gave her *no* answer, but made as if they heard her not. Only Justice Chester was often up with this, 'He is convicted,' and 'it is recorded.'

"Wom. If it be it is *false*, said she.

"Chest. My Lord, said Justice Chester, he is a *pestilent* fellow; there is not such a fellow in the country again.

"Twis. What, will your husband leave preaching? If he will do so, then send for him.

"Wom. My Lord, said she, he *dares* not leave preaching, as long as he can speak.

"Twis. See here, what should we talk any more about such a fellow? Must he do what *he* lists? He is a breaker of the peace.

"Wom. She told him again, that he desired to live peaceably, and to follow his calling, that his family might be maintained; and moreover, said she, my Lord, I have *four small children*, that cannot help themselves, one of which is *blind*, and we have nothing to live upon, but the charity of good people.

"Hale. Hast thou four children? said Judge Hale; thou art but a young woman to have four children.

"Wom. My Lord, said she, I am but mother-in-law to them, having not been married to him yet full two years. Indeed I was with child when my husband was first apprehended: but being young, and unaccustomed to such things, said she, I being *smayed* at the news, fell into labour, and so continued for eight days, and then was delivered, but my child died.

"Hale. Whereat, he looking very soberly on the matter, said, *Alas, poor woman!*

"Twis. But Judge Twisdon told her, that she made poverty her cloak; and said, moreover, that he understood, I was maintained better by running up and down a preaching, than by following my calling.

"Hale. What is his calling? said Judge Hale.

"Answer. Then some of the company that stood by, said, A *tinker*, my Lord.

"Wom. Yes, said she, and because he is a tinker, and a poor man, therefore he is despised, and cannot have justice.

"Hale. Then Judge Hale answered, very mildly, saying, I tell thee, woman, seeing it is so, that they have taken what thy husband spake, for a conviction; thou must either apply thyself to the King, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error.

"Chest. But when Justice Chester heard him give her this counsel; and especially (as she supposed) because he spoke of a writ of error, he chafed, and seemed to be very much offended; saying, my Lord, he will preach and do what he lists.

"Wom. He preacheth nothing but the word of God, said she.

"Twis. He preach the word of God! said Twisdon, (and withal, she thought he would have *struck* her,) he runneth up and down, and doth harm.

"Wom. No, my Lord, said she, it is not so, God hath owned him, and done much good by him.

"Twis. God! said he, his doctrine is the doctrine of the devil.

Wom. My Lord, said she, when the righteous Judge shall appear, it will be known, that his doctrine is not the doctrine of the devil.

"Twis. My Lord, said he, to Judge Hale, do not mind her, but send her away.

"Hale. Then said Judge Hale, I am sorry, woman, that I can do thee no good; thou must do one of those three things aforesaid, namely, either to apply thyself to the King, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error;—but a *writ of error* will be cheapest.

"Wom. At which Chester again seemed to be in a chafe, and put off his hat, and as she thought, *scratched* his head for anger. But when I saw, said she, that there was no prevailing to have my husband sent for, though I often desired them that they would send for him, that he might speak for himself, telling them, that he could give them better satisfaction than I could, in what they demanded of him; with several other things, which now I forget; only this I remember, that though I was somewhat *timorous* at my first entrance into the chamber, yet before I went out, I could not but break forth into tears, not so much because they were so hard hearted against me, and my husband, but to think what a *sad account* such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord, when they shall there answer for all things whatsoever they have done in the body, whether it be good, or whether it be bad.

"So when I departed from them, the book of statutes was brought, but what they said of it, I know nothing at all, neither did I hear any more from them." So *Empona* pleaded for her husband, Julius Sabinus, before Vespacian; but although the Emperor wept like Hale, he decreed like Twisdon and Chester.

Judge Hale appears here, as in every thing but the trial of Witches, to great advantage. Twisdon also appears what he was,—a reckless time-server. He had no pity for Bunyan, and no patience with Elizabeth; but he afterwards acquitted Crowther, (a very Titus Oates, or Dangerfield, for getting up plots,) whom the poor mechanics of Manchester had denounced as a *Trepanner*, to the government. This occurred during

the progress of the Lancashire Plot, when all means were tried to implicate Lord Delamere and Sir Richard Houghton in a conspiracy.

There is a pamphlet on this subject, now very rare entitled, "The Grand Trepan Detected," 1667. It was written by Evan Price, a poor labourer, who was alternately tempted and punished by Sir R. Mosely, to give evidence against Lord Delamere and his suspected friends. Poor Evan had nothing to tell, although he was offered a thousand pounds, or one-tenth of the estates of all whom he might betray. He became an author, however, when he found that Twisdon acquitted, and the Goverment rewarded Crowther, the Trepanner. His Tract is preserved in the unique collection of the Baptist College in Bristol. Twisdon was also one of the Judges who sat on the trial of Lord Morly for murder, in 1666, when all the Judges of England, but Keyling, wore their scarlet robes, but forgot to bring their collars of S. S.—*Sir J. B. Williams' Life of Hale.*

CHAPTER XXV.

BUNYAN AND THE PRAYER BOOK.

1662.

As Bunyan had been tried again for Nonconformity by Dr. Southey, and brought in guilty—of being at "that time, no preacher of good will, nor of Christian charity;" and but "little reasonable or tolerant" toward the Prayer-Book,—it is necessary to examine the grounds of this conclusion. And, happily, the question, Why, and how far, he disliked the Prayer Book, can be answered without putting that Book upon its trial. I have no inclination to sit in judgment upon that venerable volume, as a whole. I have already said, that Bunyan was unduly prejudiced against it: for I neither question, nor wonder, that the Liturgy is found to be a Bethel Ladder, by which devotional minds can ascend from earth to heaven with angel-like alacrity, and weak minds are "mightily helped." Still the more true this is, the more criminal it was to enforce liturgical worship by the sword. Besides, Bunyan could both worship, and conduct worship well, without it. He felt no more need of it than Jacob did on Peniel, or the Apostles in Jerusalem. The Prayer Book would, I think, have been very useful to his village-flocks, when he could not meet them, if they had been allowed to use it just as they wanted it. But they were not. They were commanded to hear it at Church, whatever the Reader of it might be in creed or character. They must pray by it, even if he preached doctrines at variance with both the letter of its Articles, and the spirit of its Confessions. Besides, submission to it involved submission to other things, which had none of its redeeming qualities to commend them.

This, Bunyan would neither do nor teach: and if he was not right, the Toleration Act is wrong: for he did nothing then, but what every man may do lawfully now. The entire nation (with the exception of the Sovereign) are at perfect liberty to do all that John Bunyan did. Let it not be sup-

posed, however, that he found no fault with *extempore* prayer because he rejected the Prayer Book. He both said and wrote as severe things against the faults of the former, as against the defects of the latter. "I think," he says, "that the prayer of the Pharisee in the temple was no stinted form, but a prayer *extempore*, made on a sudden, according to what he felt, thought, or understood of himself. We may therefore see that even prayer, as well other acts of religious worship, may be performed in great hypocrisy. I am not against extempore prayer; for I believe it to be the *best* kind of praying: but yet I am jealous, that there be a great many such prayers made, especially in pulpits and meetings, without the breathing of the Holy Ghost."—*Works*, p. 993.

In the same spirit he says, (after exposing *Trencher-Chaplains*,) others seek repute and applause for their eloquent terms. They *eye* only their auditory in their expressions. They look for returns—but it is for the *windy* applause of men. When their mouths are done *going*, their prayers are ended. They love not their chambers, but among company.—*Works*, p. 2142.

Bunyan did not conceal even his *own* deficiencies in prayer, when he wrote against forms. "Were I to tell you my own experience," he says, "the difficulty (I feel at times) in praying, would make you have *strange* thoughts of me. Oh, the starting-holes that the heart hath in the time of prayer! None knows how many *by-ways* and *back-lanes* the heart hath to slip away from the presence of God. How much pride also, if enabled with expressions! How much hypocrisy, if before others! And how little conscience there is made of prayer in secret, unless the spirit of supplication be there to help!"—*Works*, p. 2134.

Thus, if the church could not *gag* Bunyan, neither could the meeting. But was he unreasonable or intolerant, in thus exposing the faults of *extempore* prayer? Would the Presbyterians of that day have been excusable, if they had persecuted him for these attacks upon their prayers? Dr. Chalmers has surely as much right to complain as Dr. Southey. But he is silent.

I know of nothing Bunyan has said against forms, severer than what I have quoted against parade and heartlessness without them. In his "Instructions to the Ignorant," a work widely circulated then, he says nothing against the Prayer Book, but much against prayerlessness. Even in his Treatise

on Prayer—the first work he wrote in prison, whilst *smarting* for his nonconformity—he repeats what he said to his judges, that he would have no one *hindered* from using the Common Prayer.

He did, however, "exhort the people of God to take heed that they *touched* not the Common Prayer." This was in bad taste, certainly. It was not, however, such disobedience to the laws, as it seems at first sight: for the advice was given, not to the people of the realm, but to "the people of God:"—in other words, to Bunyan's *own* people, and to those who thought with him. He did not intrude himself, nor his advice, upon Episcopalian congregations or families; and he was too poor to distribute his Treatise on Prayer amongst them. The question, therefore, comes to this—had he a *right* to call upon the people of his own communion to abide by their own principles? The laws said, *no*, then. They say, *yes*, now. Well; if the latter be the true answer, our Legislature have to thank John Bunyan for enabling them to abrogate unjust laws. He did, single-handed, what the joint wisdom of successive Parliaments has well nigh perfected—fling *Stuart-law* to the winds.

Besides, it was not so much what is *in* the Prayer Book, as what the *promiscuous* use of it led to, that Bunyan condemned. It was the very excellence of certain forms, that made him denounce the formal use of them. He says, indeed, that there are "absurdities" in the book: but he singles out no petition nor confession of it for reprehension. (How could he?) It was not the Lord's Prayer itself he objected to; but the laws which "*compelled* every whoremonger, drunkard, and swearer, to say to God, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'" "Must all the *rabble* in the world," he asks, "be made to say, 'Our Father,' because the saints are commanded to say so?" In the same spirit, he contends, that it was blasphemy to "compel men to say so, who were cursing and persecuting the *children* of God." They may be bold men, but they are not *wise* men, who differ from Bunyan in this matter. It was no opinion of his, however, that only the *pious* should pray. In answer to the question—"Would you have none pray but those that know they are disciples of Christ?"—he says, "Let every soul that would be saved pour out itself to God, though it cannot conclude itself a child of God. Prayer is one of the first things that discover a man to be a Christian."—*Works*, p. 2140.

Bunyan's chief objection to the Prayer Book was, that it

was both "exalted above the spirit of prayer," and employed to "quench that spirit;" inasmuch as all other prayers were prohibited then, in church. This "muzzling up to a form," he denounced, without ceremony or circumlocution. It was not, however, until that form was set in open rivalry to the spirit of supplication, and the prisons were filled with prayerful men, and the ale-houses ringing with jibes and curses on all who prayed "without book," that he called it a "cursed superstition." And this name, although not at all deserved by it, was richly deserved by the *purpose* for which it was employed against the Nonconformists—when they, however peaceable and exemplary, were treated as factious, seditious, and heretical, because they would not bow the knee by it. I am no apologist for Bunyan's severe invectives. I have no sympathy with him, when he says, that the Prayer Book is a work of "scraps and fragments, devised by Popes and Friars:" but were it again bristled with instruments of cruelty, and enacted to prevent free prayer in the pulpit, I would say, that a great blessing was turned into a heavy curse; and tens of thousands, not Dissenters, would say the same. Why; we should never have had the Liturgy we possess, had not its authors been at liberty to pray as the Holy Spirit helped their infirmities. It was, therefore, a poor compliment, and a base return, to its devotional authors, to "muzzle up" to their forms, equally devotional men. The Bunyans and Baxters of these times were as mighty in prayer as any of the Greek or Latin Fathers. There are also in Jeremy Taylor's Life of Christ, and in Milton's Prose Works, prayers equal to any uninspired forms in existence.

It ought not to be utterly useless, nor at all offensive, to glance thus at the question of forms, in connexion with Bunyan. No Dissenter would speak of the Prayer Book now—so far as it is a book of prayers—as Bunyan did: and no Churchman would wish it to be such a *Shibboleth* as Clarendon and Sheldon made it. Might not both parties try, therefore, how kindly they could think and speak of their respective modes of worship? Dissenters have not the provocation to rail or reason against the Liturgy, which Bunyan had; and Churchmen have not the power to bring free prayer into disrepute. Besides, it is impossible to make either mode supplant the other, now that the adherents of each are so equally balanced, and the admirers of each so competent to judge for themselves. Surely, therefore, it is high time for Nonconformists to allow that a minis-

ter, who has but slender gifts in prayer, would do well to enrich his worship from the Liturgy; and for Conformists to admit that a clergyman, who cannot pray at all without a form, is unfit to minister at the altar of God, except when the inability is nervous. Such concessions might be safely and honourably made on both sides; and the devotional character of the ministry at large would be improved by them.

It is not meant by these remarks, to commend, or approve the adoption of the Liturgy, by Dissenting Congregations. This cannot be done *now* with honour. It was done with perfect honour, during the last century; but now it is called a *trick* to catch Churchmen. There seems some truth in this; for, of late, such experiments have failed. They deserved to fail, if their object was to entrap the unwary; and especially, when they have opposed an evangelical clergyman. The Rector of the principal town in the Kingdom said to me—"It is *mean* to oppose our Church by her own prayers." I quite agree with him, as to all towns and parishes where the Gospel is preached. Wherever it is not preached, any means are legitimate, which can fairly introduce it!

CHAPTER XXVI.

BUNYAN'S FAVOURITE SERMON.

Having seen the opinion of Lindale, Foster, Cobb, and the Judges, concerning the character and tendency of Bunyan's preaching, a characteristic specimen of it will enable us to judge for ourselves how far it was likely to injure the Church or the State. The following extracts are from his favourite Sermon, on the words, "Beginning at Jerusalem." I call it his *favourite*, because he says he preached it often, and but seldom without success. It is only common-place at first; but it soon breathes and burns with all the energy and ingenuity of the author.

"The Apostles, although they had a commission so large as to warrant them to go and preach the Gospel in all the world, were to begin this work at Jerusalem. I must touch upon two things. 1. What Jerusalem now was. 2. What it was to preach the Gospel to them.

"1. As to her *descent*, Jerusalem was from Abraham and the sons of Jacob, a people that God singled out from the rest of the nations, to set his love upon them.

"2. As to her *preference* of exaltation, she was the place of God's worship, and had in and with her the special tokens and signs of God's favour and presence, above any other people in the world.

"3. As to her *decays*, she was now greatly backslidden, and become the place where Truth was much defaced. Jerusalem was now become the very sink of sin, and seat of hypocrisy, and gulf where true religion was drowned. In a word, she was now the shambles and slaughter-house of the saints. Yea, Christ, their Lord and Maker, could not escape (that people.) They rested not until they had driven Him out of the world, and they would have extinguished His name if they could, that men might not count him the Saviour of the world.

"This is the city, and these are people;—this is their char-

acter, and these are their sins! Nor can there be produced their parallel in all this world. Infinite was their wickedness, if you join to the matter of fact, the Light they sinned against, and the Patience they abused.

"And now we come to the clause, 'Beginning at Jerusalem:' that is, Christ would have Jerusalem get the *first* offer of the Gospel.

"1. This cannot be so commanded, because they had any right of themselves: for their sins had divested them of all self-deservings.

"2. Nor yet, because they stood upon the *advance* ground with the worst sinners of the Nations. Jerusalem was worse than the very nations that God cast out before the Israelites. 2 *Chron.* 33.

"3. It must, therefore, follow, that the clause 'Begin at Jerusalem,' was put into this commission, out of mere grace and compassion; even from the overflowings of rich Mercy.

"From these words thus explained, , we gain this OBSERVATION,—that Jesus Christ would have mercy offered in the first place to the *biggest* sinners. Preach repentance and remission of sins to the Jerusalem sinners first.

"One would *a-thought*, since they were the worst and greatest sinners, and those who had not only despised the person, doctrine, and miracles of Christ, but also had had their hands up to the *elbows* in His heart's blood, that He would have said, 'Go into all the world, and preach repentance and remission; and after that, offer the same to Jerusalem.' Yea, it had been infinite grace—if he had said so!

"This was not the first time Jesus showed a desire that the *worst* of these worst should first come to him. *Matt.* xxi. 31; x. 5, 6; xxiii. 37. These, therefore, had the *cream* of the gospel, who had the first offer in His life-time.

"The apostles did not overloook this clause, when their Lord was gone into heaven. They went *first* to Jersusalem, and *abode* there for a season, preaching Christ's gospel to nobody else. And their first sermon was to the *worst* of the Jerusalem sinners; even to the murderers of Jesus Christ. Peter said to them—without the *least* stick, or stop, or pause of spirit, as to whether he had best say so or not—'Repent and be baptized *every one* of you. I shut out never a one of you: for I am commanded by my Lord to deal with you one by one, by the word of his salvation. Repent every one of you, for the re-

mission of sins; and you shall, every one of you, receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' "

Bunyan now supposes some of Peter's hearers unable to credit this in their own case, at once.

"1. OBJECTOR. But I was one of those that *plotted* to take away his life. May I be saved by him?

"PETER. Every one of you!

"2. OBJECTOR. But I was one of them that bare *false* witness against him. Is there grace for me?

"PETER. For every one of you!

"3. But I was one of them that cried out, 'Crucify, crucify Him,' and that desired Barabbas the murderer might live. What will become of me, think you?

"PETER. I am to preach remission of sins to every one of you!

"4. OBJECTOR. But I was one of them that did *spit* in his face, when he stood before his accusers, and one that mocked him when in anguish he hung bleeding on the tree! Is there room for me?

"PETER. For every one of you!

"5. OBJECTOR. But I was one of them that in his extremity said, 'Give him *gall* and *vinegar* to drink.' Why may I not expect the *same*, when anguish and guilt are upon me?

"PETER. Repent of these wickednesses; and here is remission of sins for every one of you!

"6. OBJECTOR. But I railed on him—reviled him—hated him—and *rejoiced* to see him mocked at by others. Can there be hope for me?

"PETER. There is for every one of you!"

Bunyan then asks, "Did not Peter, think ye, see a great deal in this clause of the commission—that he should thus offer, so particularly, this grace to each particular man? But this is not all! These Jerusalem sinners must have this offer again and again; every one of them must be offered grace over and over. Christ would not take their *first* rejection for a denial, nor their *second* repulse for a denial. Christ will not be put off thus: but will have grace offered once, twice, thrice, to them. What a pitch of grace is this! Christ was minded to *amaze* the world.

"Peter, too, to draw them the better under the *net* of the gospel, put himself, like a heavenly *decoy* (bird) among them, saying, 'There is none other name whereby *we* must be saved.'

"Thus, you see, I have proved the doctrine. I shall now

proceed to show you the *reasons* of the point, and then make some application. The reasons of the point are,

"1. Because the biggest sinners have most need of mercy. Reason says, 'He that has most need should be helped first:' I mean—when a helping hand is offered; and God sent the Gospel to help the world. Now suppose, that as thou art walking at some pond side, thou shouldst espy in it four or five children in danger of drowning, and *one* in more danger than all the rest:—Judge which has most need to be helped out first. I know thou wilt say, 'he that is nearest drowning.' Why, this is the case here: the bigger sinner, the nearer drowning. The Publicans were in the very mouth of Death. Death was a-swallowing them down; and therefore the Lord Jesus offered them mercy first. He sat very *loose* to the (self) righteous, but stuck *close* to sinners, in calling men to repentance.

"2. Because when any of the biggest sinners receive offered mercy, it redounds most to the fame of Christ. He has put himself under the term, Physician; a doctor for curing all diseases. Now it is not by picking out thistles, nor by laying plaisters to the scratch of a pin, that doctors get to themselves a *name* at first. Every old woman can do this. But if they would have a name and a fame, and have it quickly, they must do some great and desperate cures. So Christ commands mercy to be proffered to the biggest sinners first, because by saving one of them, he makes all men marvel. He has also *published* his blessed Bills, (the Holy Scriptures,) with the very names of the persons upon whom his great cures were wrought. Here is one *item*:—'Such a one made a monument of everlasting life, by my grace and redeeming blood, And such a one became an heir of glory by my perfect obedience. *Item*—I saved Peter, Magdalen, and many others.' Indeed, there is but very little said in God's Book, about the salvation of *little* sinners, because that would not answer the *design* (of the book) to bring glory to the name of the Son of God. Christ could have laid hold of an *honester* man (on Calvary): but he laid hold on a thief first, and took him away with him to glory. Nor can this one act of his be ever buried. It will be talked of till the end of the world, to his praise. 'Men shall abundantly utter the memory of this great goodness, to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.' *Psal.* cxlv. 10.

"3. Because others, on hearing mercy offered to the biggest

sinners first, will be encouraged the more to come to Christ for life. He saved the thief, to encourage thieves to come to Him for mercy ; Magdalen, to encourage Magdalenes to come to Him for mercy ; Saul, to encourage Sauls to come to Him for mercy : for mercy is the only antidote against sinning. It will loose the heart that is *frozen* in sin. Yea, it will make the unwilling, willing to come to Him for life.

"4. Because by showing mercy to the worst first, Christ most *weakens* the kingdom of Satan. The biggest sinners are Satan's colonels and captains, that most stoutly make head against the Son of God. When Ishbosheth lost Abner, he did but sit on a tottering throne. So when Satan loseth his *strong* men, his kingdom is weak. Samson, when he would pull down the Philistines' temple, too khold of the two *main* pillars of it; and breaking them, down came the house. So Christ came to destroy the works of the devil by *converting* grace, as well as by redeeming blood. It was by casting him out of strong possessions, and by recovering notorious sinners out of his clutches, that Christ saw him fall like lightning from heaven. Why, some people are the devil's *sin-breeders*. Now, let the Lord Jesus cleanse first some of these sin-breeders, and there will be a *nip* given to those swarms of sins, in the town, house, or family. I speak from experience. I was one of those great sin-breeders. I infected all the youth of the town where I was born, with all manner of youthful vanities. The neighbours counted me so: my practice proved me so. Wherefore Jesus Christ, by taking me *first*, much allayed the contagion of sin all the town over. But what need to give you an instance of poor I?—come to Manasseh. So long as he was a *ring-leading* sinner—the great idolater—the chief of devilism, the whole land flowed with wickedness. But when God converted him, the whole land was reformed. Down went the groves, the idols, and altars of Baal—and up went true religion in its power and purity.

"5. Because the biggest sinners, when converted, are usually the best helps in the Church against temptation, and fittest to support the feeble minded. Hence, usually, you have some such (converts) in the *first* plantation of churches, or *quickly* upon it. Churches would do but *sorrily*, if Jesus Christ did not put among them such monuments and mirrors of mercy. The very *sight* of such a sinner in God's house, yea, the very *thought* of him, where a sight cannot be obtained, is ofttimes greatly for the help of the faith of the feeble. 'When the

Churches,' saith Paul, 'heard concerning me, that he who persecuted them in time past, now preached the faith he once destroyed, they *glorified* God in me.' *Gal.* i. 20.

"There are *two* things that great sinners are acquainted with, which, when they come to divulge them, are a great relief to the faith of the saints:

"The contests they usually have with the devil at their parting with him, and their knowledge of his *secrets*. Satan is loath to part with a great sinner. 'What,' quoth he, 'my *old* servant forsake me now! Thou horrible wretch—dost not know that thou hast sinned thyself beyond the reach of mercy? Dost thou think that Christ will foul his fingers with thee? It is enough to make angels blush, to see so vile a one knocking at heaven's gate; and wilt thou be so abominably bold as to do it?' 'Thus Satan dealt with me,' says the great sinner, 'when at first he came to Christ.' 'And what did you reply?' saith the tempted. 'Why, I granted the whole charge to be true,' saith the other. 'And what did you do?—Despair, or not?' 'No.' Thus as I told you, such a one is a continual *spectacle* in the Church, for every one to wonder and behold God's grace by. The angels came down to behold this sight, and rejoice to see a *bit* of dust and ashes overcome principalities and powers of darkness.

"6. Because such sinners when converted are apt to love Christ most. This agrees with both scripture and reason. 'To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much.' *Luke* vii. 47. And Reason says, it would be the unreasonablest thing in the world to render hatred for love. 'I laboured more for Christ than them all,' says Paul, But Paul, what moved thee thus to do? 'The love of Christ,' saith he. Hell doth know I was a sinner of the greatest *size;* Heaven doth know it; the world doth know it! But I obtained mercy. I am under the force of Love, strong as death. Can the waters quench it, or the floods drown it? Hence this is my continual cry, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?' Ay, Paul, this is something. Thou speakest *like* a man affected and carried away by the love and grace of God. Christ might have converted twenty *little* sinners, and yet not found in them all so much love for grace bestowed. I wonder how far a man might go among converted sinners of a *smaller* size, before he could find one that so much as *looks* any thing like this! Excepting only some few, you may walk to the world's end, and find none. Jesus Christ, therefore, *knows* what he

does, when he lays hold on the hearts of sinners of the biggest size. He, alas, gets but little *thanks* for saving little sinners. He gets not *water* for his feet, from them. There are many *dry-eyed* Christians in the world, and abundance of *dry-eyed* duties: duties never wetted by the tears of repentance, nor sweetened with the ointment of the alabaster-box.

"7. Christ would save the worst first, because Grace when it is received by them *shines* in them. Like dry wood, or great candles, they burn best, and shine with the brightest light. I lay this down, to show that Christ has a delight to see grace shine. It was of idolatrous Ephraim, and backsliding Judah, that it was said, 'The Lord their God shall save them as the flock of his people; for they shall be as the stones of a CROWN lift up as an *ensign* in the land.' *Zech.* ix. 16.

"8. Because by that means, the Impenitent will be left without *excuse* at the day of judgment. God's sword hath *two* edges: it can cut back-stroke and fore-stroke. If it do thee no *good*, it will do thee *hurt*. It is the savour of life unto life, or the savour of death unto death. The condemned will not have to say, 'Thou wast only for saving little sinners, therefore I died in despair.' There will be millions of souls to rise up at the Judgment-seat, to confute that plea. Alas, alas, what will those sinners do that through UNBELIEF, *eclipsed* the glorious largeness of the mercy of God, and gave way to despair of salvation because of the bigness of their sins? What will *cut* like this?—'All in Heaven or saved by faith, and I am damned by unbelief! Wretch that I am, why did I not give glory to the redeeming blood of Jesus? Why did I not humbly cast my soul at His feet for mercy? Why did I judge of His ability to save me, by the voice of my shallow reason?' This will *tear* the Impenitent,—that they missed mercy and glory, and obtained everlasting condemnation through their unbelief. They were damned for forsaking what they had a sort of *property* in,—for forsaking their 'own mercies!'

"Thus much for the Reasons. I conclude with a word of Application. All this shows us how to make a right judgment of the *heart* of Christ; and also of the heart of Him who sent him. There is nothing more common, to men that are awake in their souls, than wrong thoughts of God, which pinch and pen up his mercy to scanty and beggarly conclusions and rigid legal conditions; supposing it a *rude* intrenching upon his Majesty to come ourselves, or to invite others, until we have scraped, and rubbed, and washed ourselves somewhat orderly

and handsome in His sight. Such never knew what 'Begin at Jerusalem,' meant. Such in their heart, compare the Father and the Son to niggardly rich men, whose money comes from them like drops of blood. Judge, then, the sufficiency of the merits of Christ. It is not a *little* that will save *great* sinners. It is upon the *square*, of the worthiness of the blood of Christ, that Grace acts in pardoning.

"Wherefore, Sinner, be ruled by *me* in this matter: feign not thyself another man, if thou hast been a vile sinner. Go in thy *own* colours to Jesus Christ. Put thyself amongst the most vile, and let Him alone to put thee among the children. Thou art as it were called by *name* to come in for mercy. Thou man of JERUSALEM hearken to thy call! Men in courts of Judicature do so, and *shoulder* through the crowd, saying, 'Pray give way, I am called into the court.' Why then standest thou still? 'Begin at Jerusalem,' is thy call and authority to come. Wherefore, *up* Man, and *shoulder* it! Say, 'Stand aside Devil, Christ calls me! Stand away Unbelief, Christ calls me! Stand away all my discouraging apprehensions, for my Saviour calls me to him to receive mercy!' Men will do thus in courts below. Why not thus approach the Court above? Christ, as he sits on the Throne of Grace, pointeth over the heads of thousands, directly to such a man, and says, Come. Wherefore, since He says, Come,—let the ANGELS make a *lane*, and all men make *room*, that the Jerusalem sinner may come to Christ for mercy!" Thus Bunyan preached Grace. To Law also, he did equal justice, as we shall see in his Moral Philosophy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BUNYAN'S THUNDERBOLTS.

So much of Bunyan's ministerial life was spent in prison and he is so much a Barnabas in the Works which are well known to the public, that he is seldom thought of as a Boanerges. He was, however, "a son of thunder," at his outset in the ministry; and, to the last, often shook and enshrined this world with the thunders and lightnings of the next world. This part of his work he fulfilled with what he calls, "great sense;" meaning a deep sense of the solemnity of eternal things. One who knew him well, and who wrote an elegy on his death, says of him,

> "When for conviction on the Law he fell,
> You'd think you *heard* the Damned's groans in hell;
> And then, almost at every word he spake,
> Men's lips would quiver, and their hearts would ache!"
>
> *Works*, p. 1476.

He himself also sang the power of his awful appeals, when he reviewed it in prison.

> "And now those very hearts that then,
> Were foes unto the Lord,
> Embrace his Christ and Truth, like men,
> Conquered by His sword.
> I *hear* them sigh, and groan, and cry
> For grace, to God above;
> They loathe their sin, and to it die:
> 'T is Holiness they love."
>
> *Prison Thoughts.*

No wonder he said indignantly, of his persecutors, when they stopped his preaching,

> "This was the work I was about
> When hands on me were laid;
> 'T was this from which they plucked me out,
> And vilely to me said,

You Heretic, Deceiver, come,
To prison you must go!
You preach abroad, and keep not home;
You are the Church's foe."

Prison Thoughts.

Warning men to flee from the wrath to come, was not common in the Restoration church then. It warned them more againt the Conventicle, than against Hell. This was one reason why Bunyan wielded "the terrors of the Lord" so frequently in his preaching. He made the Priests as well as the people tremble, along the whole line of his Itineracies: for it was no uncommon thing with him to ask publicly, from town to town, and from village to village,—"How many poor souls hath BONNER to answer for, think you? How many souls have *blind* Priests been the means of destroying, by preaching thus for filthy lucre's sake, what was no better for the soul than *rats-bane* for the body? Many of them, it is to be feared, will have whole Towns to answer for—yea, whole Cities to answer for! Ah, friend, I tell thee, thou hast taken in hand to preach—thou knowest not what. Will it not grieve thee to see thy whole Parish come *bellowing* after thee to Hell, crying out,—'This we may thank thee for! Thou wast afraid to tell us of our sins, lest we should not put *meat* enough into thy mouth. O, cursed wretch, that ever thou shouldst beguile us thus,—deceive us thus,—flatter us thus! We would have gone *out* to hear the word abroad, but that thou didst reprove us, and tell us that (such preaching) was deceivable doctrine. Blind guide that thou wert, thou wast not contented to fall into the ditch thyself, but hast led us thither with thee!' Look to thyself, I say, lest (like Dives) thou cry when it is too late, 'Send Lazarus to my congregation, whom I beguiled through my folly. Send him to the town where I preached last, lest I be the cause of their damnation. O send him—and let him tell them, and testify unto them, lest they also come to this place of torment.'"—*Works*, p. 2060.

This was one of the thunder-claps which Bunyan made to peal round all the district between Cambridge and Oxford. Who then can wonder, that time-serving Priests both dreaded and hated him? Such an attack would madden such Priests still, whether *out* of the Church or *in* it. And there are such Priests both in it, and out of it! Can it be literally true, that WILBERFORCE advised a friend of his to keep to the Church, although the *Gospel* was not preached by the Clergymen; as

a safer measure than keeping to the Gospel in a Chapel? That the Puseyite and Melville school should thus outrage common sense and Christian decency, is not surprising: but that Wilberforce preferred the Church to the Gospel is incredible!

It was not against worldly priests only, that Bunyan launched his thunderbolts. He spared no impeder of the Gospel. Landlords as well as church-lords threw hinderances in the way of Bunyan, and of such Evangelists; and he arraigned them with equal publicity and point. "O, what *red-lines*," he exclaims, "there will be against those rich ungodly landlords, who so kept *under* their poor tenants, that they dare not go out to hear the word for fear their *rent* should be raised, or they turned out of their houses. What sayest thou, Landlord; will it not *cut thy soul*, when thou shalt see that thou could not be content to miss of Heaven thyself, but thou must labour to hinder others also? Will it not give thee an *eternal wound* in thy heart, both at death and judgment, to be accused of the ruin of thy neighbour's soul—thy servant's soul—thy wife's soul, together with the ruin of thine own? Think on this—ye drunken, proud, rich and scornful Landlords! Think on this—mad-brained and blasphemous Husbands, if ye would not cry, if ye would not howl, if you would not bear the burden of the ruin of others for ever!'

Bunyan did not spare Tenants, Servants, nor Wives, when he remonstrated thus with their Masters. He ministered as little to the passions of the *mob*, as to the pride of the Hierarchy, or the tyranny of Squirearchy. "Many stand in so much dread of men, and do so highly esteem their favour," he says, "that they will rather venture their souls in the hands of the devil, with *their* favour, than fly to Jesus Christ (without it.) Nay, though they be convinced that the way is God's way, yet they turn their ears from the truth; and all, because they will not lose the favour of an opposite neighbour. 'O, I dare not, for master—my Landlord. I shall lose his favour; his house of work; and so decay my calling.' 'O,' saith another, 'I would willingly go the right way, but for my Father: he chides, and tells me he will not stand my friend when I come to want; I shall never enjoy a pennyworth of his goods; —he will disinherit me.' 'And I dare not for my husband; for he will be a-railing, and tell me he will beat me, and turn me out of doors, or cut off my legs.' But I tell you—if any of these things, or any other things, keep thee from seeking Christ in his ways, they will make him cut off thy soul, be-

cause thou didst trust man rather than God. Thou shalt be tormented as many years as there are *stars* in the firmament, or *sands* on the sea-shore; and besides all this, thou must abide it for ever!"—*Works*, p. 2076.

Bunyan's appeals to Transgressors are often as original as they are terrific. "Consider thus with thyself: would I have all—every one of my sins,—to come in against me, to inflame the justice of God against me? Would I like to be bound up in them, as the Three Children in their clothes, and then cast as really into the fiery furnace of the wrath of Almighty God, as they were into Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace? Would I like to have all and every one of the Ten Commandments *discharge* themselves against my soul; the first saying, '*damn* him;' the second, '*damn* him; for he hath broken me.' This would be more terrible than if thou shouldst have *ten* of the biggest pieces of Ordinance in England *thunder—thunder—thunder* against thy body, one after another. This would not be comparable to the *reports* that the Law will give against thy soul for ever. Mark; it is for ever, for ever! All thy sins will be clapt on thy Conscience at one time, as if one should clap a *red-hot* iron to thy breast, to continue there to all eternity."—P. 2040, 65.

Some of Bunyan's poetry on this subject rises to an awful sublimity, which even his rhyme cannot spoil. Speaking of the Lost he says,

> "So that whatever they do know,
> Or see, or think, or feel,
> '*For ever*,' still doth strike them through,
> As with a bar of steel!
> *For ever* shineth in the fire,
> 'EVER, is on the Chains;
> 'T is also in the pit of Ire,
> And tastes in all their pains!
> O, Ever, Ever, this will drown
> Them quite, and make them cry,
> 'We never shall get o'er thy bound,
> Thou GREAT ETERNITY!'
> Yea, when they have, time out of mind,
> Been in this case so ill,
> For ever Ever, is *behind*,
> Yet for them to fulfil."
>
> *One Thing Needful*, fol. ed. 2 vol. p. 849.

False maxims, however popular, could neither dupe nor silence Bunyan. He denounced, wherever he went, the favourite phrase "dying like a lamb," whenever it was applied to the

death of ungodly or inconsistent men. "A sinful life with a *quiet* death annexed to it, is," he says, "the ready, the open, the common *highway* to Hell. There is no surer sign of damnation, than for a man to die quietly after a sinful life. I do not say that all wicked men, who die molested at their death with a sense of sin and fears of hell, do, therefore, go to Heaven. Some are *made* to see; not *converted* by seeing; and left to despair, that they may go roaring out of this world to their 'own place.' But I do say, there is no *surer* sign of a man's damnation than to die with his eyes shut, or with a heart that cannot repent. I have seen a dog or a sheep die *hardly*. Thus may wicked men. But they may die like a *chrisom-child* in show, and yet plunge down among the flames. This child-like, lamb-like death, makes some think that all is well, with men who lived like devils incarnate. But it is a great *judgment* upon companions that survive. They are hardened and encouraged to go on in their course, by seeing (the wicked) die as chrisom-children."—*Works*, p. 949.

There is nothing more graphic in the Pilgrim's Progress, than the following picture of a *fruitless* professor. "God says, 'Come DEATH, smite me this barren fig-tree.' At this, Death comes into the chamber with grim looks, and Hell follows him to the bedside. Both stare this fruitless professor in the face: yea, begin to lay hands upon him; one smiting him with head-ache, heart-ache, back-ache, shortness of breath, fainting, qualms, trembling of joints, stoppage at the chest, and almost all the symptoms of one *past* recovery; the other, casting sparks of fire into the mind and conscience. Now he begins to cry, 'Lord spare me, spare me!' 'Nay,' saith God, 'you have been a provocation to me these three years. Take him, Death!' 'O, good Lord,' saith the Sinner, 'spare me but this one time, and I will be better,' 'Away, away, you are naught! If I should recover you again, you would be as bad as you were before.' 'Good Lord, try me this once; let me up again this once, and *see* if I do not mend.' (All this talk is while Death is by.) 'But will you *promise* me to mend?' 'Yes, indeed Lord, and *vow* it too!' 'Well,' saith God, 'Death, let this professor alone for this time. He hath vowed to amend his ways; and vows are solemn things! It may be he will be afraid to break his vows. ARISE off thy bed!'

"And now God lays down his axe. At this the poor creature is very thankful, and calls on others to thank God. One would now think him a *new* creature indeed. But when he

comes down from his bed, and ventures into the shop or yard, —and there sees how all things are gone to '*sixes and sevens*,' he begins to have second thoughts; and says to his folks, 'What have you all been doing? How are all things out of order? I am behind hand,—I cannot tell what! One may see that *you* have neither wisdom nor prudence to order things, if a man be put a little aside!' But now he doubleth his diligence after the world! 'Alas,' he says:—'but all must not be lost. We must have provident care.' And thus he forgetteth the sorrows of death, and the vows he made to be better.

"These things proving ineffectual, God takes hold of his axe again, and sends Death to a wife, to a child, to the cattle. At this, the poor barren professor cries out again, 'Lord I have sinned; spare me once more! O take not away the desire of my eyes; spare my children; bless my labour; and I *will* mend and be better.' 'No,' saith God, 'thou lied to me last time, and I will trust thee no longer:'—and He tumbleth the wife, the child, and the estate into the grave.

"On this, the poor creature, like Ahab, walks softly awhile. Now, he renews his promises:—'Lord try me this one time more. They go far that never turn. Take off thy hand and see!' Well, God sets down his axe again. But still, there is no fruit. Now then the axe begins to be raised higher! Yet, before he strike the stroke, he will try one more way at last; and if that fail—down goes the fig-tree!

"This *last* way is, to tug and strive with this professor by His Spirit. But now, the mischief is, there is tugging and striving on *both* sides. The Spirit conviniceth; but the man turns a deaf ear. 'Receive my instruction and live,' he says; but the man pulls away his shoulder. The Spirit *parleyeth* again, and urgeth new reasons. 'No,' saith the sinner, 'I have loved strangers, and after them I *will* go!' At this— *God's fury cometh up into his face!* Now, he comes out from his holy place, and is terrible. Now, He sweareth in his wrath that they shall not enter into his rest. 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground!'"—P. 1142.

Well might Bunyan's clerical biographer say of him, "He laid open before men the saving promises and dreadful denunciations of the Scripture, and sent it so *home*, that it not only created joy, but trembling; each one on their departure confessing, that their hearts were moved at his words." He adds, "I need not tell you that he pretended not to be orthodox, as

to the Church established by the law of the nation : but all that knew him will bear witness, that his doctrine was nothing varying from the express word of God, though not complying in some things with the national Church, in manner and forms of worship."—*Life*, p. 22.

This was the watchman on the walls of Zion, whose trumpet was silenced, just as it had begun to alarm the men and women who were "at ease in Zion." It is impossible to tell, or to calculate, the consequences of the *check* thus given to the progress of even moral reformation in Bedfordshire, by silencing John Bunyan. Such a ministry, in a county which had been highly republican and profane, was worth more to the cause of good order and virtue, than all the canon-law that could be preached or enforced in it.

Can any man wonder now—that John Bunyan would not agree to any proposals for giving up his ministry? The man who knew that he could preach thus, must have regarded with more than supreme scorn all law and logic which called upon him to desist. He must have pitied as well as despised the men who could call in question his right or his fitness to warn and woo sinners to flee from the wrath to come. For what could they show as credentials of having received "the Holy Ghost," that deserved more credit or deference than his aptness to teach, and his power of persuasion, and his burning zeal to win souls? If these high attributes, and holy aspirations, be not proofs of a divine call to the ministry—alas, for the weight of canonical proofs! I do not think lightly of education or order. I revere them as, in general, essential to the efficiency of a permanent ministry. But they are ill applied, and worse advocated, when they call in question the right of holy men of talent to preach the gospel. No minister, of any church, can prove his own right to teach, from the Bible, who disputes Bunyan's right, or that of any other man who has Bunyan's spirit. I say, his *spirit:* for if his talents were necessary, no church could command a supply of them.

It is delightful to observe how Providence is now placing the question of holy orders. The Spirit of God is blessing *alike* the faithful ministers of all Protestant Churches; and leaving the unfaithful of them all, to stand unmarked by any token of the divine presence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BUNYAN'S ANECDOTES.

It will be readily believed, from the few specimens of Bunyan's *vein* already given, that his preaching had a peculiar charm for the poor. It was electrical amongst them, as well as edifying to the intelligent. One reason why "the common people heard him gladly," was, that he often re-pointed his most pointed warnings and admonitions with striking Anecdotes which, if not always in the best taste, were well told, and told for a good purpose. I introduce them, however, not for their own sake, nor chiefly because they are Bunyan's, but because they throw some light upon his times and contemporaries, as well as illustrate his own graphic power. And we need glimpses of the kind they give into the private society of these times. There are so many Actors upon the stage of the Restoration, that we almost forget the audience before which they played their part: and although we feel that their influence could not have been good, we do not know how bad it was, until we follow some of the tools, dupes and imitators, of the Court party, into private life, public-houses, and country fairs. There, we see how truly the Throne was reflected in the bench of the ale-houses, and the Court at the May-pole: the low vulgar, rivalling the high in bigotry and baseness.

Bunyan's anecdotes of his times and contemporaries, are neither few nor apocryphal. They were written and published by himself although hitherto overlooked by his biographers. This oversight is the more remarkable, because the paucity of their materials for his Life might well have sent them to search all his pages. That task, however, has been left for me; and now that it is performed, I feel myself amply rewarded for my labour. Even the labour itself was but light, when I discovered that Badman was not altogether an allegorical person, like most of the characters in the Holy War. That discovery turned Bunyan into an Annalist at

once: for all his illustrations of Badman's history, are anecdotes of persons whom he had known.

It was no ordinary fortitude or fidelity, on his part, to publish these anecdotes of well known persons, whatever date be assigned to the publication of the first edition of "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman." Bunyan himself felt that he was daring not a little, by this exposure. Hence he says in the Preface, "I know it is ill puddling in the cockatrice's den, and they run hazards who hunt the wild boar. But I have adventured to play at this *tune* on the hole of the Asps. If they bite, they bite: if they sting, they sting. I have spoken what I have spoken: and now, come on me what will! I know the better end of the *staff* is mine, whether Mr. Badman's friends rage or laugh at what I have writ. My object is to stop a hellish course of life, and save a soul from death."

Agreeably to this design, Bunyan records *first* (as might be expected,) some of the remarkable judgments of God against SWEARERS, which had occurred in his own time. "One was," he says, "that dreadful judgment of God upon one N. P., at Wimbledon, in Surrey, who after a horrible fit of swearing, and cursing at some persons that did not please him, suddenly fell sick, and in a little time died raving, cursing and swearing." What must Bunyan have felt, both when this fact came to his knowledge, and when he wrote it? What mingled wonder and gratitude must have thrilled his spirit when he remembered how often he had been spared, whilst a swearer and blasphemer!

With not less emotion would he record the following judgment; "The dreadful story of Dorothy Mately of Ashover, in the county of Derby."—"This Dorothy was noted by the people of the town, as a great swearer, and curser, and liar, and thief. The labour she usually did, was to wash the rubbish that came forth of the Lead Mines, and there to get sparks of lead-ore. And her usual way of asserting things was with these kind of imprecations,—I would I might sink into the earth if it be not so; or, I would God would make the earth open and swallow me up. Now upon the 23d of March, 1660, this Dorothy was washing ore upon the top of a steep hill, about a quarter of a mile from Ashover, and was there taxed by a lad for taking two single pence out of his pocket. But she violently denied it; wishing that the ground might swallow her up if she had them. She also used the same wicked words on several other occasions that day. Now one George

Hodgkinson, a man of good report there, came accidently by where Dorothy was, and stood still to talk with her, as she was washing her ore. There stood also a little child by her tub side, and another at a distance calling aloud to her to come away. Wherefore, the said George took the girl by the hand to lead her away to her that called her. But, behold, they had not gone above ten yards from Dorothy, but they heard her calling out for help. So looking back, he saw the woman, and her tub and sieve, *twisting* round and sinking into the ground. Then said the man, Pray to God to pardon thy sin; for thou art never like to be seen alive any longer. So she and her tub *twirled* round and round, till they sunk about three yards into the earth; and then, for a while staid. Then, she called for help again, thinking, as she said, she should stay there. Now the man, though greatly amazed, did begin to think which way to help her. But, immediately, a great stone, which appeared in the earth, fell upon her head, and broke her skull, and then the earth fell in and covered her. She was afterwards digged up, and found about four yards within ground, with the boy's two single pence in her pocket: but her tub and sieve could not be found."

This story is so circumstantial, that Bunyan seems to have had it from Hodgkinson's own lips. He evidently believed "the relator" too. This was easy for him to do. And, why should it be difficult for any one? That was an age when such warnings were loudly called for. Nothing, perhaps, but signal judgments could have checked the profane then. This one fell, indeed, upon an obscure woman: but it fell in Bunyan's time; and he soon gave it a publicity which made what was "done in a corner," tell over England, as the fate of Korah and his company did in the wilderness: for the Life of Badman followed in the wake of the Pilgrim's Progress. He intended this. In the Preface he says, "As I was considering with myself, what I had written concerning the progress of the Pilgrim from this world to glory; and how it had been acceptable to *many* in this nation, it came again into my mind to write, of the life and death of the Ungodly, and of their travel from this world to hell." It had thus, probably, a great circulation amongst all ranks; and perhaps found its way, as the Pilgrim certainly did, into the hands of the court of Charles II.; where, of all places, it was *most* needed! The King's copy of the Pilgrim is in the British Museum.

Another class of judgments which Bunyan marked and re-

ported with deep interest, were those which befel INFORMERS, who had betrayed the secret meetings of the persecuted Dissenters. He says, he knew so many instances of the judgments of God overtaking these spies and accusers, as filled him with "astonishment and wonder." He gives the *initials*, as well as the history of one of these wretches, who practised about Bedford; and marks the anecdote with a *cross*, to show that the event fell under his own observation; a proof of the fearlessness with which he "played on the hole of the Asps," that their prey might escape, and they themselves take warning. "In *our* Town," he says, "there was one W. S., a man of a very wicked life; and he, when there seemed to be *countenance* given to it, would needs turn Informer. Well, so he did; and was as diligent in his business as most of them could be. He would watch of nights,—climb trees,—and range the wood of days, if possible to find out the MEETERS: for then they were *forced* to meet in the fields."

(The accompanying Illustration is a faithful copy of an old Print, by Wooding; and only a too faithful picture of the perils of good men, in these bad times. I delight to preserve it, because it reveals to the *eye* both the aspect and the spirit of the Non. Cons. and Covenanters of these times. Such were the men, in looks, and in rank of life, whom the Stuarts, these *dog-stars* of the Church, drove into the wilderness, and hunted in the mountains, dens and caves of the earth. Such were the men, whom Scott tried to caricature, in Old Mortality: but his genius triumphed over his will. It could not resist their fascination, whilst exaggerating their foibles. They started into such majesty at every stroke of the *Phidias-hand* of the great sculptor, that he was compelled to worship the Memories he intended to malign. He wondered forsooth!—that any one could have suspected him of injustice to the Covenanters. So modern Players and Critics wonder how any one could imagine, that Dr. Squintum and Cantwell were ever meant for "that good man, Mr. Whitefield." The fact is, Scott was more under the *spell* of Dr. Erskine, his father's minister, than he was aware of, or than Lockhart understood, when the Covenanters *cowed* his spirit, by their ascendency over his heart.)

But to return to the Informer: "He would," says Bunyan, "curse the Meeters bitterly, and swear most fearfully what he would do when he found them. Well; after he had gone on, like a Bedlam, in his course awhile, and had done some mis-

chiefs to the people, he was stricken by the hand of God, and that in this manner. Although he had had his *tongue* naturally at will; now, he was taken with a faultering in his speech, and could not for weeks together speak otherwise than just as a man that was drunk. Then he was taken with a drawling and slabbering at his mouth; which phlegm would sometimes hang at his mouth, well nigh half way down to the ground. Then he had such a weakness in the *back-sinews* of his neck, that ofttimes he could not look up before him, unless he clapt his hand upon his forehead, and held up his head that way by the strength of his hand. After this his speech went quite away, and he could speak no more than a swine or a bear. Therefore, like one of them, he would grunt and make an ugly noise, according as he was offended or pleased, or would have anything done.

"In this posture, he continued for the space of half a year or thereabouts; all the while, otherwise, well; and could go about his business: save once, that he had a fall from the bell, as it hangs in *our* steeple; which it was a wonder it did not kill him. But after that, he also walked about until God had made a *sufficient* spectacle of His judgment for his sin; and then on a sudden, he was stricken and died miserably: and so there was an end of him and his doings.

"I'll tell you of another. About four miles from St. Neot's there was a gentleman had a man, and a lusty young man he was. Well; an Informer he was, and did much distress some people; and had perfected his informations so effectually against some, that there was nothing further to do, but for the Constables to make distress on the people, that he might have the money or goods: and, as I have heard, he hastened then much to do it. Now while he was in the heat of his work, as he stood one day by the fire-side, he had, it should seem, a mind to a *sop* in the pan; for the spit was then at the fire. So he went to make one. But, behold a dog—some say his favourite dog—took distaste at something, and immediately bit his master by the leg: the which bite, notwithstanding all the means that was used to cure him, turned (as was said) into a gangrene. However, that wound was his death, and that a dreadful one too: for my relator said, that he lay in such a condition by this bite, that his flesh rotted from off him, before he went out of the world."

It was in no vindictive spirit, that Bunyan told these anecdotes. He durst neither overlook nor conceal them; but he

took no pleasure in recording them. "If it had been the will of God," he says, "I would, that neither I nor anybody else, could tell more of these stories: true stories, that are neither lie nor romance. But what need I instance in particular persons, when the judgment of God against this kind of people was made manifest, I think I may say, if not in all, yet in *most* of the counties of England, where such poor creatures were."

It is only too easy to illustrate and verify Bunyan's opinion, in this matter. God did make *examples*, wherever such traitors and trepanners "wore out the saints of the Most High:" and what God does in retribution, ought not to be buried in oblivion. I know that it is now unpopular to revive the memory of such facts. I feel too, that we are prone to call the fearful end of an enemy, a judgment; and the same end, only a *misfortune*, when it befals a friend. But still, it is equally wrong and dangerous to forget the signal catastrophes, by which the living conviction "that verily there is a God who judgeth," is kept up in the public mind. I have, therefore, felt it to be an imperative duty to preserve in the sketch of Bunyan's Times, some of the most remarkable instances of Divine retribution.

Bunyan was also an attentive observer, and occasionally a frank recorder, of the Apostacies from godliness, which occurred in his neighbourhood. He mentions two, of which he says expressly, "This was done in *Bedford:* I knew a man that was once, as I thought, hopefully awakened about his condition. Yea, I knew *two* that were so awakened. But in (course of) time, they began to draw back, and to incline again to their lusts. Wherefore, God gave them up to the company of three or four men, that in less than three years brought them roundly to the gallows, where they were hanged like dogs because they refused to live like honest men."

With almost equal fidelity to time and place, Bunyan ventured to give the following account of an Infidel: "There was a man dwelt about *twelve* miles from us, that had so trained himself up in his atheistical notions, that, at last, he attempted to write a book against Jesus Christ, and against the divine authority of the Scriptures: but I think it was not published: well; after many days, God struck him with sickness, whereof he died. So, being sick, and musing upon his former doings, the book he had written came into his mind; and, with it, such a sense of his *evil* in writing it, that it tore his conscience as a lion would tear a kid. He lay, therefore, upon his death-

bed in sad case, and much affliction of conscience. Some of *my* friends also went to see him; and as they were in his chamber one day, he hastily called for pen, ink, and paper; which when it was given him, he took it, and writ to this purpose,—'I (such a one, in such a Town) must go to hell-fire, for writing a book against Jesus Christ, and against the authority of the Holy Scriptures.' He would also have leaped out of the window of his house, to have killed himself: but was prevented of that. So he died in his bed;—such a death as it was. It will be well, if others take warning by this story. The story is as true as it is remarkable. I had it from them that I dare believe, who themselves were eye and ear witnesses; and also caught him in their arms, and saved him, when he would have leaped out of his chamber-window, to have destroyed himself."

Bunyan seems to have had not a few opportunities, even while in prison, of marking both the power and the treachery of conscience. One story on this subject deserves to be known. "When I was in prison," he says, "there came a woman to me, that was under a great deal of trouble. So I asked her (she being a stranger to me,) what she had to say to me. She said, she was afraid she should be damned. I asked her the *cause* of those fears. She told me, that she had sometimes since lived with a shop-keeper at Wellingborough, and had robbed his box in the shop, several times, of money, to the value of more than *now* I will say. 'And pray,' says she, 'tell me what I shall do.' I told her,—I would have her go to her Master, and make him satisfaction. She said, she was afraid. I asked her, Why? She said, she doubted he would hang her. I told her, I would intercede for her life, and make use of other friends too to do the like. But she told me she durst not venture *that*. 'Well,' said I, 'shall I *send* to your Master, while you abide out of sight, and make your peace with him before he sees you?' And with that, I asked her Master's name. But all that she said in answer to this was,—'Pray, let it alone till I come to you again. So, away she went, and neither told me her Master's name nor her own. This was about ten or twelve years since; and I never saw her again. I tell you this story, for this cause, to confirm your fears, that such kind of servants, too *many* there be: and that God makes them sometimes like *old* Todd, to betray themselves, through the terrors He lays upon them. I could tell you of another,

that came to me with a like relation concerning herself, and the robbing of her Mistress: but at this time, let this suffice."

The story of old Todd, Bunyan himself tells thus: "At a summer Assizes holden at Hartford, while the Judge was sitting on the bench, comes this old Todd into the court, clothed in a green suit, with his leathern girdle in his hand, his bosom open, and all dripping of sweat as if he had run for his life. And being come in, he spake aloud as follows: 'My Lord,' said he, 'here is the veriest *rogue* that breathes on the face of the earth. I have been a *thief* from a child. When I was but a little one, I gave myself to rob orchards, and to do other such like wicked things; and I have continued a thief ever since. My Lord, there has not been a robbery committed these many years, within so many miles of this place, but I have either been at it, or privy to it.

"The Judge thought the fellow was mad: but after some conference with some of the Justices, they agreed to indict him. And so they did, of several felonious actions: to all of which he heartily confessed guilty; and so was hanged, with his *wife* at the same time.

"As for the truth of this story," says Bunyan, "the relator (whom I dare believe) told me, that he was in the court at the same time himself, and stood within less than two yards of old Todd, when he heard him utter the words aloud."

Bunyan remembered and published cases of this kind, just for the same reason as he marked the judgments of God on blasphemers. He himself had begun like old Todd. Hence, he says in his Life, "had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of Eternal Justice, but had also laid myself open even to the *stroke* of those Laws, which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the face of the world."

Thus, these anecdotes, although they concern Bunyan's contemporaries, disclose his own *spirit*, when, at the maturity of his mind and piety, he reviewed his early life. "Remembering the wormwood and the gall," his soul had them "still in remembrance, and was humbled within" him. He "possessed the iniquities of his youth" to the last, in the sense of never forgetting them, even when he was sure that they were forgiven.

Drunkenness also, although a vice he seems never to have been addicted to, was yet one he so narrowly escaped, that he kept his eye very closely npon the consequences of it in others,

and fearlessly published the facts. "I knew," he says, "one who dwelt not far off *our* Town, that got a wife, as Mr. Badman got his (by hypocritical canting,) but he did not enjoy her long: for one night as he was riding home from his companions, where he had been at a neighbouring town, his horse threw him to the ground, where he was found dead at break of day, frightfully and lamentably mangled with his fall, and besmeared with his own blood."

Bunyan's views of Intemperance were, as might be expected, very awful. He had no hope of "an *old* drunkard" being ever reclaimed. "Tell me," he asks, "when did you see an old drunkard converted? No, no; such a one will sleep till he dies, though he sleeps on the top of a mast. So that if a man have any respect for either credit, health, life, or salvation, he will not be a drunken man." He was, however, no *Tee-Totaller*, although emphatically, and even rigidly, a temperate man. I judge thus, because he blames Badman for not offering any refreshment to the pious men, who came to visit him on his death-bed. "When they were going, he would scarce bid them *drink*, or say, Thank you for your good company, and good instruction."

Bunyan did not mean, I sm sure, to blame Badman for withholding drink, which was not required by thirst or fatigue. He meant only, that the common courtesies of life were not shown to godly men, although they had come on foot, or from a distance, and thus needed refreshment. In this matter he distinguished between temperance and total abstinence, as he did between a Christmas Pie and Christmas.

How severely and successfully he could expose drunkenness, the following anecdote, from his own pen, will show. "It is," he says, "a *swinish* vanity, indeed: I will tell you another story. There was a gentleman that had a drunken servant to be his groom; and (he) coming home one night much abused with Beer, his Master saw it. Well (quoth his Master within himself,) I will let thee alone to-night; but to-morrow morning I will convince thee thou art worse than a beast, by the behaviour of my horse. So when morning was come, he bids his man go and water his horse. And so he did: but coming up to his Master, he commands him to water him again. So the fellow rode into the water a second time. But his Master's horse would drink no more. So the fellow game and told his Master. Then said his Master, 'Thou drunken *sot*, thou art far worse than my horse. He will drink but to satisfy nature;

but thou wilt drink to the abuse of nature. He will drink but to refresh himself; but thou to thy hurt and damage. He will drink that he may be more serviceable to his Master: but thou till thou art incapable of serving either God or man. O, thou Beast, how much art thou worse than the horse thou ridest on!"

This story is, I am aware, familiar, in a vague form. Bunyan's version of it is, however, worth preserving; it *smacks* so of his own style. "His," as Dr. Southey well says, "is a home-spun style, not a manufactured one. It is a clear stream of current English—the vernacular of his age; sometimes indeed in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and strength. To this natural style, Bunyan is in some degree indebted for his general popularity: his language is every where level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity; there is a homely reality about it: a nursery tale is more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child."

It can hardly surprise any one, that Bunyan was not wiser than his generation, in regard to old stories about the devil. He gave currency to some of these, without at all questioning their truth, when they happened to furnish warning against the popular vices of his times. It is, however, curious, that while he would believe almost anything about the devil, if it only showed the evil or the danger of sin, he was very cautious in giving an opinion upon the minstry of Angels. Accordingly when he was told of a "godly old Puritan," whose wife heard, as he was dying, "the sweetest music," "like melodious notes of angels," which "went farther and farther off from the house," as the spirit departed, Bunyan said, "I cannot say, but that God goes out of his ordinary road with us poor mortals sometimes." He then added, that Badman's wife "had *better* music in her heart," when she was dying, "than sounded in this woman's ears."

Here he is prudent: but in the very next breath, he tells old Clarke's most astounding story of the Woman of Oster, in Germany, without comment or query. "This woman," he says, "used in her cursing, to give herself body and soul to the devil. Being reproved for it, she still continued the same; till, being at a wedding-feast, the devil came in person, and carried her up into the air, with the most horrible outcries and roarings. In that sort, he carried her round about the town, so that the inhabitants were ready to die with fear." I dare not quote

more of the scene; except, that the devil threw part of the body upon the banqueting table, before the Mayor, telling his worship, "that like destruction awaited him," if he did not "*amend* his wicked life." This is very unlike the devil: but Bunyan forgot that, in his anxiety to warn swearers, and cursers. Thus his very *credulity* arose from good motives. Besides, it was not greater than that of more learned men, in these times.

Another vice of the age, which he lashed severely, was the indelicate dress of women, who imitated the court *bevy* of Charles II. "I once talked with a maid, by way of reproof," he says, "of her fond and gaudy garments. But she told me, the Tailor *would* make it so. Alas, poor proud girl, she gave the *order* to the Tailor so to make it. Many make parents, husbands, and tailors, the *blind* to others: but their naughty hearts, and their giving way thereto,—that is the original cause of all these evils. Many have their excuses ready: but these will be but the spider's web, when the thunder of the word of the great God shall rattle from heaven against them, as it will at death and judgment: but I wish it might do it before."

I dare not quote his sketches of fashionable dress. Not, however, that they are extravagant or indelicate; but only too graphic. Bunyan's tastes were chaste, and his mind nobly pure, from the time he became a Christian. Indeed before, he was not a sensualist. Who could keep nearer to truth, or farther from indelicacy, than he does in the following characteristic stroke! "I wonder what it was that of old was called 'the attire of a harlot.' Certainly, it could not be more bewitching and tempting, than are the garments of many *professors* this day." But this subject is sufficiently touched by others.

It was not, however, vain professors only, that he could show up graphically. He pilloried the farmers' wives who "made a prey of the necessity of the poor," as well as the "proud dames" who aped the court. Cobbett, with all his powers of description and exposure, never went beyond the following sketch. It only wants *names*, in order to be a perfect story. Even without names, it is all alive, and in motion. —"There is a poor body, we will suppose, so many miles from the market; and this man wants a bushel of grist, a pound of butter, or a cheese, for himself, his wife, and poor children. But his dwelling is so far from the market, that if

he goes thither, he shall lose his day's work, which will be eight-pence or ten-pence damage to him; and that is something to a poor man. So he goeth to one of his Masters or Dames for what he wanteth, and asks them to help him with such a thing. Yes, say they, you may have it: but, withal, they give him a *gripe:* perhaps, make him pay as much more for it at home, as they can get when they have carried it five miles to a market; yea, and that too for a *refuse* of their commodity. In this the women are especially faulty, in the sale of their butter and cheese. But above all your *Hucksters*, that buy up the poor man's victuals by wholesale, and sell it to him again for unreasonable gains by retail, and as we call it, by *piece-meal*, they are got into a way, after a stringing rate, to play their game upon (the poor) by extortion. I mean, such who buy up butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, by wholesale, and *sell* it again (as they call it) by twopenny-worths, penny-worths, a halfpenny-worth, or the like, to the poor,—all the week, *after* the market is past. These, though I would not condemn them *all*, do, many of them, bite and pinch the poor, by this kind of evil dealing. Besides, these are Usurers. Yea, they take usury for *victuals;* which thing the Lord hath forbidden.

"Perhaps some will find fault, for my meddling thus, with other folks' matters, and for my prying thus into the secrets of their iniquity. But to such I would say,—since such actions are evil, it is time they should be *hissed* out of the world."—*Works*, vol. ii. Even Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn-Law Rhymer, could not wish this better done. It is not an anecdote, I know; but it has dramatic power, of the highest order. This may be accounted for by Bunyan's opportunities of seeing the markets, whilst travelling as a tinker. There was also a regular *Cheese-fair* at Elstow. *Camden's Brit.*

Bunyan tells a remarkable story in his Life of Badman, concerning the master of an Ale-House, whom he evidently knew something of. I refer to it, for the sake of some incidental facts which throw some light upon his times. The Publican had a half-witted son, whom he encouraged to *curse* him for the amusement of his guests, when they were too dull. He would even *irritate* the poor idiot, to consign him to the devil! In course of time, the wretched man was seized with a disorder, which was deemed *Satanic* possession. Something, as if "a *live* thing," moved up and down in his body, until his fits came on. Then, it settled like "a hard lump on the soft part of his chest, and so would rend and tear him, and make him

roar." This, of course, was nothing but extreme spasms. It was, however, treated as possession. "There was one Freeman—who was more than an *ordinary* doctor—sent for, to cast out this devil:—and I was there when he attempted to do it;" says Bunyan, or Bunyan's friend.

"The manner was this: they had the possessed man into an outer-room, and laid him on his belly upon a form, with his head hanging over the form's-end. Then they bound him down thereto: which done, they set a pan of coals under his mouth, and put something therein that made a great smoke: by this means (as it was said) to fetch out the devil. There, therefore, they kept the man till he was almost smothered in smoke: but no devil came out of him. At which Freeman was somewhat abashed, the man greatly afflicted, and I made to go away wondering and fearing. In a little time, therefore, that which possessed the man carried him out of the world, according to the cursed wishes of his son. And this was the end of this *hell*ish mirth!"

There was a wiser Doctor in Bedford than Freeman. "We had in our town," says Bunyan, "a little girl that loved to eat the heads of *foul* tobacco-pipes; and neither rod nor good word could reclaim her, or make her leave them. So her father takes advice of a Doctor, to wean her from them. 'Take,' saith the Doctor, 'a great many of the *foulest* tobacco-pipe heads you can get, and boil them in *milk*, and make a *posset* of that milk, and make your daughter drink that posset-drink up.' He did so, and made her drink it up. It made her so *sick*, that she could never abide to meddle with tobacco-pipe heads any more; and so she was cured of that disease." Bunyan used to tell this anecdote, in order to illustrate the fact, "that sin may be made an *affliction* as bitter as wormwood and gall;" and to enforce the warning, "Take heed; God will make thee a *posset* so bitter to thy soul, that it shall make sin loathsome to thee."—*Works*, p. 538. This girl was, probably, the daughter of the Pipe Manufacturer, mentioned in the Chapter, "Bunyan's Church Persecuted."

I add only two more anecdotes illustrative of his mode of turning trifles to account. "I heard a story from a soldier, who, with his company, had laid siege against a Fort,—that so long as the besieged were persuaded their foes would show them no *favour*, they fought like mad-men: but when they saw one of their fellows taken, and received to favour, they all came *tumbling* down from their fortress, and delivered them-

selves into their enemy's hands. And I am persuaded that, did sinners believe the grace and willingness of Christ's heart to save, as the word imports, they would come *tumbling* into his arms."—*Works*, p. 446.

"Once being at an honest woman's house, I, after some pause, asked her how she did? She said, 'Very badly.' I asked her if she was sick? She answered, 'No.' 'What then,' said I, 'are any of your children ill?' She told me 'No.' 'What,' said I, 'is your husband amiss, or do you go back in the world?' 'No, no,' said she, but I am afraid I shall not be saved!' She then broke out with a heavy heart, saying, 'Ah! Goodman Bunyan,—Christ and a *pitcher!* Had I Christ, it would be better with me than I think it is now, though I went and begged my bread with a pitcher!' This cry, 'Christ and a pitcher,' made a melodious noise in the ears of the very angels. The *bells* of heaven ring, and angels shout for joy, when the want and worth of Christ" are thus felt and confessed.—*Works*, p. 526, 544.

It will be readily seen from such applications of familiar events, that Bunyan was an attentive observer of men and things, and thus that most of the characters in his Pilgrims were copied from real life. This has been suspected in his Holy War also; but without reason. The leaders in that war are either too good or too bad, to have had their *originals* in the royal or the parliamentary army. Besides, Bunyan had not sufficient access to any of them, to copy from them. He may have found some of the *new* Aldermen and Burgesses of Mansoul in the old Corporation of Bedford; but his Captains and Standard Bearers, are all pure abstractions, or embodied passions.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BUNYAN'S JAILOR.

1661.

BUNYAN, like Joseph in Egypt, found a friend in "the Keeper of the prison;"—and he equally deserved one. Would we knew his Jailor's name! But, like that of Joseph's, it is unknown. It will be said of both keepers, however, until the end of time, that "God gave" their prisoners *favour* in their sight.

Bunyan says of his Jailor, "By him I had some liberty granted me, more than at the first: so that I followed my wonted course of preaching; taking all occasions that were put into my hand to visit the people of God, exhorting them to be steadfast in the faith of Christ Jesus, and to take heed that they *touched* not the Common Prayer, but to mind the Word of God which giveth direction to Christians in every point; being 'able to make the man of God perfect in all things through faith in Jesus Christ, and thoroughly to furnish him unto all good work.'" 2 *Tim.* iii. 17. "Touch not;"—this seems, at first sight, but a *sorry* return for the freedom so generously granted by the friendly Jailor. It was, however, like Paul's "Nay, verily let them fetch us out," addressed to the Jailor at Philippi. It was not to peril him, but to maintain the rights of Roman Citizenship, that Paul spoke thus. So with Bunyan. Had he been silent on the subject of the Prayer Book, out of consideration for his Keeper, he would have stultified his own cause, now that the Prayer Book was made the *hinge* upon which even citizenship turned. Besides, to give any quarter to the claims of that book then, would have been to concede all the rights of conscience: for not only was no discretionary use of it permitted, but it was employed to enforce attendance upon the ministry of men who, in many instances (judging merely from Bishop Burnet's account of

them,) were unworthy of taking its holy petitions upon their unhallowed lips. Whilst, therefore, it is a melancholy fact in the annals of genius, that Bunyan denounced the book itself as if it had been weak or worthless, it is a glorious fact in the annals of religious liberty, that he dared death, as well as endured bondage, in order to dissuade his own adherents from touching the Common Prayer: for to touch it then, whilst it was both the symbol and shibboleth of Intolerance, would have been homage to Tyranny, and high treason against the first principles of Protestantism. Bunyan felt this, and flung it to the winds at all hazards.

This hostility to the Prayer Book had a re-action which did good. It led the thoughtful admirers of the Liturgy to throw their *soul* into the prayers, and compelled even hirelings to read them with something like devotion; and thus the prejudices of many were conciliated wherever the service was well conducted. This is, happily the case still. Less justice would be done to the Prayers in many Churches, if fewer Chapels rejected the use of them. Bunyan is not to *thank*, nor are the Nonconformists, for this re-action; for they did not intend to produce it. Nonconformists, however, *rejoice* in it now. The Churchmen who doubt this, do not know them. They do not indeed, blame Bunyan for teaching "Touch not;" but they bless God on behalf of every devotional man who pours the spirit of prayer into the forms of the Church; just as they rejoice in the multiplication of evangelical Clergymen. There is no inconsistency on their part in this. It implies no concession to Church or State, of even the shadow of a right to impose forms of worship. The whole body of Dissenters agree, on that point, with a *clerical* Editor of Bunyan's Pilgrim, "that nominal Protestants enacting laws requiring conformity to their own creeds and forms, and inflicting punishments on such as peaceably dissent from them are actually involved in the guilt of the *heathen* persecutors, and of their *anti-Christian* successors, even if their doctrine and worship be allowed to be scriptural and spiritual. For these methods only serve to promote hypocrisy, and to expose the conscientious to the malice, envy, or avarice of the unprincipled."—*Scott's Notes.*

Bunyan's jailor seems to have been of this opinion. At least, he acted agreeably to it, as far and as long as he could. He not only allowed Bunyan to visit his family and his flock, but even permitted him to go to London. This last step peril-

led both. It can hardly be called a rash step, however, on the part of Bunyan. He needed more influential friends, in prospect of a second trial, than Bedford could furnish. Besides, all the Baptists of the county were not sufficiently his friends, to make a joint and hearty effort on his behalf. His "Open Communion" church and creed shut up some of their sympathies; and most of his brethren had quite enough to do to take care of themselves. It was also the right time, in one sense, to visit London. The King was juggling the Dissenters, and the Mayor harassing the Quakers and Baptists, and the Cabinet hatching the Act of Uniformity. Thinking men were thus upon the alert to learn from the persecutions in the country, what more might be expected in town. Henry Adis (a Free-Will Baptist, as he calls himself,) was also preparing his THUNDER against the City Magistrates, and especially against Alderman Brown, in a pamphlet entitled "Thunder to Brown the Mayor, by one of the Sons of Zion, become a Boanerges." Altogether Bunyan found

"Fit audience, if few,"

to listen to his complaints and appeals against his unjust sentence. It was also of importance to him to become acquainted with the few Baptists in London, who maintained open communion. One of these, Henry Jesse, was a man whose talents, learning, and philanthropy, would have given additional weight to any good cause. Bunyan knew this, and defended himself with Jesse's weapons, when the strict Baptists assailed him. This was wormwood to his opponents: for all these churches knew that Jesse was a convert to immersion, to boast of; because he had prepared a new translation of the Scriptures, and was the almoner of the poor Jews in Jerusalem, as well as the most influential minister of the denomination.

Thus, although hazardous, it was not rash in Bunyan to visit London, whilst his jailor allowed him to be a prisoner at large. He won friends there, who, although they could not deliver him, appreciated him, and became both the means and the medium of bringing him before the world as an author. Indeed, but for them, it is impossible to see how his first works in prison could have been published to his advantage, or even published at all. He had no money, and his fellow-prisoners had no influence with the trade; and thus, instead of pointing old truths with pure Saxon, or setting "apples of gold in frames

of silver," he must have continued as he began, to *tag* stay-laces with old brass, had not his London friends interfered.

With these ultimate consequences of Bunyan's visit to London before us, it is not difficult to excuse his jailor's dereliction of official duty. Even Dr. Southey says, "He had *fortunately* a friend in the jailor." But did not the jailor betray the trust confided to him, and Bunyan sin in accepting freedom? Now the former certainly went far beyond all the discretionary power which law or custom allowed to jailors. He did not, however, stretch his prerogative farther in Bunyan's favour, than the judges strained theirs against Bunyan. If he violated his office by favouring him, they violated theirs by insulting him. The judges went as far beyond law when the prisoner was at the bar, as the jailor stopt short of the law when the prisoner was condemned. Thus one extreme begat another. Undue severity, on the part of the judges, produced an excess of leniency in the jailor.

But the man deserves to be acquitted as well as excused. He was paying both King and Law a high compliment, in taking for granted that they were more equitable than Keeling and Twisdon. Charles had made promises, and issued proclamations, in favour of Nonconformists, which it was the jailor's duty to believe, until they were revoked; and they were not revoked when he mitigated Bunyan's sentence. That sentence was in the very teeth of the royal proclamations, and thus it tacitly called the King a liar and a hypocrite: an implication which, however true, the jailor had no reason to believe at the time. Thus he had no alternative but to disobey the judges, or give the lie direct to the King. He preferred the former until the King gave the lie to himself.

There is, I am aware, special pleading in this argument.—Be it so! It is thus one of the many proofs furnished by experience, that it is impossible to revere the majesty of law, when the administration of justice is either cruel or insulting. In Bunyan's case, an honest man could no more blame the jailor, than he could praise the judges; for his departure from the letter of the law appears a virtue in the presence of their outrages against the spirit of the law.

I once thought, judging from the lengths which the jailor ventured to go, that he must have made up his mind to lose his situation rather than enforce iniquitous sentences. It was, however, only in Bunyan's case that he *dared* any thing; although there were other prisoners equally innocent. He was,

however, kind to them all; and peculiarly so to Bunyan, even after he could not allow him to ramble. His confidence in him at first was almost superstitious. "It being known to some of the persecuting prelates," says Ivimey, "that Bunyan was often out of prison, they sent down an officer to talk with the jailor on the subject; and in order to find him out, he was to arrive there in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family; but so restless that he could not sleep. He therefore told his wife that he *must* return immediately. He did so, and the jailor blamed him for coming in at so unreasonable an hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and said, 'Are all the prisoners safe?' 'Yes.' 'Is John Bunyan safe?' 'Yes.' 'Let me see him.' He was called and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger left, the jailor said to Bunyan, 'Well, you may go out again when you think proper; for you know *when* to return, better than I can tell you.'"

Bunyan's return from London did not end so well. His visits among the Baptists excited suspicion; because some of that body were Fifth Monarchy men, or such extravagant Millenarians, that the whole body was singled out to be watched with unwinking jealousy. Bunyan was, therefore, soon discovered, whilst moving to and fro amongst them, and soon reported to the government as a conspirator from the country, in league with them. Accordingly, another Venner's insurrection was suspected by the weak—and wished for by the strong. Both the hope and the fear ended, however, in the closer confinement of Bunyan, when he returned to Bedford: for he *went* back. The fact seems to be, that he had moved about in London, as he well might, with such an air of innocence and simplicity, that even informers could not get up a charge against him which would have satisfied even Alderman Brown, although the comedians of the day were in the habit of saying, that the devil had just ceased to be *black*, and had become Brown. It surprised Bunyan, therefore, as well as pained him, to find on his return, that close imprisonment awaited him. He had not anticipated this result, as he walked back. He had, indeed, pleased himself with the fond hope of being much with his family, and often amongst his flock, to cheer both with his presence, and to encourage them by the promises of sympathy he had received in the metropolis. No wonder, therefore, that he exclaimed, when his jailor told him, as he entered the prison, that he must no longer *look* out at the door, "God knows it is

a slander, that I went to London to make or plot an insurrection, or to sow divisions." He felt keenly for the jailor also. "My enemies," he says, "were so angry, that they had almost cast my jailor out of his place; threatening to indict him, and to do what they could against him."

All this, however, neither alienated nor alarmed the Jailor, so as to render him indifferent about Bunyan. He could no longer let him slip out of prison; but he did all he could to obtain a fair hearing for him at the next Assizes, although that "right Judas," Cobb, was opposed to him. Bunyan's account of this is very characteristic. "Because I had a desire to come before the Judge in 1662, I desired my Jailor to put my name into the calender among FELONS, and made friends of the Judge and High Sheriff, who promised that I should be called; so that I thought what I had done might have been effectual for the obtaining of my desire: but all was in vain; for when the assizes came, though my name was in the calendar, and also though both the judge and sheriff had promised that I should appear before them, yet the justices and the clerk of the peace, did so *work it about*, that I, notwithstanding, was deferred, and was not suffered to appear: and although I say, I do not know of all their carriages towards me, yet *this I know*, that the clerk of the peace (Mr. Cobb) did discover himself to be one of my greatest opposers: for, first he came to my Jailor, and told him that I must not go down before the judge, and therefore must not be put into the calendar. To whom my Jailor said, that my name was in already. He bid him put it out again: my Jailor told him that he could not: for he had given the judge a calendar with my name in it, and also the sheriff another. At which he was very much displeased, and desired to see that calendar that was yet in my Jailor's hand, who, when he had given it him, he looked on it, and said it was a false calendar; he also took the calendar and *blotted out* my accusation, as my Jailor had written it. (Which accusation I cannot tell what it was, because it was so blotted out.) And he himself put in words to this purpose: 'That John Bunyan was committed to prison; being lawfully convicted for upholding of unlawful meetings and conventicles, &c.' But yet for all this, fearing that what he had done, unless he added thereto, it would not do, he first ran to the clerk of the assizes; then to the justices, and afterwards, because he would not leave any means unattempted to hinder me, he came again to my Jailor, and told him, that if I did go down before the judge, and

was released, he would make him pay my fees, which he said was due to him; and further, told him, that he would complain of him at the next quarter-sessions for making of false calendars, though my Jailor himself, as I afterwards learned, had put in my accusation *worse* than in itself it was by far. And thus was I hindered and prevented at that time also from appearing before the judge: and left in prison. Farewell. JOHN BUNYAN."

This was a *long* farewell to Liberty! For seven years from this time, there is no account of him in the Church Book at Bedford. That, indeed, would not be proof that he was never present at any of the Church Meetings: because prudence required that no record of his presence should appear upon the minutes. There is, however, no reason to suppose that he was ever permitted to go beyond his prison walls once, during seven years. And, be it remembered, Bedford Jail stood then upon the Bridge; and thus he had not even a yard or court within the walls to walk in for air or exercise. The late Mr. Parry, of Wymondly College, hardly exaggerated, therefore, when he drew the following touching picture of Bunyan's imprisonment. It is not altogether true: but alas, it is only *too* true! "Look into that damp and dreary cell, through the narrow chink, which admits a few scanty rays of light, to render visible to the wretched his abode of woe. Behold, by the glimmering of that feeble lamp, a prisoner, *pale* and *emaciated*, seated on the humid earth, and pursuing his daily task, to earn the morsel which prolongs his existence and confinement together. Near him, reclined in pensive sadness, lies a *blind* daughter, compelled to eat the bread of affliction from the hard earning of an imprisoned father! Paternal affection binds her to his heart, and filial gratitude has long made her the *daily* companion of his captivity. No other solace remains to him, save the *mournful one* arising from the occasional visits of five other distressed children, and an affectionate wife, whom pinching want and grief have worn down to the gate of death. More than ten summers' suns have rolled over the stone-roofed mansion of his misery, whose reviving rays have never *once penetrated* his sad abode. 'Seasons return,' but not to *him* returns the cheering light of day, the smiling bloom of spring, or sound of human joy! Unfortunate captive! What is his guilt, what his crimes? Is he a traitor, or a parricide? A lewd adulterer, or a vile incendiary? No, he is a *Christian sufferer!* Under all his calam-

ities peace reigns in his breast, heavenly hope glistens in his eye, and patience sits throned on his *pallid* cheek. He is none other than honest John Bunyan, languishing through the *twelfth* year of his imprisonment in Bedford Jail for teaching plain country people the *knowledge* of the Scriptures and the *practice of virtue!*—It requires the *energy* of Fox, the *eloquence* of Burke, and the *pathos* of Sheridan, to paint the effect of such a scene on the feelings of Humanity. My feeble pen drops from the task, and leaves *sensibility* to endure those sensations of compassion and sorrow, which it fails to describe."—*Parry's Pamphlets on Tests.*

This, if overcoloured, is not overdrawn. I venture to say the same of a painting by *Harvey*, in the possession of Mr. Moon; which will, I hope, be speedily engraved. It is a noble composition! Like Bunyan himself, it is equally original and natural; sublime and simple. Once seen, it can never be forgotten. It may be somewhat criticized, when it appears, by some of my readers; but none of them, nor any one else, will find *fault* with it. A *reduced* Engraving from it, ought to be the frontispiece of all future Editions of the Pilgrim's Progress.

CHAPTER XXX.

BUNYAN AND THE BAPTISTS.

Both the world and the Church are indebted to the Baptists for the ministry of John Bunyan. But for them, he might have "lived and died a tinker."—*Southey.*

Bunyan himself, however, was not much indebted to them as a body. Individual Ministers and Churches did much for him and his family, and the Calvinistic section of the body duly appreciated his orthodoxy; But neither the General nor the Particular Baptists cared much about him. Both abetted some of their chief men in lessening his fame and influence. Well might Dr. Southey say, "They neither judged nor spoke so charitably of him (as he did of them.) They called him a Machiavelian, a man devilish, proud, insolent, and presumptuous. Some compared him to the devil; others to a Bedlamite; others to a sot; and they sneered at his low origin, and the base occupation from which he had risen."—*Life*, p. 76.

This is only too true. He was thus attacked by Kiffin and Denne, for advocating and preaching Open Communion. Jessey was not, however, as Dr. Southey states, one of "the eminent Baptists who attacked him" for this. Henry Jessey was both the champion and exemplar of Free Communion, and (from all I can judge) one of Bunyan's best friends. His "Judgment" on this question, "was never answered" by the strict Baptists, Bunyan says.—*Works*, p. 1204.

Bunyan's adherence and attachment to the Baptists, notwithstanding the attacks made upon him, do him great credit. He was also a *loser* by identifying himself with their name and cause, at the restoration: but he never flinched nor repented. And in this, he only did them justice. Their *cause* was good, and their *name* bad only by misrepresentation. Milton's and Locke's excepted, there are not nobler appeals on behalf of Toleration, in our annals, than some of those which the Baptists made to the throne and the nation. Even their

Letter to Charles II., in 1657, when he was at Bruges, although somewhat fulsome in its compliments to both his father and himself, and unjust to Cromwell, closes with propositions to the King, which no flatterer or temporizer would have dared to make. They call upon him to pledge his royal word, "that he will never erect, nor allow to be erected, any such tyrannical, popish and anti-christian Hierarchy (Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or by what name soever called) as shall assume a power over, or impose a yoke upon, the consciences of others: but that every one of his subjects should be at liberty to worship God in such a way, as shall appear to them agreeable to the mind and will of Christ."—*Clarendon*, vol. iii. p. 359.

They plead also, and all but protest, against being "compelled to contribute to the maintenance of that which is called the National ministry," and tell the King bluntly that "the whole nation, as well as the people of God, groans under the exaction of tithes." They conclude, by imploring "an amnesty for *all* godly persons who may have committed any treason or offence, since the beginning of the unhappy wars; excepting only such as do adhere to that *Ugly Tyrant*, who calls himself protector." Clarendon, as might be expected, calls these points, "extravagant propositions:" but he honestly records them; and not the less willingly, because of the following tirade against Cromwell: "We have been cheated, cozened and betrayed by that grand Imposter,—that loathsome Hypocrite,—that detestable Traitor,—that prodigy of Nature,—that opprobrium of Mankind,—that landskip of Iniquity,—that sink of Sin, who now calls himself our Protector!" This torrent of abuse

"Out-Herods Herod!"

It is not, however, inexplicable. The Baptists, like others, were tired of Cromwell. He had never been able to do much for them, and now they expected nothing from him: for they had begun to intrigue with the Royalists for the restoration of the King, and had thus every reason to fear that they would be found out by the vigilant Protector. As they had, therefore, to humble themselves, and to pay court, somewhere, for their own safety, they abused both Cromwell and themselves, in equally strong language, in their private Letter to the King. —*Crosby's Appendix.*

Bunyan was not of sufficient importance in 1657, to be applied to in this business. He was then a Minister and had been indicted for preaching at Eaton: but his influence was not begun. Even if it had, he would hardly have joined in such sweeping abuse of Cromwell. Not, however, that he admired him; but he was too little of a politician, and too much a philosopher to malign any one. Bishop Fowler would not have said so, I am aware. But although Bunyan handled him too roughly, there was no spite in the hard blows.

Bunyan was placed in a dilemma at the Restoration, when the great body of the Calvinistic Baptists published their Declaration of Faith, "to inform all men of their innocent belief and practice in these days of scandal and reproach, when they were falsely called Anabaptists." This Declaration was "owned and approved by more than 20,000" persons. It does not appear, however, that Bunyan was one of the number, although there be nothing in the theology or the politics of the document which he could not have signed. It was signed, Henry Adis says, by some of the General Baptists, on public grounds. It contained, however, a clause which, though softly worded, was sharply meant, and thus abhorrent to Bunyan. Baptism by dipping is, it says, "the right and *only* way of gathering Churches!" "All such as preach not this doctrine, we utterly deny; forasmuch as we are commanded to have no *fellowship* with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather to reprove them."—*Article XI.* There is more in the letter of this article than I have quoted: but this is the *spirit* of it. It was, therefore, a public protest, in fact, against the Open Communion Churches with which Bunyan was identified, as well as against "all those wicked and devilish reports falsely cast upon" the Body, "as though they would cut the throats of those who were not like minded in matters of religion" with themselves.

The authors of this Protest did not see the bearings of it. Bunyan and his party, however, felt the consequences of it. It placed them, though unintentionally, where other Protests had placed the Fifth Monarchy Baptists; out of the *pale* of the Associated Churches. This was a serious matter then. The best of their Churches had but a bad name, when Venner's insurrection took place; and thus, the churches which they did not own come in for a worse.

This is both a difficult and delicate subject to touch.

Nothing, certainly, was farther from the design of the men who led on the general Body, than to *imply*, even, that the Churches or Ministers who held Open Communion, held any disloyal or disorganizing opinions. They did not, however, fraternize with them, nor own them. They did not stand aloof from them exactly as they did from Henry Adis's Free Willers, nor at all for the same reasons: but still, they had no fellowship with them; and hence, Bunyan was suspected of some connexion with the Fifth Monarchy men, when he was discovered in London among the liberal Baptists. This view of the case has never been taken, that I know of; and I am not sure that it can be fully sustained. It is, however, forced upon me by the light in which the Protests of the general Body placed, "The small Society of baptized believers, *undergoing* the name of the Free Willers, about the city of London." Henry Adis, Richard Pilgrim, and William Cox, "in behalf of themselves, and those who walk with them," say, that they were more suspected and persecuted than others. They seem to have been high Millenarians; and thus the Protests against "certain views of the personal reign of Christ on earth," although not aimed at them by the Writers, were applied to them by the magistrates. And the severity of Bunyan's imprisonment, seems to have arisen from a similar cause. He was not identified with the great body of his brethren, and thus he was even more suspected by the Church and the State than the generality of them.

Whatever truth there may be in this view of the matter, will not be altered in its power or position by the fact, that the Baptist Body condemned, by their declaration, all Churches, in common with that of Bunyan. This is true. But it is equally true at this time, that their condemnation of all but Baptist Churches went for nothing. Their condemnation of other Churches passed for praise: whereas, in excepting any of their own order, they subjected them, however undesignedly, to unusual suspicion: for as all Baptists were then deemed *Anabaptists*, it was readily supposed that disowned Baptists deserved the name. Neither, indeed, deserved it. It was a mere and vile calumny. But thus it was perpetuated. Accordingly, Jessey was twice arrested and imprisoned at this time. His name, like Bunyan's, was not appended to the Declaration of Faith; and thus he too felt the consequences of not being recognized by the Body.

These, to say the least, are singular coincidences, even

if they do not prove that the Protests against the name Anabaptist created suspicion against those who did not sign them. It is also a curious fact, that Bunyan had so little fear, or care, about the name, that he applies it to the whole Body, just as he does the titles Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Independent, to other Bodies.—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1403.

But if Bunyan sustained some accidental injury from the circumstance, that the vindications of themselves, issued by the General Body, left those who did not belong to it, to all the jealousy of the times, he derived much benefit from the noble example of fortitude and patience, which Keach and and Kiffen, Knollys and Vavaser Powel, exhibited. He did not, indeed, *see* Keach in the pillory, nor Kiffen at the bar, nor Knollys haled through the streets, nor Dagnall under sentence of death,—nor the equally noble sight of Brandon of Aylesbury returning, with tears for his momentary recantation, to share Dagnall's sentence if necessary; but he *heard* of all this, and caught the inspiration of it, and stood prepared to imitate them all, if called upon to endure more than bonds. Bunyan could forgive Kiffen any thing; he admired him so much for his prudence and heroism. "I forgive Mr. Kiffen," he says, "and love him never the worse, for what he hath done in the matter of those unhandsome brands that my Brethren have laid upon me, for saying that the Church of Christ hath not warrant to keep out of her Communion a visible saint." One reason of this disinterested love was, that Kiffen by his influence with the Chancellor, had obtained a reprieve for ten men and two women, who were sentenced to death at Aylesbury for mere nonconformity.—*Crosby*, vol. ii. p. 184.

Keach also stood deservedly high in Bunyan's estimation, although he had often laid "The Axe to the Root" (as he thought) of the Open Communion system. This, Bunyan forgot, as he did the abortive attempts of the good old Tropologist to allegorize, and thought only of his martyr-spirit at the pillory. No wonder that this commended itself to a spirit of the same order! A fainter spirit than Bunyan's glows and glories to hear Keach say to his weeping friends, as they followed him to the Pillory, in Aylesbury, "The Cross is the *way* to the Crown." Crosby says, (and he had the narrative of a witness to copy from) that "His head and hands were no sooner fixed in the Pillory, than he began to address himself to the spectators thus: 'Good people, I am not

ashamed to stand here this day, with this Paper on my head; my Lord was not ashamed to suffer on the Cross. Take notice,—it is not for any wickedness that I stand here; but for writing and publishing His truths.'

"After he had stood sometime silent, getting one of his hands at liberty, he pulled his *Bible* out of his pocket, and held it up to the people saying, 'The things for which I am a spectacle to men and angels this day, are all contained in this book, as I could prove out of the same, if I had an opportunity.' At this, the Jailor interrupted him, and with great anger inquired who gave him the book? Some said, his wife. She was *near* him, and frequently spoke in vindication of her husband, and the principles for which he suffered. But Mr. Keach replied, that he took it out of his own pocket. Upon this the Jailor took it from him, and fastened up his hand again, and told him he must not speak. But it was almost impossible to keep him from speaking. The Sheriff came in a great rage, and said he should be *gagged*, if he would not be silent." —*Crosby*, vol. ii. p. 206.

Even after this, he ventured to speak again. At last, finding it was of no use to try more, he stood in silence until his two hours were completed; or only uttering the words, "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." When the full time of his sentence was expired, the Underkeeper lifted up the board; and soon as his head and hands were at liberty, he blessed God with a *loud* voice for his great goodness to him. This pillorying was repeated next week at Winslow, with the additional outrage of burning the Book for which he was condemned, before his eyes. This obnoxious Book was, "The Child's Instructor, or a new and easy Primer;" but it denied Infant Baptism, and Ecclesiastical Domination. It also taught the Personal Reign of Christ on earth, just as the *prophetic* party in the Church do now!

After a laborious life, and many sufferings, Mr. Keach died in peace at home. His noble-minded wife did not long survive the scenes of the pillory. She sank in the 31st year of her age. Her resemblance to Bunyan's Elizabeth was, no doubt, one reason of his veneration for her husband.

I am not *conjecturing*, in thus ascribing to the example of his suffering Brethren, some of Bunyan's fortitude in prison. His Works are full of proofs, that he knew well what they were enduring, and felt deeply the inspiration of their magna-

nimity. Not that his Baptist Brethren *alone* had this influence upon his spirit. All sufferers for conscience' sake were dear to him; and hence he *grouped* them in his kind appeals to them. And his appeals had weight, after the publication of his Pilgrim. That Book opened many *hearts* to him amongst the Strict Baptists, although it relaxed none of their strictness. Christian, Faithful, and Hopeful were admitted into *full* communion in all their Churches, although John Bunyan was shut out.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BUNYAN'S PRISON SERMON.

BUNYAN little dreamt, glorious dreamer as he was, that his prison would one day give the philanthropy of HOWARD both an impulse and a direction, which should improve all the prisons of Europe. It was, however, the old Jail on Bedford Bridge, which was almost damp enough to make "the moss grow upon the eyebrows" of the prisoners, that fully awoke Howard to his great enterprise. His first act, when appointed High Sheriff of the county, was to improve the Jail. And it derogates nothing from the purity of his motives, or from the catholicity of his spirit, or from the splendour of his fame, to proclaim the fact, that his principles as a Dissenter heightened all his sympathies as a man and a Christian. Had Bunyan never been in Bedford Jail, nor Howard been a nonconformist, that Jail would indeed have been improved; but not so promptly, nor with such a bearing upon the prison-houses of the world.

Howard's strong sympathies with Bunyan's principles, naturally expanded into universal philanthropy. For although no character could be more unlike Bunyan's, than that of prisoners in general, the very *contrast* gave power to pity: because if a holy prisoner, with a good conscience and a hope full of immortality, was yet a sad man often, and at times ready to sink, what wretched men must guilty and ungodly prisoners be! This was the line of Howard's logic!

It is well known that Bunyan was not idle in prison. It is not, however, every one who knows the number and the names of the Books he wrote in Jail, that has an acquaintance with either their origin or progress. None of his biographers have led us into his cell, or enabled us to see him musing, writing, or expounding. Indeed, it was long before I could find out enough of the Chronology of his works to obtain vivid or definite glimpses of the student or the study. I have often

wished that Howard had not pulled down the old Jail; just that we might have seen and shown how Bunyan sat at his table—and how the light fell upon his Bible and papers—and what room he had for walking when his limbs ached with sitting—and whether the fire-place was smoky—and how far his bed was out of the draught. Biography is as tedious to write, as it is to read, when we cannot get thus to a man's side, and peep at all his circumstances. It will not, however, be for want of trying to do so, that I shall fail to give *life* to my picture.

Bunyan's first deep thoughts in prison, so far as they did not regard himself and his family, were peculiar, and came very unexpectedly upon him. One Sabbath, when it was his turn to expound the Scriptures to his fellow prisoners, he found himself "so empty, spiritless, and barren," that he verily thought he could not speak five words of edifying truth, with either "life or evidence." But it was his *turn;* and he had no alternative; for his brethren and companions in tribulation for the kingdom of God, "expected to be refreshed" by him. "Providentially it so fell out at last," he says, "that I cast my eye upon the 11th verse of the 20th Chapter of the Revelations: upon which when I had considered awhile, methought I perceived something of the Jasper in whose light you there find that this Holy City is said to come and descend. Wherefore, having got in my eye some dim glimmerings thereof, and finding in my heart a desire to see further thereinto, I with a few *groans* did carry my meditations to the Lord Jesus for a blessing, which he did forthwith grant according to his grace."

Such was the origin of his Holy City. That work is often called "The Holy City's Resurrection:" but Bunyan does not give it that title in the *first* Edition; which is now before me. I have already hinted that it was a favourite with him, because it burst upon him unexpectedly, and flowed from long cherished recollections of sick-bed meditations. Accordingly, he dedicated it to "four sorts of readers." The fourth epistle is addressed to "The Mother of Harlots," thus; "Mistress, I suppose I have nothing here, that will either please your wanton eye, or go down with your voluptuous palate. Here is bread indeed, as also milk and wheat: but here is neither *paint* to adorn thy wrinkled face, nor *crutch* to uphold or undershore thy shaking, tottering, staggering kingdom of Rome; but rather a certain presage of thy sudden and fearful final downfall; and of the exaltation of that Holy Matron whose

chastity thou dost abhor, because by it she reproveth and condemneth thy lewd and stubborn life. Wherefore, Lady,—*smell* thou mayst of this; but *taste* thou wilt not. Thou wilt at the sight of so homely a dish as this, *snuff*, and cry '*Foh*;'—put the branch to the nose, and say 'Contemptible!' But Wisdom is justified of all her children. The Virgin daughter of Zion hath despised thee and laughed thee to scorn; Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee; yea, her God hath smitten his hands at thy dishonest gains and freaks."

This "homely dish," as Bunyan calls the Treatise, must have made his fellow prisoners turn up their *eyes* in wonder, whether it made the Scarlet Lady turn up her nose in disgust or not. It is really an *amazing* Commentary, and must have had an electrical effect upon his companions. Even the scholars and theologians amongst them, must have felt that they had no such knowledge of the *letter* of Scripture, and no such power of assimilating and combining scriptural facts and figures. For in none of his works has Bunyan shown such an acquaintance with the language of the Bible; or such dexterity in harmonizing Old Testament types with New Testament symbols, in the interpretation of prophecy. The old and new imagery of Revelation, almost ceases to be *mystical* in his hands, and becomes as intelligible as ordinary words. It is, of course, impossible to illustrate this here. It would, however, be wrong not to mention the fact. No reader of the "Holy City" may agree with Bunyan's theory of Apocalyptic visions; but every reader of it must feel, with all the force of a sensation, that he never saw the man who had such command over sacred phrascology. It was well that Bunyan had no Millenarian vagaries; for with his power over the harp of prophecy, he would have been a bewitching minstrel in the Vatican of that School.

Bunyan's friends did not forget him when he became a prisoner. Some of them visited him, and others remembered his bonds as if they had been bound with him. He felt their kindness; and as the least suspicious mode of answering the Letters he received, he published a poetical Epistle, dedicated to "The Heart of Suffering Saints and Reigning Sinners." There are some verses of this poem deserve preservation; especially as we have so few specimens of Bunyan's correspondence.

"Friend, I salute thee in the Lord,
And wish thou may'st abound
In faith, and have a good regard
To keep on *holy* ground.
Thou dost encourage me to hold
My head above the flood;
Thy counsel better is than gold,
In *need* thereof I stood!

"I take it kindly at thy hand,
Thou didst unto me write!
My feet upon Mount Zion stand—
In that—is my delight.
I am indeed in prison now,
In body; but my mind
Is *free* to study Christ, and how
Unto me He is kind.

"For though men keep my outward man
Within their bolts and bars;
Yet by the faith of Christ I can
Mount *higher* than the stars.
Their fetters cannot *spirits* tame,
Nor tie up God from me,—
My faith and hope they cannot lame:
Above them I shall be.

"I here am very much refreshed
To think—'When I was *out*,
I preached life, and peace, and rest,
To sinners round about.'
My business then was *souls* to save,
By preaching grace and faith:
Of which the comfort *now* I have,
And *shall* have unto death.

"Alas, they little think what peace
They help me to: for by
Their rage, my comforts do increase—
Bless God, therefore, do I!
Though they say, then, that we are fools,
Because we *here* do lie,
I answer, jails are Jesus' schools;
In them we learn to die.

"'T is not the baseness of this state
Doth hide from us God's face:
He frequently, both soon and late,
Doth visit us with grace.
Here come the angels, here come saints,
Here comes the Spirit of God,
To comfort us in our restraints
Under the wicked's rod.

"To them that here for *evil* lie,
This place is comfortless:
But not to me, because that I
Suffer for righteousness.
The Truth and I were both here cast
Together; and we do
Lie arm *in* arm, and so hold *fast*
Each other. This is true!

"This jail to us is as a hill,
From whence we plainly see
Beyond this world, and take our fill
Of things that *lasting* be.
We change our drossy dust for gold;
From death to life we fly.
We let go shadows, and take hold
Of immortality.

"That *liberty* we lose for Him,
Sickness might take away.
Our *goods* might also, for our sin,
By fire or thieves decay.
Who now dare say, we throw away
Our goods or liberty?
When God's most Holy Word doth say,
We gain thus much thereby.

"Hark yet again, ye carnal men,
And hear what I shall say
In your *own* dialect, and then
I'll you no longer stay!
Though you dare crack a coward's crown,
Or quarrel for a pin,
You dare not on the wicked frown,
Nor speak against their sin.

"Know, then, true *valour* there doth dwell,
Where men engage for God,
Against the Devil, Death, and Hell,
And bear the wicked's rod.
These be the men that God doth count
Of *high* and *noble* mind:
These be the men that do surmount
What you in *nature* find.

Works, vol. iii. p. 1477.

This "lights us deep" into the cast of Bunyan's musings in prison. They were not, however, always thus bold, or bright. But, bright or dark, he has told them with equal frankness, and for a noble purpose. There is nothing finer, either in sentiment or language, in any writer, than his application of David's words, on contributing to the building of the temple,

to his own legacy to the church :—"Many more of the divine dealings towards me (in prison) I might relate : but these, out of the spoils won in *battle*, have I dedicated to maintain the house of God." These spoils, happily, remain for the use of the church. "I have continued with much content, through grace," he says, "in prison : but have met with many *turnings* and *goings* upon my heart, both from the Lord, Satan, and my own corruptions. By all which—Glory be to Jesus !—I have also received, among many things, *much* conviction, instruction, and understanding : of which, at large, I shall not here discourse : only give you a hint or two ; a word that may stir up the godly to bless God, and to pray for me ; and also to take encouragement, should the case be their own, 'Not to fear what man can do unto them.'

"I never had, in all my life, so great an *inlet* into the word of God as now : those scriptures that I saw *nothing* in before, were made, in this place and state, to shine upon me ; Jesus Christ also was never more real and apparent than now ; here I have seen and felt him indeed. Oh ! that word, 'We have not preached unto you cunningly devised fables ;' and that, 'God raised Christ from the dead, and gave him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God,' were blessed words unto me in this my imprisoned condition.

"These three or four scriptures, also, have been great refreshments in this condition to me : 'Let not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me.—In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you.—I go to prepare a place for you.—And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also.—And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.—These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace.—In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.—For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God ; when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.—But ye are come to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels. To the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all ; and to the spirits of just men made perfect ; and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.'—So that sometimes, when I have enjoyed the savour of them, I

have been able to 'laugh at destruction,' and to fear neither the horse nor his rider. I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins in this place, and of my being with Jesus in another world. Oh! 'the Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and God the Judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect,' and Jesus, have been sweet unto me in this place: I have seen that here, that I am persuaded I shall never, while in this world, be *able* to express. I have seen a *truth* in this scripture, 'Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now you see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.'

"I never knew what it was for God to stand by me at all turns, and at every offer of Satan to afflict me, as I have found him since I came in hither: for look, however fears have presented themselves, so have supports and encouragements; yea, when I have started, even as it were, at nothing else but my *shadow*, yet God, as being very tender of me, hath not suffered me to be molested, but would, with one scripture or another, strengthen me against all; insomuch that I have often said, Were it lawful, I could pray for *greater* trouble, for the greater comfort's sake. 'Consider the work of God, for who can make that straight which he hath made crooked? In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth in Christ.'

"Before I came to prison, I saw what was *coming*, and had especially two considerations warm upon my heart; the first was, how to be able to encounter death, should that be here my portion. For the first of these, that scripture was great information to me, namely, to pray to God 'to be strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness.' I could seldom go to prayer before I was imprisoned, for not so little as a year together, but this sentence, or sweet petition, would, as it were, *thrust* itself into my mind, and persuade, me that if ever I would go through long-suffering, I must have patience, especially if I would endure it joyfully.

"As to the second consideration, that saying was of great use to me, 'But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we might not trust in ourselves but in God that raiseth the dead.' By this scripture I was made to see, That if ever

I would suffer rightly, I must first pass a sentence of death upon every thing that can properly be called a thing of *this* life, even to reckon myself, my wife, my children, my health, my enjoyments, and all as *dead* to me, and *myself* as dead to them.

"The second was to live upon God that is invisible, as Paul said in another place; the way not to faint is, 'To look not on things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal.' And thus I reasoned with myself, If I provide *only* for a prison, then the *whip* comes at unawares, and so doth also the *pillory!* Again, if I only provide for these, then I am not fit for banishment. Further, if I conclude that banishment is the worst, then if death comes, I am surprised: so that I see, the best way to go through sufferings, is to trust in God through Christ, as touching the world to come; and as touching this world, 'to count the grave my house, to make my bed in darkness; to say to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and sister:' that is, to familiarize these things to me.

"But notwithstanding these helps, I found myself a man encompassed with infirmities; the parting with my wife and poor children, hath often been to me in this place, as the *pulling* the flesh from my bones; and that not only because I am somewhat *too fond of these great mercies*, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them;—especially my *poor blind child*, who lay nearer my heart than all beside: Oh! the thoughts of the hardship I thought my poor blind one might go under, would *break my heart to pieces.*

"Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world? Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the *wind* should blow upon thee! But yet recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the *quick* to leave you. Oh! I saw in this condition, that I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the *head* of his wife and children; yet, thought I,—I *must* do it,—I must *do* it! And now I thought on those 'two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them.'

"But that which helped me in this temptation, were divers

considerations, of which *three* in special here I will name: The first was the consideration of these two scriptures, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me:' and again, 'The Lord said, Verily it shall go well with thy remnant; verily, I will cause the enemy to entreat them well in the time of evil, and in time of affliction.'

"I had also this consideration, that if I should venture all for God, I engaged God to take *care* of my concernments: but if I forsook him in his ways, for fear of any trouble that should come to me or mine, then I should not only falsify my profession, but should count also that my concernments were not so sure, as if left at God's feet, whilst I stood to and for his name, as they would be if they were under my own care, though with the denial of the way of God. This was a *smarting* consideration, and as spurs unto my flesh. That scripture also greatly helped it to fasten the more upon me, where Christ prays against Judas, that God would disappoint him in his selfish thoughts, which moved him to sell his master. Pray read it soberly! 'Set thou a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at his right hand. When he shall be judged let him be condemned, and let his prayer become sin: Let his days be few, and let another take his office: Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow: Let his children be continually vagabonds and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places, &c. Because that he remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man that he might even slay the broken in heart.'

"I had also another consideration, and that was, the dread of the torments of hell, which I was sure they must partake of, that for fear of the cross, do *shrink* from their profession of Christ, his words and laws, before the sons of men. I thought also of the glory that he had prepared for those that in faith, and love, and patience, stood to his ways before them. These things, I say, have helped me, when the thoughts of the misery that both myself and mine, might for the sake of my profession be exposed to, hath lain *pinching* on my mind.

"When I have indeed conceited that I might be banished for my profession, then I have thought of that scripture, 'they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheep-skins, and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy,' (for all they thought they were too

bad to dwell and abide amongst them.) I have also thought of that saying, 'the Holy Ghost witnessth in every city, that bonds and afflictions abide me.' I have verily thought that my soul and it have sometimes *reasoned* about the sore and sad estate of a banished and exiled condition: how they were exposed to hunger, to cold, to perils, to nakedness, to enemies, and a thousand calamities; and at last may be, to die in a ditch, like a poor and desolate sheep. But I thank God, hitherto I have not been moved by these most *delicate* reasonings, but have rather, by them, more approved my heart to God.

"I will tell you a *pretty business:* I was once, above all the rest, in a very sad and low condition for many weeks; at which time also, I being but a young prisoner, and not acquainted with the laws, I had this lying much upon my spirits, 'that my imprisonment might end at the gallows for aught that I could tell.' Now therefore Satan laid hard at me, to beat me out of heart, by suggesting thus unto me: 'but how if, when you come indeed to die, you should be in this condition; that is, as not to *savour* the things of God, nor to have any *evidence* upon your soul for a better state hereafter?' (for indeed at that time all the things of God were hid from my soul.)

"Wherefore, when I at first began to think of this, it was a great trouble to me; for I thought with myself, that in the condition I now was, I was not fit to die, neither indeed did I think I could, if I should be called to it; besides, I thought with myself, if I should make a *scrambling shift* to clamber up the ladder, yet I should either with quaking, or other symptoms of fainting, give occasion to the enemy to *reproach* the way of God and his people for their timorousness. This therefore lay with great trouble upon me, for methought I was ashamed to die with a *pale* face, and *tottering* knees, in such a cause as this!

"Wherefore I prayed to God that he would comfort me, and give me strength to do and suffer what he should call me to; yet no comfort appeared, but all continued hid. I was also at this time, so really possessed with the thought of death, that oft I was as if I was *on* the ladder with a rope about my neck: only this was some encouragement to me, I thought I might now have an opportunity to speak my last words unto a multitude, which I thought would come to see me die; and, thought I, if it must be so, if God will but convert *one* soul by

my last words, I shall not count my life thrown away, nor lost.

"But yet all the things of God were kept out of my sight, and still the tempter followed me with, 'but whither must you go when you die? what will become of you? where will you be found in another world? what evidence have you for heaven and glory, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified?' Thus was I tossed for many weeks, and knew not what to do; at last this consideration fell with weight upon me,—'that it was for the word and way of God that I was in this condition;' wherefore I was engaged not to *flinch* a hair's breadth from it.

"I thought also, that God might choose whether he would give me comfort now, or at the hour of death; but I might not therefore choose whether I would hold my profession or no: I was *bound*, but he was free; yea, it was my duty to *stand* to his word, whether he would ever look upon me or save me at the last: wherefore, thought I, the point being thus, I am for going on, and venturing my eternal state with Christ, whether I have comfort here or no; if God doth not come in, thought I, 'I will leap off the ladder even *blindfold* into eternity,—sink or swim,—come heaven, come hell; Lord Jesus, if thou wilt catch me, do;—if not, I will venture for thy name!'

"I was no sooner fixed in this resolution, but this word dropped upon me, 'Doth Job serve God for nought?' As if the accuser had said, 'Lord, Job is no upright man, he serves thee for by-respects: hast thou not made an hedge about him? But put forth now thine hand, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.' How now! thought I, is this the sign of an upright soul, to desire to serve God, when *all* is taken from him? Is he a godly man that will serve God for nothing, rather than give out! Blessed be God; then I hope I have an *upright* heart, for I am resolved (God give me strength) never to deny my profession, though I have nothing at all for my pains. And as I was thus considering, that scripture was set before me, 'Thou sellest thy people for nought, and dost not increase thy wealth by their price: Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to those that are round about us: Thou makest us a by-word among the heathen, a shaking of the head among the people: My confusion is continually before me, and the shame of my face hath covered me: For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth, by the reason of the enemy and avenger:

All this is come upon us, yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant: our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy way, though thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons, and covered us with the shadow of death.'

"Now was my heart *full* of comfort, for I hoped it was sincere. I would not have been without this trial for much. I am comforted every time I think of it; and I hope I shall bless God for ever, for the teachings I have had by it. Many more of the divine dealings towards me I might relate, 'But these out of the spoils won in battle have I dedicated to maintain the house of God.'"

Bunyan appended to this wonderful document some outlines of another *class* of thoughts, which render it even more wonderful than it appears at first sight. There were times, whilst these hopes and fears were chasing each other, when *Infidelity*, as well as darkness, shook him more in prison than all the temptations he had ever gone through before. "Of all the temptations I ever met with in my life, the worst, and the worst to bear, is," he says, "to question the being of God, and the truth of the Gospel. When this temptation comes, it taketh away my girdle from me, and removeth the *foundation* from under me. O, I have often thought of that word, 'Have your loins girt about with Truth;' and of that, 'If the foundations be destroyed what can the Righteous do?'"

When I first read this sad account of his struggles in prison, I felt anxious to know how he got over the temptation. But the document is silent on that subject. It furnishes no clue to the means or the process of his victory. He left a clue, however, in another Work; and it is an interesting one, although but an incidental remark. In his Commentary on parts of Genesis, he says of the Rainbow and the regularity of seed-time and harvest, "My Reason tells me they are, and have continued a true *prophecy;* otherwise, the world could not have existed: for, take away seed-time and harvest, and an end is put to the beginning of the universe. These words were some of the first (chief?) that prevailed with me to believe the Scriptures to be the Word of God."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2556.

These Prison Thoughts, although somewhat out of place here, will enable the reader to appreciate the Works which were written in Jail; and thus they will be more valuable as *lights* upon them, than as details of Bunyan's experience. His *hand* will be traced with interest, now that his *heart* is

naked and open before us. As experience, however, these details are highly instructive, as well as interesting. The thorough *sifting* he now gives to his motives and emotions; to tokens and impulses; contrasts finely with his early imprudences, when he was the creature of circumstances. What he says of Noah, with the olive leaf, may be applied to himself now. "Noah was inquisitive and searching as to *how* the dove found it. That is, whether she found it *dead* on the waters, or pluckt it from a tree? He found by its freshness and greenness as a slip, that she had *plucked* it off. Wherefore he had good ground to be comforted now: for the waters could not be deep; especially as the olive tree grows in the bottoms or valleys. So we should say of all Signs and Visions, either inward or outward,—'See whether they be *dead* leaves, or plucked from a *green* tree.' There are *lying* Visions;—and not a few have cast up all (religion,) because the *seeming* truth of some vision hath failed."—*Works*, vol. i. p. 63. fol. ed.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BUNYAN'S PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

BUNYAN's chief *enjoyment* in Prison, next to his high communion with God and Heaven, was the composition of his Pilgrim's Progress. That Work was the *only* one of his joys, which he allowed neither stranger nor friend to intermeddle with. He kept it "a fountain *sealed*," from all his family and fellow-prisoners, until it was completed. Dunn, or Wheeler, or Coxe, or any other companion, might hear a page, or obtain a peep, of any of his other Works, whilst they were planning or in progress;—but the Pilgrim was for no eye nor ear but his own, until he "*awoke* out of his Dream." He never once, during all that Dream, "*talked* in his sleep."

This fact has never been noticed, so far as I recollect, by any of his Biographers or Critics, although he himself states it strongly. He says expressly of the Pilgrim's Progress,

> "Manner and matter too were all my own,
> Nor was it unto *any Mortal known*,
> *Till I had done it.*"
>
> *Preface.*

It was thus, most likely, written whilst his companions were fast asleep, or before they got up in the morning. And if so, this will partly account for that *passionate* love of sunrise, and his grief at sunset, which runs through his poetry, in the "Divine Emblems;" as well as for his frequent sonnets about his *Candles*, when a fall or a fly injured them. But however this may be, his prison *amusements*, as detailed in this chapter, will throw some light upon the process by which he brought and kept himself up to the *mark*, in composing his Pilgrims; as well as show how he lightened all his labour by diversifying his pursuits, and humouring the versatility of his mind.

It is not from *conjecture*, that I assign to his prison the origin of the following specimens of his genius and habits. His *spiritualizings* began to be written there. He took his

turn too in that Exercise, in the Common Room of the Jail. And as he had no time to write poetry *after* he was released from prison, his "Divine Emblems" can be traced to no other place. Besides, they bear all the marks of the prison-house; and were, most likely, prepared to be sold by his wife and children, along with the *Tag-laces* upon which their daily bread depended for a time.

Bunyan's amusements in Prison were all literary. He had nothing but his pen wherewith to cheat or cheer his sad hours. The only thing in the form of a *comfort* in his cell, apart from his Bible, Concordance, and Book of Martyrs, was a Rose-Bush; and of it he was so fond, that it seems to have been sent to him as a memorial of old friendship.

> "This homely Bush doth to mine eyes expose,
> A very fair, yea comely, ruddy rose.
> This rose doth *always* bow its head to me,
> Saying, 'Come pluck me; I *thy* rose will be.'"

But whilst he thus complimented it upon its beauty, and its seeming good-will towards him, he also quarrelled with it playfully at times, because it pricked his fingers.

> "Yet,—offer I to gather rose or bud,
> 'Tis ten to one, but Bush will have my blood.
> Bush!—why dost bear a rose, if none must have it?
> Why thus expose it, yet *claw* those that crave it?
> Art become *freakish?* Dost the Wanton play?
> Or doth thy *testy* humour tend this way?
> This looks like a *trepan*, or a decoy,
> To offer, and yet *snap*, who would enjoy!"
>
> Vol. ii. p. 971.

When Bunyan wrote this, the word *trepan* had a very emphatic meaning. Trepanners was the name of the *Oliverians* and *Castles* of these times; and although none of them had tampered with him, he knew well what Crowther had done, and what Evan Price had suffered, in Lancashire.

Besides his Rose-Bush and Sand-Glass, and a spider he became acquainted with at the window, Bunyan had nothing to *divert* his lonely hours, except what he could see upon the road or the river, through the iron gratings, on market days. Then, he sometimes enjoyed a *laugh* at the expense of the Farmers.

> "There's one rides very sagely on the road!
> Showing that he affects the *gravest* mode.

Another rides *tantivy*, or full trot,
To show such gravity, he matters not.
Lo, here comes one amain: he rides full speed:
Hedge, ditch, or miry bog, he doth not heed.
One *claws* it up-hill, without stop or check,
Another *down*, as if he'd break his neck.
Then let us, by the *methods* of his guider,
Tell every Horse how he may *know* his rider."

Vol. ii. p. 973.

But the study of Solomon's Temple was Bunyan's chief relaxation: for although his poetry amused him, it also wearied him; because he could not *rhyme* so fast as he reasoned. Spiritualizing in prose was his *hobby*, when he had done with his hard work.

We have seen enough of Bunyan's "vein" already, in his accidental and unconscious allegorizing, to whet our curiosity for his deliberate efforts. The man who wrote the Pilgrim and the Holy War, in what Montgomery well calls "Allegory so perfect as to hide itself like light, whilst revealing through its colourless and undistorting medium all beside," was sure to place other truths in the same light. Indeed, it was by trying his hand often at brief spiritualizations, that he became master of lengthened and continuous allegory. He improved himself by *amusing* himself.

This has never been sufficiently noticed. It is, however, essential to the history of his genius and writings; and if its development bring out some *conceits*, both extravagant and ludicrous, we should remember whilst we laugh, that he needed a *hobby*, and that the worst and weakest of his conceits may be paralleled in the works of both the Fathers and the Reformers. It was *St. Athanasius*, not Bunyan, who found the penitent thief of Calvary in Habakkuk's prophecy, that "the beam (the *beetle*: Septuagint) out of the wall, shall put forth a voice." It was St. Bernard, who found the origin of Satan's name, Diabolus, in the words "*duobus bolis*," two pockets. Bunyan seldom went further than St. Jerome, who found all the Christian virtues symbolized in the pontificals of Aaron. I need not add, that he never dreamt of applying the prophecies of the Agony or the Atonement to the martyrdom of Charles. He did think, however, that the doors of the Temple were made of *fir*, because the fir-tree is "the house of the Stork; an unclean bird; and thus an emblem of sinners, who find refuge and rest in the gospel." He had no doubt that the *ceiling* of the temple, as it was studded with precious

stones,—"here a pearl, and their a diamond; here a jasper, and there a sapphire; here a sardius, and there a Jacinth; here a sardonyx, and there an amethyst," was an emblem of both the diversity and the distribution of the gifts of the Spirit in the church. "I verily think," he says, "that the *ten lavers*" also, in which the burnt sacrifice was washed, "were a figure of the Ten Commandments, by perfect obedience to which, Christ became capable of being an acceptable burnt offering to God, for the sins of the people."

When Bunyan is not thus quite sure that he has "hit right," and yet cannot agree with current interpretation, nor improve his own, he grows somewhat *snappish* as well as humble. The thousand *charges* of silver, and the thirty of gold, in which the passover was served, are too numerous and different to be easily paralleled in the Christian Church. He finds them, however, in the sacred writers and the sacrament. Still, he felt that the numbers did not tally. But he could not mend the matter. He, therefore, breaks off, not a little *hot* as well as humble:—saying, "He that will scoff at this, let him scoff! The charges are a type of *something:* and he that can show a fitter antitype than is here proposed, let him do it, and I will be thankful to him." Bunyan does not, however, get into this humour often. His conjectures were so often ingenious and so uniformly pure, that they seldom awoke a suspicion of their truth, in his own mind. The "open flowers," carved upon the doors of the Temple, he regarded as certainly "carved there, to show that Christ, who is the door of *glory*, as well as the door of *grace*, will be as precious to us when we enter the mansion-house of Heaven, as when we took the first step" into the Church on earth. "The Palm Trees" also, being carved in the Holy Place, as well as upon the doors of the Temple were *proofs* that glory would follow grace: for, he argues, "as sure as we receive the palm-branch by faith, we shall *wear* it in our hands in the heaven of heavens for ever." In like manner "he had no doubt," that the "gold upon gold," which "*overlaid*" all the chief types, proved the same point. "Gold spread upon gold!" he exclaims; "Grace is gold in the *leaf*, and Glory is gold in *plates*. Grace is *thin* gold: Glory *thick* gold."

Thus there was some sarcasm as well as much compliment in *Addison's* remark, when he called Bunyan as *great* a Father as any of the Fathers, in the art of spiritualizing. He did not, however, say the same of either Wordon's Types Un-

veiled, or Keache's Metaphors. Addison felt that Bunyan was chaste, even when most fanciful. Bunyan was, however, fondest of the finery. Accordingly, whilst he makes a great deal of the *golden* Nails in the Temple, he says, "I shall not concern myself with those Nails made with *iron*." Iron nails were associated in his mind with his own *craft;* and thus not very inspiring to him: but he weighed, and almost counted, the golden ones.

His finest guess is, I think, at the reason why the *height* of the Mercy-seat was not to be measured. The length and breadth are given, he says, "but the height was without measure, to show that, would God extend mercy, it could reach anywhere." He is hardly less happy, when he says, that the golden *chains* which divided the Holy Place from the Holy of Holies, were *real* chains, to show us that even in Heaven there will be a distinction, or, "an infinite disproportion, between the creature and the Creator for ever. The partition made in this House by these glorious chains, was not so much to divide the holy place from the most holy, as to show that there is in the Holiest House, that which is still more *worthy* than it. True, they are in chains of gold; but even these—will keep creatures in their *place*, that the Creator may have all the glory." Thus, whilst he revelled amidst the golden splendours of the Temple, as types of heavenly glory, he maintained what one of the old Covenanters (Andrew Grey) well calls, "that *solid apprehension of the* HIGHNESS of God, which keeps the Christian from trespassing on these ways and coverings that are fixed between the Infinite Majesty, and those who are but the dust of his feet." This holy awe, however, had nothing of the spirit of *bondage* in it. Like the High Priest, Bunyan felt himself quite at home in the Temple. He found its shadows realized in the Gospel, and said with triumph, "We have a golden *door* to go to God by, and golden *angels* to conduct us through the world, and golden *palm trees* as tokens of our victory, and golden '*open flowers*' to smell all the way to heaven!"

He was very fond of the "Winding stairs" of the Temple. He liked to go "*up* them, and *up* them, and *up* them, till he came to a view of Heaven." "I went," he says, "up the *turning* stairs, till I came to the highest chambers. A *strait* pair of stairs are like the ladder by which men ascend to the Gallows: they are *turning* stairs that lead us to the heavenly mansion-houses. They are, therefore, types of a two-fold Repentance: that, by which we turn from nature to Grace; and

that, by which we turn from grace to grace, or from imperfection to glory. This turning, and turning still," (from good to better,) he says, "displeases some much. They say, it makes them *giddy:* but I say,—there is no way like this, to make a man stand steady in the Faith, or at the day of judgment. Many in Churches, who seemed to be turned from nature to grace, have not the grace to go up turning still; but rest in a *show* of things, and so die below."

There is so much *fact*, as well as fancy, in these Interpretations, that we can hardly wonder that Bunyan sits down, now and then, amidst the mystic arcana of the Temple, exclaiming, "O, what *speaking* things are types, shadows, and parables, if we had but eyes to see, and ears to hear!" He saw, be it remembered, with his *own* eyes only, "I have not fished," he says, "in other men's waters for these things. My Bible and Concordance are my only Library, in my writings. Much of the glory of our *gospel-matters* lies wrapt up in a mantle, by Solomon; and therefore I have made this book as well as I could, by comparing spiritual things with spiritual."—*Works*, p. 1971.

The Molten Sea, as may be supposed, was not left under Solomon's mantle. Bunyan uncovers it from brim to brim; and finding that it was just "ten Cubits" wide, he concludes that the Ten Commandments had not more power to *condemn*, than the Gospel has to save. Even the *brim* of the Laver must preach. It was like a *cup*, and therefore "intended to invite us to drink of its grace, as well as to wash in its water." And as its brim was wreathed with Lilies, or "like a lily-flower, it was to show how those who were washed in, and did drink of this Holy Water, should grow and flourish; and with what beautiful robes they should be adorned; and that God would take care of them as he did of Lilies." We have seen already, that all the lily-work about the Temple was enchanting to Bunyan. Even Solomon would have said of him, "he *feedeth* amongst the lilies."

It deserves notice that he did not seek for Baptism in the Molten Sea; tempting as the great Laver, with its "three thousand baths" of water, was. But although it was quite an *Enon*, he was silent. Not so, however, when he saw the Ten smaller Lavers in which the Sacrifices were washed. Their *wheels*, he says, "signify walking feet. Obedience is typified by the Lavers walking on their wheels." His views of holy Obedience were, he knew, common to all Christians; and

therefore he grafted them upon any type: but he respected both his own views of Baptism, and the consciences of those who differed from him, too much, to graft the mode of that ordinance upon even the Laver "to wash the worshippers."—*Works*, p. 1996.

The *frankincense* scattered upon the Shew Bread even when the cakes were laid fresh upon the Golden Table, suggested to him the necessity of the "perfumes and sanctifications of the Holy Spirit," to purify the *best* works of a Christian; and the removal of the cakes when they became at all "musty or stale," taught him to bring new and *warm* service to the House of God.

The incense being compounded of "three sweet spices, called Stacte, Onycha, and Galbanum, it answers," he says, "to the *three* parts of Devotion; prayer, supplication, and intercession. The spices were *gummy*, and so apt to burn with a smoke; to show that not cold and flat, but hot and fervent, is the prayer that flows from the Holy Spirit. Even this Incense was to be offered upon the Golden Altar, to show that no prayer is accepted but through Christ."—*Works*, p. 2004.

Bunyan rises to the *sublime* in the Holy of Holies. "The most holy place was dark. It had no windows. Things were only seen by the light of the *fire* of the altar: to show that God is altogether invisible but to *faith*. The Holiest was built to show us how different our state in heaven will be from our state on earth. We walk here by *one* light, the Word: but that place will shine more bright than if all the lights of the world were put together. Even on the vail of the temple were figures of cherubim, to show that as the angels wait on us here, so they will wait for us at the door of their heavens."—P. 2012.

It was thus Bunyan cheered many of his lonely hours in jail, and learnt to build and beautify his own Interpreter's House. That house is not, indeed, very magnificent. As a house for pilgrims, it *ought* to be plain. Still, I cannot help suspecting that the prison, by reflecting none of the bright visions of the temple, and by disturbing them all as they shone, made the Interpreter's house plainer than *keeping* required. But however this may be, these specimens of Bunyan's spiritualizing will explain a little his cheerfulness in prison, and account for many of his "witty inventions." He could not pursue such thoughts, without both forgetting and improving himself at the same time. It is, however, hardly less pleasing

to remember that many did both, without Bunyan's talents. Thus it would be difficult to say, which is the more instructive fact; whether a Bunyan possessing his mighty "soul in patience," or an ordinary man "rejoicing in tribulation." Both Paul and Silas *sang* in the same prison. So did Bunyan and Kelsey.

Kelsey, one of the Lincolnshire Baptists, seems to have been *seventeen* years in prison. Little else is known of him, except that he was a good man, and "sang this song:"

"I hope the more they punish me, that I shall grow more bold;
The furnace they provide for me, will make me finer gold.
My Friends, my God will do me good, when they intend me harm;
They may suppose a prison cold, but God can make it *warm.*
They double my imprisonment, whate'er they mean thereby:
My God in it gives me *content;* and then, what loss have I?
What if my God should suffer them on me to have their will,
And give me Heaven instead of Earth? I am no loser still."

Taylor's General Baptists.

When Bunyan lifted his eyes from his Bible in prison, he saw little, of course, to sharpen his wits, or to give play to his fancy. He could, however, make much of a little. His cell overhung the river, and thus he could look down upon the gliding stream, and forth upon the aspects of the sky. A leaping fish, or a skimming swallow, was both an *event* and a sermon to him, when he could spare a few moments at the *grated* window, from the labours of his pen and pincers. But it was not often he could do so. He had to work hard with his pincers, in order to *tag* the stay-laces which his wife and his poor *blind* daughter made and sold for the support of the family. He had also to study hard, in order to bring his writings up to something like the scheme and scale of other theologians. His pen was thus *heavier* to him than his pincers; for he had nothing to lighten its labour but his Concordance. When he did escape, however, from his chair to the window, he was all eye and ear to whatever was stirring in the heavens above, or in the waters beneath. And if nothing presented itself *outside* the window, he could learn much from the spiders and flies inside. It was whilst watching them one day, that he drew the striking picture of an entangled and struggling Christian.

"The fly in the spider's web," he says, "is an emblem of a soul which Satan is trying to poison and kill. The fly is entangled in the web. At this, the spider *shows* himself. If the

fly stir again, down comes the spider, and claps a *foot* upon her. If the fly struggle still, he *poisons* her more and more. What shall the fly do now? Why, she *dies*, if somebody do not quickly release her. This is the case with the tempted. Their feet and wings are entangled. Now, Satan shows himself. If the soul struggleth, Satan laboureth to hold it down. If it maketh a noise, then he bites it with a blasphemous mouth, more poisonous than the gall of a serpent. If it struggle again, he then poisons it more and more; insomuch, that it must needs die, if the Lord Jesus help not. But though the fly is altogether incapable of *looking* for relief, this tempted Christian is not. What must he do therefore? If he look to his *heart*, there is blasphemy. If he look to his *duties*, there is sin. Shall this man lie down in despair? No. Shall he trust in his duties? No. Shall he stay away from Christ until his heart is better? No. What then? Let him look to Christ crucified! Then shall he see his sins answered for, and death dying. This sight destroys the power of the first temptation, and both purifies the mind, and inclines the heart to all good things."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2340. Thus, if Bunyan built the Interpreter's House by spiritualizing the temple, he interpreted the *sights* in that house by making the most and the best of what he saw in his own cell.

Bunyan was so pleased with this parallel between Satan and a spider, that away went pincers and laces, until he *rhymed* the fact. He makes the spider say,

> "Thus in my ways, God, *wisdom* doth conceal,
> And by my ways, that wisdom I reveal.
> I *hide* myself, when I for flies do wait;
> So doth the devil, when he lays his bait.
> If I do fear the losing of my prey,
> I stir me, and more snares upon her lay.
> This way, and that, her wings and legs I tie,
> That sure as she is catched, so she *must* die.
> And if I see she 's *like* to get away,
> Then, with my venom, I her journey stay."
>
> *Works*, vol. ii. p. 964.

Bunyan studied and talked with this spider so much at the window, that it became a favourite with him at last. He abuses it in "good set terms," through half a long poem; but it taught him so much sound wisdom, that he withdrew his sarcasms, and sang,

> "Well, my good spider, I my errors see;
> I was a fool in railing thus at thee.

Thy nature, venom, and thy fearful hue,
But show what sinners *are*, and what they *do*.
Well, well, I will no more be a derider,
I did not look for such things from a spider.
O Spider, I have heard thee, and do wonder,
A spider thus should lighten, and thus thunder.
O Spider, thou delight'st me with thy skill,
I pray thee spit this venom at me still!"

It was not without reason he thus ended with high compliments to his *web-weaving* neighbour: for he studied her habits and instincts, until he found her to be the best *philosopher* he had ever met with. He has not, in fact, written any thing more ingenious or profound, in one sense, than his poem of "The Sinner and the Spider."

It is delightful to find, that neither the dust nor the bars of his prison window could prevent Bunyan from enjoying *sunrise*. He had often sat under its first rosy light, reading Luther and the Bible, whilst a wandering tinker; and when a prisoner, he could welcome the sun thus:

"Look yonder! O, methinks, mine eyes do see
Clouds *edged* with silver, as fine garments be!
They look as if they saw thy *golden* face,
That makes *black* clouds most beautiful with grace.
Unto the Saints' sweet incense of their prayer,
These smoky curling clouds, I do compare;
For as these clouds seem edged or laced with gold,
Their prayers return, with blessings manifold."

Works, vol. ii. p. 963.

All weathers were not alike to the prisoner. He felt the *weight* of a close or damp atmosphere. It made him so nervous in his cell, that he was often ready, he says, "to start and tremble at his own shadow" on the walls and the floor. He could, however, turn all weathers to account. On one "lowering morning," he laid aside his pincers, and wrote thus:—

"Well, with the day, I see the clouds appear,
And mix the light with darkness everywhere.
This threatens those who on long journeys go,
That they shall meet with *slobby* rain or snow.
Else, while I gaze, the sun doth with his beams
Belace the clouds, as 't were with *bloody* streams.
Then, suddenly, these clouds do *watery* grow,
And weep, and pour their tears out, as they go.
Thus 't is when gospel-light doth usher in
To us, both sense of *grace*, and sense of *sin*;

And when it makes sin *red* with Jesu's blood,
Then we can weep till weeping does us *good !*"
Works, vol. ii. p. 959.

Except Bunyan attempted to write poetry before he was a prisoner,—of which I have found no proof—he seems to have seen from his window, in the bed of the river, a bright stone, which interested him, and at length instructed him. The following lines prove at least, that he could "find sermons in stones, and books in running brooks, and good in every thing."

"This flint, time out of mind, hath *there* abode,
Where crystal streams make their continual road ;
Yet it abides a flint as much as 't were
Before it touched the water, or came there.
Its *hardness* is not in the least abated,
'T is not at all by water penetrated.
Though water hath a softening virtue in 't,
It can't dissolve the *stone ;* for 't is a flint.
Yea, though in the water it doth still remain,
Its *fiery* nature it doth still retain.
If you *oppose* it with its *opposite*,
Then in your very face its fire will spit.
This flint an emblem is of those that lie
Under the Word, like stones, until they die :
Its *crystal* streams do not their nature change,
They are not from their lusts by grace estranged."
Works, vol. ii. p. 958.

I have mentioned Bunyan's Sand-Glass. He could not be so *playful* with it as with his rose, or with his spider. It had measured too many sad and slow hours to suggest any but solemn thoughts. Its sands were never golden, nor too swift, but when his great works were in hand ; and then, he had no time to count them. But when he did count them, it was done like himself.

"This glass, when made, was, by the workman's skill,
The sum of *sixty* minutes to fulfil.
Time, *more* or *less*, by it will not be spun ;
But just an *hour*, and then its sands are run.
Man's life we will compare unto this glass :
The number of his months he *cannot* pass."
Works, vol. ii. p. 976.

Bunyan must have been not a little pleased, at times, with his own poetry, although it cost much labour. And, no wonder ; for it is sometimes very happy. No one has ever

sung "The Fly and the Candle" better than he did. True, he could ill afford to have his *small* candles set a running by flies. They wasted too soon of themselves, and were always too few for his purpose. He *scolds* the Fly, however, in the gentlest terms he well could.

> "What ails this fly, thus desperately to enter
> A *combat* with the candle? Will she venture
> To *clash* at light? Away, thou silly fly!
> Thus doing, thou wilt burn thy wings and die.'
> But 't is a folly—her advice to give:
> She 'll *kill* the candle; or, she will not live.
> 'Slap!' says she, 'at it!' Then she makes retreat.
> So wheels about, and doth her blows repeat.
> Nor doth the candle let *her* quite escape,
> But gives some little check unto the ape;
> Throws *up* her nimble heels, till down she falls
> Where she lies sprawling, and for succour calls.
> When she recovers, *up* she gets again,
> And *at* the candle comes, with might and main!
> But now, behold, the candle *takes* the fly,
> And *holds* her till she doth, by burning, die!"
>
> *Works*, vol. ii. p. 976.

But it is time to draw this long chapter to a close, although it certainly has not been made long for the sake of length; but that we may *see* how Bunyan diversified his literary pursuits; and thus realize his very position and spirit whilst he was thinking for the world, and writing for all time. In fact, nothing but such quotation as I have indulged in, could explain the *plodding* habits of such a mind as Bunyan's. He could not have worked out his theological system, through the medium of a Concordance, without the *reliefs* he found in rhyming and spiritualizing. These were both air and exercise to his mind, after being long bent at hard study. It was by giving play to his fancy, and by indulging the whims of his taste, when tired of pondering, that he kept his understanding so clear, and his judgment so cool. In a word, it was by having "so *many* irons in the fire at once," and by humouring the inclination of the moment in the selection of *one*, that he wrought them all so well.

I have included his Book of Martyrs amongst his few comforts in prison, although he himself does not name it along with his Bible and Concordance. There are, however, references to it in some of his Works written in prison, which indicate its presence there. There is also a quotation from it in his

"House of the Forest of Lebanon," too long and accurate to be made from memory. One of his own signatures also in it, bears date in 1662. It *must*, therefore, have been in prison with him.

I cannot close this chapter, without bringing up again the interesting fact, that Bunyan retained and cherished all his love of NATURE, even when most shut out from the sight of the heavens and the earth. To his sanctified imagination, Nature had been a Bethel Ladder, whilst he was a prisoner at large: and when he was in

"Durance vile,"

and could see only a *step* or two of that Ladder through his bars, his spirit sprung out upon it at once. I must illustrate this fact. He exclaims, at sun-rise,

> "LOOK, *look!* brave Sol doth peep up from beneath;—
> Shows us his golden face;—doth on us breathe:
> Yea, he doth compass us around with glories,
> Whilst he ascends up to his *highest* stories,
> Where he his banner over us displays,
> And gives us light!"
>
> *Works*, vol. ii. p. 968.

He was so fond of sun-light, as well as scarce of candles to write by, that he remonstrated with the sun one night thus,

> "What, hast thou run thy race? Art going down?
> Why as one *angry*, dost thou fade and frown?
> Why wrap thy head with clouds, and hide thy face,
> As threatening to withdraw from us thy grace?
> O, leave us not! When once thou hid'st thy head,
> Our whole horizon will be overspread!
> Tell, who hath thee *offended?* Turn again!
> Alas, too late! Entreaties are in vain."
>
> *Works*, vol. ii. p. 971.

His prison window seems to have commanded the view of an *Orchard*. This delighted him, although it must have reminded him of his *thievish* pranks whilst he was a sin-breeder in Elstow and Bedford.

> "A *comely* sight, indeed, it is to see
> A *world* of blossoms on an apple-tree.
> Yet far more comely would this tree appear,
> If all its dainty blossoms, *apples* were.

But how much more might one *upon* it see,
If all would hang there until *ripe* they be!
But most of all its beauty would abound,
If all that ripened were but truly sound!"

Works, vol. ii. p. 968.

"The twittering swallow" wheeling around the prison, and skimming the river, did not escape his notice, nor move in vain.

"This pretty bird, O, how she flies and sings!
But could she do so, if she had not *wings*?
Her wings bespeak my *faith*; her songs, my *peace*!
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease."

Works, vol. ii. p. 959.

Such was Bunyan's *spirit* in prison: such were his sympathies, associations, longings and amusements. And those who sympathize with his joys and sorrows, whilst an Ambassador in bonds, and an author in purpose, will not *laugh* at my attempts to get and give a *sight* of him. They may be failures; but they have been efforts, honestly and patiently made; and which, perhaps, no one else would have made, unless he had *more* in view than mere biography, and *other* than literary motives. But whilst I have forgotten neither of these, I have been chiefly influenced and regulated by the great *moral* lesson which the life and talents of Bunyan teach. I want those who admire the Pilgrim, and marvel at "The Grace Abounding," to study the whole character of the Author.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BUNYAN'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

In a list of eminent Protestant Bishops lately published in Ireland to confront the Popish Bench, the name of Bunyan appears as one of the stars of the British Episcopate. This may be an Irish *bull*, but it is not a moral blunder. Bishop Bunyan was the Tinker's first title, when he ceased to be a tinker; and Whitefield gave currency to it in Ireland. In this way, the worthy Clergyman who drew up the list was misled. It is, however, neither a mistake nor a misnomer to call Bunyan a moral Philosopher, if a high relish for virtue, and a deep insight into its elements and excellence, constitute a great Moralist. He could also *apply*, as well as explain, its principles. He knew human nature as well as divine law. He was both a mental and moral Philosopher; and could do what few of either class have ever attempted,—close with the *consciences* of his readers, and pursue both the stubborn and the treacherous through all the labyrinths of resistance and evasion. His genius, like the *magnetized* chariot of the Chinese emperor, which enabled him to make conquests by showing him in what *direction* to pursue the enemy, both fitted and inclined Bunyan to fight for *victory*, in battling with the vicious and the compromising. This *cast* of his mind has never been sufficiently illustrated or noticed. His Pilgrims are, indeed, Ethics in *motion;*—Morals in *action;* but they are so, because his general principles were profound, and his tact and insight intuitive.

Nothing is more distinguishable in his character, than his keen discernment of "the beauties of Holiness." He was emphatically "of *quick* understanding in the fear of the Lord." No painter or poet ever had a finer eye for the beauties and sublimities of Nature, than he had for the graces, virtues, and proprieties of Christian character. He *understood* them, as well as exemplified them. He could define or depict them all

in words, as well as imitate them in his practice and spirit. This is more than could be expected from him, when his education, condition, and associations are remembered. For even when these became most favourable to the improvement of his taste and character, they did not amount to much that was either inspiring or instructive; nor do they explain his moral discernment. He never saw good society, in the conventional sense of that phrase, until some of his best treatises on the "things which are pure, lovely, and of good report," were written. He had met, indeed, good men, and mixed a little with pious families, before his imprisonment: but they were all in the lower ranks of life, and more influenced in their virtues by the rules of virtue, than by the reasons of it. I mean, that they had more principle than sentiment, or more conscience than taste in their well-doing. "From whence then had this man *knowledge*" of the foundations, refinements, and secrets of high-toned morals and courtesy?

Now it is certain that Bunyan did not learn *general* principles from ethical books. He had none to consult; except Bishop Fowler's "Design of Christianity," can be considered such; and he hated its theology too much to admire its ethics. Besides, he had written his Pilgrim before he read that book; and there he had evinced both his knowledge and tact as a moralist, as well as a divine. This remark applies equally to his acquaintance with some of the writings of Campian the Jesuit, and William Penn. He read them in 1671, in order to prove that Fowler "falleth in with the Quakers and Romanists against the 10th, 11th, and 13th of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England."

As Bunyan had no Books in prison from which he could derive his profound and delicate views of the beauty of Holiness, so he had no instructive companions in it. He had examples of personal holiness before him there, in his brethren and companions in tribulation; but no moral philosophers, that we know of. Wheeler and Dunn were good men; but not Masters in Israel. Besides, even if there were, now and then, some men of learning and talent, amongst the Nonconformist prisoners in Bedford Jail, Bunyan had proved himself a philosopher whilst he was a tinker. He made Edward Burroughs feel this, when he reduced all his sophism about the Inward Light, to absurdities. The Quaker found that he had a Metaphysician to deal with, and therefore called him a liar. In like manner, Dr. Fowler, whilst he affected to despise him, was

glad to shelter himself from Bunyan's generalizing logic, under Baxter's special pleading. Baxter, indeed, defended the work better than its author did: but Bunyan foiled them both on the question of Justification by Faith. This would be no great achievement now; but it was a victory then.

We are thus shut up to the Bible, for the *origin* of Bunyan's pure taste and general principles; and never was there a finer illustration or proof of its being "able to furnish the man of God, thoroughly unto every good work and word." Its one maxim,—"Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity,"—became in Bunyan's hands a perfect system of Moral Philosophy; embracing at once the principles and details of duty.

"The design of this exhortation," he says, "was, and is, that naming the name of Christ should be accompanied with such a life of holiness as shall put additional *lustre* upon that name, whenever it is named in a religious way." Such a lustre he himself determined to shed upon the name of Christ. "For my part," he says, "I had rather be a pattern and example of piety; rather my life should be instructing to the saints, and condemning to the world, with Noah and Lot, than hazard myself amongst the multitude of the *drossy*. I know that many professors will fall short of eternal life; and my judgment tells me they will be of the *slovenly* sort, that so do: and for my part, I had rather run with the *foremost*, and win the prize, than come behind and lose my labour. Not that works do save us: but faith which layeth hold of Christ's righteousness for justification, sanctifieth the heart, and makes men desirous to live in this world to the *glory* of that Christ who died to save us from death."

This was his mode of applying the maxim to himself. And he exemplified it so, that he could look round wherever he had "gone preaching the Gospel," and say, without faltering or blushing, "For my part, I doubt the faith of many; and fear that it will prove no better than the faith of devils, in the day of God: for it standeth in bare speculation, and is without life and soul to that which is good. For where is the man that walketh with the *Cross* on his shoulder! Where is the man zealous of moral holiness? For those things, indeed, which have nothing of the cross of the *purse*—or the cross of the *belly*—or the cross of the *back*—or the cross of the vanity of *household* affairs, I find many busy sticklers: but self-denial, charity, purity in life and conversation, are almost turned

quite out of doors amongst professors. But, Man of God, do thou be *singular!* Singularity in godliness, if it be in godliness, no man should be ashamed of. Holiness is a rare thing now in the world. Did we but look back to the Puritans, and especially to those that suffered for the Word of God in the *Marian* days, we should see another life than is now among men. But hope to be with Christ hereafter, will make *me* strive to be like him here. Hope of being with Angels then, *should* make a man strive to live like an Angel here. Alas, alas, there is a company of *half-priests* in the world, and they cannot, dare not, teach the people the whole counsel of God. Where is that minister to be found now, that dare say to his people, 'look on *me*, and walk as you have *me* for an example?'"

It is needless to say, that Bunyan was not boasting, when he spoke thus of himself. He was emphatically a humble man, although *proverbially* a holy man. The fact is, he wanted to stand committed and pledged before the world, to *be* all that he professed. He had also a deep conviction, that peculiar times required "a peculiar people, zealous of good works." "I have often thought," he said on his *death-bed*, "that the best Cristians are found in the *worst* times." This led him (*strange* as it may appear!) to regret that he had not been "counted worthy to suffer" more for the name of Christ. Hence he said also, on his death-bed, "I have thought again, that one reason why we are not better, is, because God purges us no more (by the furnace.) Noah and Lot;—who so holy as they, in the time of their affliction? And yet, who so *idle* as they, in the time of their prosperity?" Bunyan's views on the subject of suffering for Christ's sake, deserve the highest veneration. They ought not be confounded with the thirst of Polycarp for martyrdom, or with the longings of Whitefield and Wesley for the scorn of the world. Bunyan was wiser than the latter in early life, and than the former in old age. "It is not every suffering," he says, "that makes a man a martyr; but suffering for the word of God after a right manner: that is, not only for righteousness, but for righteousness' *sake;* not only for truth, but out of *love* to truth; not only for God's Word, but *according* to it: *viz.*, in that holy, humble, meek manner, the Word of God requireth. It is a rare thing to suffer aright; (or so as) to have my spirit, in suffering, *bent* against God's enemy, Sin;—sin in doctrine, sin in worship, sin in life, and sin in conversation."—*Death Bed Sayings.*

Dr. Southey stated a great truth, although Bunyan was not the man to connect it with, when he said, "Nothing is more certain than that the gratification which a resolute spirit feels in satisfying its conscience, exceeds all others. This feeling (however) is altogether distinct from that peace of mind which, under all afflictions, abide in the regenerate heart: nor is it so *safe* a feeling; for it depends too much upon excitement, and the exaltation and triumph it produces are *akin* to pride."—*Life*, p. 66. This is true: but Bunyan is neither a proof nor an illustration of its truth. Dr. Southey goes deep into the heart here: but Bunyan (we have seen) went deeper.

But whilst he cherished both solemn and sublime views of personal holiness, and was *sentimental* as well as conscientious in his love to holiness, he was no visionary, nor theoretical perfectionist. He distinguishes wisely, between indwelling sin, and *outstanding* iniquities. "The nature and being of sin in us, cannot be so plucked out up by the roots, and cast clean away from us, as to have no stirring in us. (Indwelling) sin is one of the most quick and brisk things, and *will* have motions according to its life. It is impossible to separate ourselves from our persons; yet we should withdraw our minds and affections from sin within us. A man may thus depart from *that*, which will depart from him. Yea, a man may, in mind, depart from that which yet will *dwell* with him so long as he lives. For instance, there are many diseases cleave to men, from which in their minds, they willingly depart. Yea, their greatest disquietment is, that so bad a distemper *will* abide by them. Might they have their own desire, they would be as far from it as the *ends* of the earth are asunder. Even whilst they continue together, the mind departs from it, and gone to God or to physicians for help and deliverance from it. And thus it is with the saint: with his *mind* he serves the law of God, and departs from all iniquity."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1369.

Thus Bunyan thought and wrote, years before Dr. Owen published his work on Indwelling Sin. That Work came out in the year Bunyan died. But he, like Owen, could search the heart as "with *lighted* candles," on this subject. In answer to the question, how may I know that I depart from the iniquity which is in my flesh? he says, "How is iniquity in thine *eye*, when severed from the guilt and punishment that attend it? Is it, as separate from the beauteous, or *ill*-favoured?

I ask thee, how it *looks*—how thou likest it, suposing there were no guilt or punishment attending the commission of it? For if in its own nature it be *desirable* to thy mind, thou art like the thief that refuseth to take his neighbour's horse, not from *hatred* of theft, but for fear of the gallows. Again; how dost thou like *thyself*, as possessed of a body of sin? Doth this yield thee a kind of *secret* sweetness? There is nothing more *odious* to a sanctified mind! It makes a good man blush and abhor himself. How look thy *duties* in thine eyes? They catch the stain of sin as coming from thee. Art thou, through the ignorance that is in thee, unaffected with this? Again; why wouldst thou go to heaven? Because it is a holy place, or because it is remote from the pains of hell?"

Bunyan was *practical* as well as penetrating, on this subject. "There are," he says, "occasions *given*, and occasions *taken* to sin against the Lord Jesus; and a good man will depart from both. He that hath set himself to depart from sin in himself will not seek occasions *abroad* to sin. There may be *occasions* where there are no examples. He that *hankers* after enticings and opportunities, is not departing from iniquity. Departing from it is not the work of an hour, or a day, or a week, or a month, or a year; but it is the work of a lifetime, and there is greatness and difficulty in it. With many, it is like the falling out of two neighbours: they hate each other for a while, and then renew their friendship again. But remember,—that a profession is not worth a *pin*, if they that make it *depart* not from iniquity."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1472.

It would be a mistake to suppose, from the bluntness of these illustrations, that Bunyan dealt only in pithy maxims, when inculcating pure morals. He could and did embellish, as well as explain and expostulate. The beautiful *ideal* of Holiness was equally familiar to his thoughts, and frequently on his lips. What could be more exquisitely chaste and lovely than his comparison of a holy Minister, to the *lily-wreathed* pillars of the temple? "A *lily*-life is the glory of an Apostle. Judas had none of this lily-work. Even covetousness makes a Minister smell *frowish*. It is he that grows as a lily, that shall smell as Lebanon, and have his beauty as the Olive tree. It is *brave* when the world is made to say of the lives and conversation of saints, as they were made to say of the adorning and beauty of the Temple, 'What manner of stones are here?'

I say, it is brave, when our light so shines before men, that they are forced to glorify our Father, which is in heaven."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 1981.

The following comparison is of the same kind. "It is amiable and pleasant to God, when Christians keep their rank, station, and relation, doing all as becomes their quality and calling. When they stand every one in their places, and do the work of their relation, they are like *flowers* in the garden, that grow where the Gardener planted them, and thus do him and it honour." "From the hyssop on the wall, to the Cedar on Lebanon, their *fruit* is their glory. And seeing the *Stock* into which we are planted is the fruitfulest Stock; and the *sap* conveyed out thereof, the fruitfulest sap; and the Dresser, the wisest husbandman,—how *contrary* to nature, to example—to expectation should we be, if we be not rich in good works! Wherefore, take heed of being *painted* fire, wherein is no warmth; and painted flowers, which retain no smell; and painted trees, whereon is no fruit."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2092.

It would not be easy to find a parallel to the following illustration of the mutual influence of holy Christians. "Whilst the Doctrine of the gospel is like the dew and the small rain which distilleth on the tender herb,—Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have on each of them the dew of Heaven, which, being shaken by the wind, they let fall on each other's roots; whereby they are nourished, and become nourishers of one another. For to communicate *savourly* to each other of God's matters, is as if they opened to each other's nostrils Boxes of perfume."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2119.

When Bunyan had such visions of the beauty of Holiness before him, the *ugliness* of sin, as he called its deformity, extorted from him tremendous rebukes to *drossy* professors. "O the confusion and shame that will cover their faces, when God is discovering to them what a *nasty*, uncomely, unreasonable life they have led in the world! They will blush until the blood is ready to burst through their cheeks. God will cover with shame all such bold and brazen faces."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 666. "Such a professor is like a man that comes out of a Pest House, with all his plague-sores running. He poisons the air around him. This man hath the breath of the dragon. He slays his children, his kinsmen, his friends, and himself. I remember *Philpot* used to tell the Papists, that they danced *naked in a net*, because of their evil ways; and the Lord bids

professors have a care, the shame of their nakedness do not appear. Whatever they may think of themselves, they are *seen* of others."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1391. "One *black* sheep is quickly espied among five hundred white ones; and one *mangy* sheep will soon infect many."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1386. "Hypocrite! even the *gain* of thy religion, thou spendest it as thou gettest it. Thou wilt not have one farthing *overplus* at death and judgment. Even what thou hast, thou hast *stolen* it from thy neighbour, like Judas from the bag. Thou camest as a thief *into* thy profession, and as a thief thou shalt go *out* of the same. Jesus Christ hath committed to thee none of his *jewels* to keep."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1567. "Such professors pestered the Churches of old. Who on earth can help it? *Jades* there be, of all colours! We may say to such, as the Prophet spake to their like, 'Go ye, serve every man his idol.' Go, Professors, go: leave off profession. Better never profess, than make profession a *stalking-horse* to deceit, sin, the devil, and hell. A Professor, and *defraud!* Away with him."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 893.

But whilst Bunyan thus flung false Professors to the winds, it was not to abandon them. This may easily be supposed from his Favourite Sermon. In trying, however, to reclaim them, he did more than prove that there was mercy for the *biggest* sinners. His maxim was, "Let them depart from their Constitution-Sin, or if you will, the sin that their temper most inclines them to." His plying and pleading this turning point, evince his philosophy. "So long as thy constitution-sin remains, or is winked at, thou art a Hypocrite before God, let thy profession be what it will. If a man will depart from iniquity, he must depart from his *darling* sin first: for as long as that is entertained, others, most suiting his darling, will always be haunting him. There is a man that has such and such *Haunters* of his house, who spend his substance. He would be rid of them, but cannot. But now, let him rid himself of *that* for which they haunt his house, and he shall with ease be rid of them. Thus it is with sin. There is a man plagued with *many* sins, because he embraceth *one*. Let him turn that one out of doors. That is the way to be rid of the rest. The casting away of that, is death to the rest, and ordinarily makes a change throughout."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1394.

This is the real philosophy of *moral* reformation. Bunyan knew this, and scouted all compromise. To no maxim did he

give more currency than this,—"Take heed thou deceive not thyself, by changing one bad way for another bad way. This was a *trick* Israel played of old; hopping like the *Squirrel* from bough to bough, but not willing to forsake their tree. Many times men change their darling sins, as some change their servants. Hypocrisy would do awhile ago, but now debauchery. Profaneness was the fashion, but now a deceitful profession. Take heed thou throw not away thine *old* darling for a *new* one. Men's tempers alter. Youth is for pride and wantonness: middle age for cunning and craft: old age for the world and covetousness." The following maxim is equally profound. "Take heed lest thy departing from iniquity be but for a *time*. Persons in *wrangling* fits depart from each other; but when the quarrel is over, by means of some intercessor, they are reconciled again. O, Satan is the intercessor between the soul and sin! The breach may seem irreconcileable; but he can *make up* the difference between them. There is danger in this. The *height* of danger is in it! He makes use of those sins again which *jump* with the temper of thy soul. These are, as I may call them, thy master-sins. They suit thy temper. These, as the *little* end of a wedge, enter with ease, and so make way for those which come after; with which, Satan knows he can rend thy soul in pieces."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1395.

It was not merely by exposing the deceitfulness of sin or the wiles of the devil, however, that Bunyan fought the battles of Holiness. He strove equally to define and endear, one by one, the virtues, graces, and duties of Christian character. He was emphatically a Family Instructor. Whilst allowed to preach, he taught from house to house, that "God sees *within* doors as well as *without*, and will judge the iniquity of the house as well as that which is more open:" and when he could only write, he tore the *roofs* off ill managed houses, as it were, to make them ashamed of their "*hugger-mugger* iniquity," as he calls family sins. Bunyan's maxim, like Philip-Henry's, was, "What a man is at Home, that he is indeed. My house and my closet show most what I am, to my Family and to the Angels, though not to the world."—*Works*, vol. iii, p. 1400. "The Husband that carrieth it indiscreetly to his wife, doth not only behave himself contrary to the rule, but also crosseth the *mystery* of the relation. Be such a husband, that thy wife may say, 'He preacheth to me every day the *carriage* of Christ to his Church.' If thy wife be unbelieving or carnal, thou art

under a *double* obligation to do so; for she lieth liable every moment to eternal danger. If she behave herself unseemly and unruly, being graceless and Christless, then labour thou to overcome her evil with thy goodness; her frowardness by thy patience and meekness. It is a *shame* for thee, who hast another principle, to do as she! Let all be done without rancour, or the least appearance of anger."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2103. Bunyan goes so far, and so minutely, into conjugal duty, in his treatise on 'Christian Behaviour,' that he seems to have had a *public* reason for speaking so explicitly. There is, of course, always too much reason for enforcing this duty: but it so happened, that, in 1657, his Brethren had discussed at the Association, the question, "Whether a man in any case of *ruling* over his wife, may lawfully *strike* her?" Their decision on this cardinal point was, "He ought to *preserve* the point of Rule, if it *may* be, without striking; that having no precept nor example in Holy Scripture."—*Tiverton Minutes*. Signed, Thos. Collier! I need neither say that Bunyan was no party in this discussion, nor that the decision was too cold and equivocal for his taste; and I will not say, that he struck at this fact. He did, however, strike hard blows at some of the Resolutions of the Western Association, as I shall have occasion to show, and as they richly deserved. Bunyan had, however, *sturdy*, although not stern notions of the Husband's authority. He does not *mince* the matter of obedience or subjection on the part of a wife; but he puts the claim well. He does more than say, "it is odious in wives to be like *parrots*, not bridling their tongue:" he appeals also to their good sense, and asks, "Do you think it seemly for the Church to *parrot it* against her Husband? The wife should know, as I said before, that Her husband is her Lord, as Christ is over the Church. And now I say also, that if she walk with her husband as becometh her, she shall preach to him the *obedience* of the Church." This is the great general principle on which Bunyan reasons and remonstrates. But he knew the *heart* as well as the Law, and said to the Ladies, "Now for the *right-timing* of thy intentions! Consider thy Husband's disposition, and take him when he is farthest off from the passions which are thy afflictions. Abigail would not speak a word to her churlish husband, until his *wine* was gone from him, and he in a sober temper again. The want of this observation is the cause why so *much* is spoken, and so *little* effected. Take him also at those times, when he is most *taken*

with thee, and when he showeth tokens of love and delight in thee. Thus did Esther with her husband, and prevailed. Take heed also that what thou doest, goes not in *thy* name, but his; not to thy exaltation, but *his;* carrying all things so by thy dexterity and prudence, that not *one* of thy husband's weaknesses be discovered to others by thee. Do it, and the Lord prosper thee!"—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2108.

If all this be not moral Philosophy, it is something better. It certainly comes *home* to the business of life, and to the bosom of nature. And yet, although good, it is not the *best* that might have been selected from Bunyan's Works: for my object has been rather to develop his mind and taste, than to elucidate his Ethical system. As a System, worked out without Books or Models, or any but *spiritual* Motives, that is wonderful! And in this point of view, his Theology is equally so. Of him only is it literally true, that "he was a man of One Book." Accordingly, in enforcing Morals, he is not afraid to go all the lengths of the Bible, in proclaiming the *rewards* of virtue. He can *crucify* Works as merit, and *crown* them as obedience, with an equally steady and impartial hand. He throws the best of them into the bottomless pit without ceremony, when they are put forward as a claim for mercy, or a price for salvation; but as fruits of the Spirit, and as conscientious efforts to glorify God, he brings them out at Death and Judgment, enshrined with what he calls "a *spangling* reward." "A dying bed is made *easy*," he says, "by good works." "An unchristian walk makes it as uncomfortable, as if the man lay on nothing but the *cords* of his bed. Mounts Ebal and Gerrizim, I take to be a type of the Judgment. He whom mount Ebal smiteth, misseth heaven. Mount Gerrizim is sure to bless the good man. He shall enter into rest, and his works shall follow him."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1106.

I need not add, that Bunyan made the *love* of Christ the motive of all holy obedience: but I must add his own illustration of this:—delight in holy things, wrought by Redeeming Love,

> "Like *live-honey* runs,
> And needs no pressing from the honey-combs!"
> *Works*, vol. iv. p. 2648.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BUNYAN'S WIT.

So few specimens of Bunyan's wit have obtained currency, that a whole Chapter of it will excite surprise at first. And yet it ought not. The man must have been not a little *waggish* as well as witty, who invented such happy names for the Judge and Jury that tried and burnt Faithful, at Vanity Fair. Indeed, most of the names which Bunyan gives to recreant or pretended Pilgrims, are happy *hits*, and speak volumes. Many of the characters in his Holy War also, as well as the manœuvres of it, are rich in masterly strokes of shrewdness and piquancy. His coinage, like old Fuller's or Donne's, "*rings* like good metal."

It is not, however, upon this fund, that I am now about to draw. I merely refer to it, as suggesting, if not warranting, the idea, that he who struck out such names and characters in his Allegories, must also have thrown out in his other writings, and in conversation, many smart things. This has, hitherto, been overlooked: owing, perhaps, to the impression left upon his modern Critics, by the *gravity* ascribed to him by his ancient Biographers. The latter say, "He was mild and affable in conversation; not given to loquacity, or much discourse, unless some urgent occasion required. It was obverved, he never spoke of himself, or of his talents; but seemed low in his own eyes. He was never heard to reproach or revile any, whatever injury he received; but rather rebuked those who did so. It is well known, that he managed all things with such exactness, as if he had made it his study, above all other things, not to give offence."

After this account of his temperament, *wit* seems out of the question; and *humour*, a contradiction in terms. Both exist, however, where they would never be suspected, except by a reader who was searching for them. Besides, it is not to wit, as mere waggery, humour, or playfulness; but as a *vein* of point and power, that I refer: and, unless I mistake that vein

egregiously, the following specimens of it, will justify the title of this Chapter; and place Bunyan before the world in a light equally new and true. I must first, however, apply a stroke of his own wit to himself. He says that the *thought* of a Surgeon or a Bone-setter, if he have a hard heart, or fingers like *iron*, can make us quake for fear; and he adds, "He that handleth a wound, had need have fingers like *feathers*, or like *down*. To be sure, the *Patient* wisheth they were so!" —Vol. i. p. 157. fol. ed.

Bunyan did not always recollect his own maxim, in handling wounds. His *heart* is never hard; but his *hand* is sometimes rather too heavy. It was not *iron;* but its "nails were as Eagles' claws," when strict Baptists, or extravagant Quakers, came under it. Then, his fingers are not feathers, nor his thumbs down. They are, indeed, Porcupine's quills, whenever Bigotry or Cant falls in his way.

When the strict Baptists assailed Bunyan for admitting and advocating open Communion, they told him, that "some of the sober Independents" disliked his Book on that subject. He archly asked, "What then? I can say without lying, that several Baptists have wished your Book *burnt*, before it had come to light. Is your Book ever the *worse* for that?"

"The sober Dr. Owen," as he calls him, had promised to write "an Epistle," in favour of Bunyan's liberal views on this subject; but afterwards declined to do so. Bunyan was publicly twitted with this "waiving" on the part of Owen. He nobly and promptly replied, "What if the sober Dr. Owen, though he told me and others, he would write an epistle to my book, yet waived it afterwards? This also is to my advantage; because it was through the earnest solicitations of several of *you*, that his hand was stopped at that time. And, perhaps, it was more for the glory of God, that Truth should go *naked* into the world, than seconded by so *mighty* an armour-bearer."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1257.

When Dr. Fowler, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, published his work on "The Design of Christianity," he gave this challenge to the advocates of the great principle of the Reformation—Justification through faith in Christ;—"What pretence can there be, that faith is the condition or instrument of justification, as it complieth only with the precepts of *relying* on Christ's merits? It is evident as the sun at noon-day, that obedience to the other precepts must go *before* obedience to this; that is, before *faith* in Christ." Bunyan dryly and

adroitly answered,—"This *you* say: but PAUL said to the ignorant jailor, who knew nothing of the mind of God in the doctrine of Justification, that he should *first* believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and so should be saved. Again, when he preached unto the Corinthians, the *first* doctrine he delivered unto them was, that Christ died for their sins, according to the Scriptures."

Bunyan did not treat the Dignitary with less ceremony, on this occasion, than he did the Sectaries, who made light of sin, in order to give *weight* to new-fangled notions of Redemption. "It is a *poor* shift," he said, "when the Enemies of Truth are forced to *diminish* sin, and to *enlarge* the borders of their Fig-leaf garments: they thus *deny*, as much as in them lies, one of the attributes of God;—his justice."—*Wroks*, vol. i. p. 172. fol. ed.

Bunyan could employ his ignorance dexterously, as well as any smattering of learning he had picked up, when occasion required. On one occasion the strict Baptists charged him with using against them the very "arguments of the Pædo-Baptist:" and as he had nothing to concede in favour of infants, and nothing to retract in favour of strict Communionists, he slyly slipt out of the dilemma, by saying truly, I ingeniously tell you, I know not what PÆDO means; and how then should I know *his* arguments?" He had also used a word or two of *Latin* (picked up, most likely, from some of his fellow-prisoners; some of whom were scholars;) for which Danvers and Paul (his assailants) had "mocked" him. They "took nothing by their motion." "Though you mock me for speaking a word in Latin, you have not *one* word of God that commands you to shut out your Brethren for want of water-baptism, from your communion." They had said, "you would have it thought that you go away with the *garland*, unless we bring positive Scriptures that your (plan) is forbidden." Garland, indeed: unhappy word for them! Bunyan knew of no garlands but those which the priest of Jupiter hung around the necks of the *oxen* he wished to sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas; and, with his knowledge of the Bible, he was sure to think of them. He did. "I know of no *garlands*," he said, "but those in the ACTS:—*Take you them!*"

But nothing provoked Bunyan's sarcastic power, more than *selfishness* in the Clergy; whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian. He makes his "teeth meet at every bite," upon benefice-hunters. "Would the people learn to be covetous," he

says; "they need but look to their Ministers, and they shall have a *lively*, or rather a *deadly* resemblance set before them, —in their riding and running after great Benefices and Parsonages, by night and by day. Nay; they amongst themselves will *scramble* for the same. I have seen,—that so soon as a man is departed from his Benefice (as he calls it,) either by death, or out of covetousness for a bigger; we have had one Priest from this town, and another from that, so *run* after these tithe-cocks and handfuls of barley, as if it were their proper *trade* to hunt after the same." "I hope," he adds, "God will give me opportunity and a fair call, that I shall, a second time in this world, give testimony against your *filthy* conversation." He did so, and in poetry, addressed to Girls and Boys.

TO THE CUCKOO.

"Thou Booby, say'st thou nothing but Cuckoo?
The Robin and the Wren can thee outdo.
They play to us, from out their little throats,
Not one, but sundry, pretty tuneful notes.
But thou hast *Fellows!* Some like thee can do
Nothing but *suck our eggs*, and cry, *Cuckoo!*"

Divine Emblems.

With not less severity could he lash another kind of wolves in sheep's clothing:—pretenders to supernatural visions and messages. "There are a company of dumb dogs crept *into* the nation, and they are every one for his gain from his quarter: and there are a company of wolves also crept *out*, wrapping themselves about with sheep's clothing."

His promptness, as well as power, in repartee, never failed him upon emergencies. When Anne Blackly, the sister of Burroughs, the Quaker, called upon him to throw away the Scriptures, whilst preaching, "No," said he; "for then the Devil would be too *hard* for me." Thus he complimented Anne's talents, and identified the use of them with the devil's, at the same time. Interruptions of this kind were often given to him in the pulpit. The Quakers, he says, "have told me to my face, that I use conjuration and witchcraft, because what I preached was according to the Scriptures. I myself have heard them blaspheme, with a *grinning* countenance, the doctrine of that Man's second coming from heaven above the stars, who was born of the Virgin Mary." Anne Blackly was the leader of these public interruptions. Bunyan was

unwilling, for a time, to expose her to the world: but when Burroughs denied that any Quaker would condemn him for preaching according to the Scriptures, he published sister Anne's *ravings*, "as a warning to others."

A friendly Quaker visiting him one day in Jail, introduced himself thus, "Friend Bunyan, the Lord hath sent me with a message to thee, and I have been searching for thee everywhere." "Nay, Friend," said Bunyan, "if thy message to me had been from the Lord, he would have told thee *where* to find me; for I have been long here." This reply gave rise probably to the similar one of Caffin. He was a farmer as well as a preacher, and thus suspected of paying tithes. A Quaker, therefore, came to him and said, "Matthew Caffin, I have a message from the Lord to thee: I am come to reprove thee for paying tithes to the priests, and to forbid thy doing so any more." "Thou art not sent of the Lord, but deceived," said Matthew, "for I never did pay tithes, nor am I likely to be charged with any." The farm was tithe-free to him.—*Taylor's Gen. Baptists.*

One chief fund of Bunyan's wit lies where it has never been suspected; in his "Divine Emblems for the use of Boys and Girls." There are whole sheaves of "polished shafts" hid in that little Book. He placed them there, he says, on the principle,

> "That 'tis the arrow *out* of sight
> Does not the Sleeper or the Watcher fright."

He could not, however, keep his own secret. At least, he told too much in his Preface, not to forewarn, and thus *forearm*, some of the grown-up children of his times. He says,

> "The Title Page will show, if thou wilt look,
> Who are the *proper* subjects of this book.
> They're boys and girls, of *all* sorts and degrees,
> From those of *age*, to children on the knees.
> Thus *comprehensive* am I in my notions.
> They *tempt* me to it, by their childish motions!
> We now have boys with *beards*, and girls that be
> Huge as *old* women, wanting gravity.
> Our bearded *men*, do act like beardless boys,
> Our *women* please themselves with childish toys."

It was, perhaps, necessary that he should be thus explicit, in order to sustain his own character amongst the wise and the

grave, when he played "the very Dotril," and cast his "beard behind a bush," to gain the ear of the heedless and trifling. Becoming all things, in order to gain some of the gay and foolish, was a hazardous attempt for a Minister, and hardly in keeping with the solemnities of imprisonment for conscience' sake. Bunyan felt this, and explained his motives thus;

"Our Ministers, long time, by word and pen,
Dealt with them, counting them not *boys*, but men.
They shot their thunders at them and their toys;
But *hit* them not: for they are girls and boys.
The better charged, the *wider* still they shot;
Or else so *high*, such Dwarfs they touched not.
Instead of *men*, they found them girls and boys,
To nought addicted but their childish toys.
Wherefore, Dear Reader, that I *save* them may,
I now with them the very *Dotril* play;
And since at *gravity* they make a tush,
My very *beard* I cast behind a bush.
Paul seemed to play the fool, that he might gain
Those that were Fools *indeed*, if not in grain.
A noble act, and full of honesty!"

Preface to Emblems.

In imitating this noble act, Bunyan often indulges his *wit*, as well as his fancy, and is grave and gay by turns. Of the *Legalist*, he says,

'Our Legalist is like a nimble Top:
Without a *whip*, he will not duty do.
Let *Moses* whip: he will both skip and hop!
Forbear to whip: he'll neither stand nor go!"

The Hypocrite, as may be supposed, finds no quarter from our *sharp-shooter*, in the Emblems.

"The Frog, by nature, is both damp and cold.
Her mouth is large; her belly much can hold.
She sits somewhat *ascending:* loves to be
Croaking in *gardens*, though unpleasantly.
The Hypocrite is like unto this Frog:
As like—as is a *puppy* to a dog.
He is of nature *cold;* his mouth is *wide*,
To prate, and at *true* goodness to deride.
He mounts his *head*, as if he lived above,
Although the *world* is that which has his love.
And though he seeks in *Churches* for to croak,
He neither loveth Jesus, nor his yoke."

The author of Mammon would not be ashamed of Bunyan's hits at *mammonized* professors, homely as they are.

> "Those Saints whose *eyes* are always in their pocket,
> And Candles that do *blink* within the socket,
> Are much alike. Such Candles make us fumble;
> And at *such* saints, good men and bad do stumble!
> Good candles don't offend, except *sore* eyes;
> Nor hurt, unless it be the *silly* Flies."

The Ostentatious fare no better than the niggardly, in the Emblems.

> "Some professing men,
> If they do aught that's *good*, they, like a Hen,
> Cannot but *cackle* on't, where'er they go;
> And what their *right* hand doth, their *left* must know."
> *Emblems*, vol. ii.

Bunyan's wit, although not much blunted by his rhyme, tells best in his prose. The most *daring* stroke of it, that I know is terrific. He had been asked, if it was likely that a *funeral* Sermon would be preached on the death of Badman? "I doubt not," he said, "that some one will be found to bury even Goc himself thus, in the valley of *Hamon-Gog!*" It is a curious coincidence that, soon after, Dr. Tenison preached a funeral Sermon on the death of the notorious *Nell Gwynn*, one of the Mistresses of Charles II. The Earl of Jersey, very properly, started this fact, as a reason against Tenison's nomination to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The Queen, however, overruled the objection, on the ground that the Dr. was too good a man to have spoken well of "the Protestant Courtezan," if she had not deserved it by her penitence. Tenison was so *twitted* for this Sermon by the Papists, (an exaggerated report of which was hawked through London. *Biog. Brit.*,) that he apprized the public of the incorrectness of the first printed report of it. I have never seen the Sermon in any form: but Nell's Will contains the appointment of Tenison as the preacher. She bequeathes a pulpit-cloth and cushion to his Church, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and places at his disposal 150*l.* for the poor of the parish: fifty pounds of which are for the benefit of those from whom *she* differed in *her* religion,—the Romanists! She was interred "with great solemnity," at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.—*New Monthly*, 1838. The fact is, funeral Sermons were fashionable then. One Dignitary saved his conscience in preaching one

for a worse character than Nell. He said, she was born *well* —lived *well*—and died *well;* and then preached a sermon on Death. The fact is, the names of the *towns* in which she lived and died—ended in the syllable *well!* The Archbishop was not so fortunate as his contemporary. He had to take Nell Gwynn as he found her.

Bunyan said of Badman's children, "They had, like Esau, to join in affinity with *Ishmael;* to match, live, and die with Hypocrites: the Good would not trust them, because they were *bad* in their lives; and the Bad would not trust them, because they were *good* in their words. Their Father did not like them, because they had their Mother's *tongue;* and their Mother did not like them because they had their *Father's* heart and life: and thus they were not fit company for good or bad."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 876.

When Bunyan borrowed a sharp arrow from another man's quiver, he shot it well. "As Luther says, '*In the name of God,*'—begins all mischief; for Hypocrites have no other way to bring their evils to maturity, but by mixing the name of God and Religion with them. So Master Cheat stands for a right *honest* man. Some are arch-villains in this way. They use the *white* of Religion to hide the *dirt* of their actions."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 900.

"He is 'penny wise and pound foolish,' they say, 'who loseth a good ship for a halfpenny worth of *tar:*' what then is he who loseth his *soul* for a little of this world?"—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 901.

"The Holy War" abounds with sparkling Wit, as well as with profound metaphysics. It is, altogether, "a witty invention," which verifies the proverb, that "Wisdom dwells with Prudence." Mr. *Conscience*, the Recorder of Mansoul, was "put out of place by Diabolus," Bunyan says, "because he was a *seeing* man: wherefore he darkened him, not only by taking from him his office, but by building a high and strong Tower between the *sun*, and the windows of the Recorder's house." Lord *Will-be-will* also, was, he says, "as *high-born*, and even more a *freeholder* than many; having privileges *peculiar* to himself in Mansoul. Now together with these, he was a man of great strength, resolution, and courage; nor in his occasion could any *turn* him. A *headstrong* man he was! He was the *first* to listen to Diabolus at Eargate, and to welcome him into the town. Diobolus, therefore, made him Keeper of all the Gates, and Governor of the Wall; and then,

next to the Devil himself,—who but my *Lord* Will-be-will, in all the town of Mansoul! When this power was put into his hands, he flatly *denied* that he owed any suit or service to his former Prince. He maligned the *Recorder* to death, and would shut his eyes when he happened to see him, and his ears when he heard his voice. He could not endure that so much as a *fragment* of the Laws of SHADDAI should be seen anywhere in all the town. Mr. *Mind*, his Clerk, had some old parchments of the Law; but Will-be-will cast them behind his back. He also tried to come at some old scraps of the Law, which Mr. Conscience had in his *study;* but he could not get them, owing to the *windows* of the old Lord Mayor's house. These windows, he thought by far too *light* for the profit of Mansoul. He would also make himself *abject* amongst any base and rascally crew, to cry up Diabolus. His Deputy, Mr. *Affection*, he married to Miss Carnal: 'like to like,' quoth the Devil to the Collier. And when he appointed thirteen men Aldermen for Mansoul, Mr. INCREDULITY was the *oldest*, and Mr. ATHEISM the *youngest*. As for the Common Council Men, they were all *cousins* or *nephews* of the Aldermen."

It is needless to say that this is wit of the highest order; and the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is struck out from abstract qualities and personified passions. Montgomery says of such impersonations, that there arises from their very constitution "one grand disadvantage;—the reader almost certainly *foresees* what such typical beings will do, say, or suffer, according to the circumstances in which they are placed." This is only too true of "most of the creatures of imagination, that figure away in formal Allegories."—*Essay on the Pilgrim's Progress*. Some of Bunyan's impersonations of both Powers and Passions are, however, exceptions to this remark. "The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling," may have *foreseen* all the freaks of Lord Will-be-will, and all the fits of Mr. Conscience, when Diabolus got into Mansoul; but ordinary eyes are agreeably surprised at some of both. Bunyan himself "*wondered* to see Lord Will-be-will take neither the one side nor the other in the quarrel between Lord Understanding and Old Incredulity, when Mr. Prejudice was kicked in the streets, and Mr. Anything had one of his legs broken. His Lordship even *smiled* to see old Prejudice tumbled up and down in the mud; and took but little notice when Captain Anything came limping up to him. It made me *laugh*," says Bunyan, "to see how old Mr. Prejudice was kicked and tumbled about by the

mob, when they had got him *under* their feet. He had his crown cracked, to boot, by some of Lord Understanding's party."—*Holy War*, p. 91.

Bunyan's readers laugh with him, at not a few of the *turns* of popular feeling in Mansoul, as well as at the caprices of Lord Will-be-will. Both tears and smiles await his Lordship, whilst he is keeping Lent. Not until Lent was almost *out*, did he venture to hire Lasciviousness as a lacquey; and then only under the name of Harmless-Mirth!—*Holy War*, p. 231. Mr. Godly Fear also wins much sympathy from the reader. He hired the masked Diabolian, Lord Anger, under the name of *Good-Zeal;* but soon found him out. "The old gentleman took *pepper* in the nose, and turned him out of the house, and would have hanged him for his labour had he not run away." Young Captain Experience also is a favourite. The *Hell-drum* could not daunt him, until Captain Credence stumbled and fell, in the great battle with the Doubters. He fought as by *instinct*, even when he supposed Credence to be dead; and only quitted the field through loss of blood. Accordingly, although his wounds were not half healed when the next battle came on, the moment he heard the Trumpets sound, and saw Captain Credence at the head of the Prince's army again, "what does he but, calling for his *crutches* with haste, gets up and away to the battle? But when the enemy saw the man come with his crutches, they were daunted; for, thought they, what *spirit* possessed these Mansoulians, that they fight upon their very crutches?"—*Holy War*, p. 297.

Some of Bunyan's finest *strokes* occur in the Trial of old Questioning, who harboured the four Doubters in his "tottering cottage," in Mansoul, after the rout of their army. The first was an Election-Doubter: the second, a Vocation-Doubter: the third, a Salvation-Doubter: the fourth, a Grace-Doubter. These were all welcome to him. "Be of what Shire ye may," (Blind-*man*-shire or Blind-*zeal*-shire!) he said, "you are *town*-boys; you have the *length* of my foot, and are *one* with my heart. I would there were ten thousand well-armed Doubters now in Mansoul, and myself at the head of them! I would see what I could do. But, be quiet and close, or you will be snapt, I assure you. If Will-be-will, who is *now* Keeper of the Gate, light upon you, down you go, if your heads were gold."

Old Questioning was "indicted by the name of *Evil*-Questioning." He took his first objection to this, as a misnomer:—

"which name," he said, "I deny to be mine: mine being HONEST INQUIRING. Your Lordships know that between these two there is a wide difference. I hope a man may make *honest* inquiry even in the *worst* of times, and that too among the worst *men*, without running the danger of death." Lord Will-be-will defeated this shift, by telling the Court, with deep shame, that the prisoner and he had been "great acquaintance for thirty years;" and that in the time of the Rebellion, Evil-Questioning had "lain at his house not so little as twenty nights together," talking as he had lately with the four Doubters. This settled his identity. He then pleaded, that it was not lawful to condemn a man on the testimony of *one* witness. Mr. Diligence, therefore, proved that he had been on watch in Bad-Street, where Questioning's tottering cottage stood, and had overheard all the conversation which took place with the Doubters. "Then, said Evil-Questioning, 'the men that came into my house were *Strangers*, and I took them in. And is it now become a crime in Mansoul, for a man to entertain strangers? That I nourished them is true: but why should my *charity* be blamed? I also bid them take heed that they fell not into the Captain's hands: but that *might* be—because I am unwilling that any man should be slain, and not because I would have the King's enemies, *as such*, escape. I might too mean *well* to Mansoul, for aught any one knows yet, when I wished there were ten thousand Doubters in it.' These *evasions* only hurried on his sentence. They proved him to be, beyond all doubt, a Diabolian. And he completed the proof by saying, 'I see how the game will go. I must die for my *name*, and for my *charity!*' And so held his peace. He was hanged at the top of Bad-Street, just over his own door." —*Holy War*, p. 321.

Bunyan's stroke at *Spira* is too solemn to be called wit; but it is power of a peculiar kind. I know not what to call it. "The burden of Spira's complaint was," he says, "'I cannot repent; O, now, I cannot do it!' This man sees what he hath done—what would help him—what will become of him; but he cannot repent. He had pulled away his shoulder, and shut his eyes before;—and in that very *posture* God left him, and *so* he stands to this day!" He adds, "I have a fancy that Lot's wife was looking over her shoulder towards Sodom, when she was turned into a pillar of salt:—as the Judgment *caught* her, so it *bound* her."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1147.

He can be somewhat playful with a serious subject, without

the least approach to levity. Thus; "no man could tell so well as Jonah what he saw and felt in the Whale's belly: for no man else was ever there, and came out again. So the returning Backslider can tell *strange* stories; and yet such as are very true!"—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 671. Again, "the *old* way to Paradise is hedged and ditched up by the flaming sword of Cherubim; and there is no *back* door."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1675. Even of Heaven, he could say with an innocent smile, "I see no reason why we should be *idle* there. The fishes in the sea drink; but they drink and *swim*," at the same time. "And what if our work in heaven be, to receive, and *bless?* But for further discourse of that,—let it alone till we come thither."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1748.

Some of his strokes at Antichrist are as beautiful as others of them are bold. The following one is inimitably fine: "The signs of Antichrist's *fall* are terrible and amazing! But what of that? The *wrinkles* in his face threaten not us, but him. Our cold blasts are but the *farewell* notes of a piercing Winter. They bring with them signs and tokens of a comfortable Summer. His are like cold blasts in November; worse than *colder* in March and April. The Church is now at the *rising* (the *Spring*) of the year. We should, therefore, look through these *paper windows*, and espy in all that we fear, the terrible judgments which are following at his heels."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 1912.

The covetousness and ambition of Popery put Bunyan upon his mettle. He says, "Money, money, '*broken or whole*,' as the Pedlar cries, is the sinews of their religion. For that, they have kicked *off* the crowns of Princes, and set them *on* again with their *toes!*"—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 1908. Again; "Antichrist is the adversary of Christ: an adversary really; a friend pretendedly. He is one that is *against* Christ; and *for* Christ; and contrary *to* Christ. This is the Mystery of Iniquity! Against Him in *deed;* for Him in *word;* contrary to Him in *practice*. He is so proud as to go *before* Christ; so humble as to pretend come *after* Christ; and so audacious as to say that himself *is* Christ. Antichrist will cry *up* Christ; cry *down* Christ; proclaim himself *one* with Christ. But the dogs who eat the *crumbs* of Christ's table shall so hunt and scour Antichrist about, even although the tushes of his chops tear them, that they will have his life."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 1858.

Some of Bunyan's guesses about the fall of Antichrist, were

almost *prophetic*, as well as witty. "The Protestants in France," he says, "had more favour with their Prince formerly, than they have at *this* time. Yet I doubt not, that God will make that HORN hate the whore. Antichrist shall not *down*, but by the hand of Kings. The Preacher kills her *soul*, and the King kills her *body*. Spirit can only be *slain* by spirits."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 1858.

I make no apology for prolonging this Chapter. Bunyan's wit has hitherto been overlooked, except by *book-worms* like myself; or illustrated only from the Pilgrim's Progress. It ought, however, to have currency. It is calcuated to do much good. "The men of Hezekiah" would have "copied out," as I have done, many of his Proverbs, just as they did Solomon's, for public usefulness. What is there, in any language, more delicate or delicious than Bunyan's offered *reward* for the arrest and death of CARNAL-SENSE, in Mansoul? This enemy of the city had, somehow, escaped from prison, and like a ghost, was haunting "honest men's houses a-night." "Wherefore a Proclamation was set up in the market-place, signifying that whosoever should discover Carnal-Sense, and apprehend him, and *slay* him, should be admitted *daily* to the PRINCE'S TABLE, and made Keeper of the *treasure* of Mansoul." He was *often* discovered; "but slay him they could not," although "many *bent* themselves to do this thing." They laid Mr. Wrong-thoughts-of-Christ in prison, so that "he died of a consumption," and kept Live-by-Feeling and Legal-Life in durance, which killed them; but Carnal-Sense, like Mr. Unbelief, "was a *nimble jack* they could never lay hold of, though they attempted to do it often."—*Holy War*, p. 328.

This is almost equalled by the following: "SELF-LOVE was taken and committed to custody: but there were many *allied* to him in Mansoul; so his judgment was *deferred*. But at last, Mr. SELF-DENIAL stood up and said, 'If such villains as these may be winked at in Mansoul,—I will lay *down* my Commission!' He also took him from the crowd, and had him among his soldiers; and there he was *brained*. Some in Mansoul *muttered* at this; but none durst speak plainly, because EMMANUEL was in the town. This brave act came to the ears of the Prince; so he sent for Self-Denial and made him a *Lord* in Mansoul."—*Holy War*, p. 329.

These specimens of Bunyan's *vein* will, I hope, tempt not a few to go into his *mine* for themselves. I have gone through it with some care, and have left the lamps burning which guided

me. Let me say, however, to the young, that, although there be no *foul* air in the Mine, they must take with them the Safety-lamp of Discretion, if they would breathe even as freely as I have done, or walk as far safely. There is no *levity* in Bunyan: but he has some whims and crotchets of the brain; which, however innocent in themselves, are not suited to our times, nor in good taste even for his own times. I will not illustrate this; but finish the Chapter with a specimen of his wit, which is only a fair sample of his accurate observation of Nature, and of his acuteness in turning facts into lessons. He says of Bishop Fowler, that he "stridles over the Atonement like a spider skipping over a *wasp*, and twists against Faith like an *eel* on angle."—*Orig. Copy*, 1671.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BUNYAN'S CONCEITS.

BUNYAN *spiritualized* so much, and in general so well, that it is only fair to separate between his ingenious guesses, and his whimsical fancies. True; they run into each other often, and thus are inseparable upon his pages. But still, his whims did not warp his judgment, nor taint his theology, nor give any wrong bias to his conduct; and therefore they may now be fairly represented as nothing *but* whims and crotchets of a teeming brain, which neither a good conscience nor a pure heart could always detect or avoid.

"The Tower of Lebanon" confronted, he says, "Damascus, the chief city of the King of Assyria, to show that the Church is raised up to *confront* Antichrist." He found also in the *three* rows of Pillars, on which the House of the Forest of Lebanon stood, the three Mediatorial Offices of Christ, which "bear up the Church before the World." But there were *fifteen* pillars in each Row; and fifteen is no mystic number! This set him fast for a time. "I can *say* no further than I can *see*," he says. But he did not like to be baffled. He recollected that there was a *reserve* of seven thousand, who had not bowed the Knee to Baal, "when that *fine one*, Jezebel, afflicted the Church;" and therefore he says, fourteen of the fifteen pillars were a reserve in each Row; so that if three should be destroyed, there would still be three times fourteen behind. Thus he comforted himself, that Antichrist, however he might cut off and kill the Witnesses, could never destroy all the pillars of the Church.

The *Mist* which watered the face of the ground in Eden, before rain fell, was a type, he says, "that there is sufficiency of light, even where there is not the word of the Gospel, to teach men to govern themselves in civil and natural society. But this," he adds, "is only a mist" from the earth, not *rain* from Heaven.

He finds a parallel between the hundred and fifty days, during which "the waves of the Flood had no pity on Noah," and the apocalyptic period of the Scorpions; and thus, a clue to the *duration* of the persecution in his own times. Noah's sons, also, journeying westward from Ararat, and thus, "turning their back upon the *Sunrising*," were types of the primitive Church, and the Restoration Church, declining from the Sun of Righteousness: and their halt in the plain of Shinar, was "a *right* resemblance of degeneracy from apostolic doctrine, to the Church of Romish Babylon. What would Bunyan have said of the Oxford Tract School! "Moses," he says, "was a type of his own Law: for as his milk-white bosom could not change the swarthy skin of his *Ethiopian* wife,

> So he that doth the Law for life adore,
> Shall yet by it, be left a *blackamoor*."

The Apocalyptic hail-stones which are to fall on Babylon, weighed a *talent;* and as that is just the weight of the *lead* laid over the Ephah, which was prepared for the woman, Wickedness (*Zech.* v. 6), he says that the hailstones show that Rome is to get no more *good* out of the Ephah, but only *heavy* judgments. He hated the Scarlet Lady most heartily; and hoped to see her funeral before his death. "She is *now* dying," he says; therefore "let us ring her *passing-bell.* When she is dead, we who live to see it, intend to *ring out!*" Had she died before him, not all his prejudices against bell-ringing, nor his old fears of the beam in Elstow Church Tower, would have prevented him from having another pull at the ropes!

He finds the Gospel-Net in the net-work of the Temple; and as that work had four hundred *Pomegranates* hung upon it, he says, "This was to show that the Gospel-Net was not empty, but *baited* with grace and glory to catch sinners." "The alluring bait, of old, was 'milk and honey.' With that Moses drew the Jews into the wilderness: but we have Pomegranates—two rows of them—grace and glory,—as the bait of the holy gospel. No wonder then if, when men of skill cast that Net, great numbers of fish were caught. The Apostles baited their nets with *taking* things."

Bunyan is not always least wise, when he is most fanciful. "The Temple," he says, "was widest *upward.* All other houses were widest *downward.* But an *inch* above is worth an *ell* below. Those who are nearest the earth are *narrow-*

spirited. The temple was narrowest downward, to show that a *little* of the earth, or of this world, should content us. Thus the temple, like a lovely picture, speaks by its *form* to all Christians, and says, 'Be ye *enlarged* upwards.'"

The Porch of the Temple, he says, was for strangers and Beggars; and therefore it was higher than either the Holy or the Holiest Place, that it might be seen afar off. So the *charity* of the Church should be as high as the Church steeple, that all may see it; as the Porch was *four* times higher than the temple itself.

The Golden Snuffers for trimming the lamps and candlesticks signify, he says, Church discipline; reproofs, rebukes, and admonitions, for edification. "It is not, therefore, every one that should handle the snuffers; lest instead of mending the light, they put out the candle. Paul bids them that are 'spiritual' do it. Strike at the *snuff*, not at the light, in all your rebukes. Snuff not your lamps for a private revenge, but to nourish grace. Curb vice, but nourish virtue. Use golden Snuffers (the laws of Christ); not your own *fingers*, or carnal reasonings, but godly admonitions." Thus there is more *wisdom* than whim in some of Bunyan's fancies; and many such things are with him.

He was somewhat of a Millennarian, although not in the vulgar sense of that word, as used then or now. His "New Jerusalem" was not so like the *old* city as Irving's; and there was no *Vennerism* at all in it. Still Bunyan doated not a little on the seventh thousand years of the world, as well as dreamt of them. One of his *strong* reasons for this was,—that "Enoch, the *seventh* from Adam, being the first prophet of the Resurrection, was thus a type of the seventh thousand years in which the Lord will reign with his Church!" We may smile at this "strong reason;" but it is quite as valid as some modern theories of the first Resurrection. Bunyan was, however, no *drivelling* dreamer about the Millennium. "Its glory will be," he says, "mostly, yea principally, in heavenly and spiritual things; such as faith, love, and experience of God, Grace, and Christ. It grates too near the *ground*, for me to rejoice or believe that the glory (of the latter Day) will consist in outward or carnal things! Can it be imagined that the chief glory the Gentiles shall bring to the Jews, after sixteen hundred years *warming* in the bosom of Christ, should consist in outward trumpery? Would this be a suitable medicine to the *eyes* of a wounded people, as the Jews will be,"

when they shall look on Him they have pierced?—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2401.

It will be recollected that Bunyan did not avail himself of the Great Laver in the temple, to support his own views of Baptism: he found a type of them, however, in the Deluge! "The Flood," he says, "was a type of three things. First, of the enemies of the Church. Second, a type of the *water-baptism* under the New Testament. Third, of the last overthrow of the world. He refers, of course, to 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21, where Noah's family are said to have been "saved *by* water." Bunyan may be forgiven this mistake. There were not so many goods *sent by water*, in his time, as to suggest to him that *on* the water, is meant.—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2531.

I do not know how this passage is applied by Baptists in general: but there is a paper in the Baptist Magazine for 1816, signed W. N. Stepney, from which it appears that King James must have taken a similar view of the flood. He said in his speech on the Gunpowder plot, in 1605, "God did by a general deluge and overflowing of waters BAPTIZE the world to a general destruction, and not to general purgation." W. N. says, "the figurative use of the word baptize, in this passage, strongly conveys the idea of immersion." And it certainly does: but of immersion by down-pouring. The King said also in the same speech, in reference to the attempt upon his life in youth, in Scotland, "I should have been *baptized* in blood." The writer quotes this expression also; but not to balance the former. He argues, indeed, as if both conveyed the idea of immersion. And if James meant that, W. N. might well say, "yet it is a remarkable fact, that in the reign of this monarch immersion began to be superseded, as we learn from Sir John Floyer." It is really difficult to say whether such criticisms on the Verb by Baptists, or similar ones on the Prepositions by Pædobaptists, be folly or crime.

There is wit as well as whim in his personification of Rome, when "that *slut* ran away with the name" of the spouse, and set herself up as Dame of the world, and Mistress in the Church. "Then, she turned all things *topsy-turvy* in the House. She would have an altar like Tiglath Pileser's. The Lord's brazen Altar must be removed from its old place, and the molten sea taken off from the backs of the brazen oxen (where Solomon set it) and set on a pavement of stone." "Solomon! Alas, Solomon is *nobody* now! This Woman is wiser in her own conceits than seven men that can render a

reason. Now the court of the *Sabbath* must be turned to the use of the King of Assyria!" This was bold language, at the time; for it was *intelligible* then. It is so still to those who know the King, and Gunning, and Sheldon, well. Bunyan, however, seldom shot mystical arrows at "high places."

There is, perhaps, no conceit of his more amusing than the defences of Eargate, when Mansoul was summoned to surrender by Boanerges. The Town had planted over Eargate two *great-guns*, the one called *High-mind*, and the other *Heady*. They were cast by one Mr. *Puff-up*, Diabolus's own founder, in the castle; and mischievous pieces they were! Old Mr. *Prejudice* (an angry and ill-conditioned fellow) was made Captain of the ward of that gate, and sixty men, called *Deaf Men* were put under him: men advantageous to that service, inasmuch they mattered not what either captains or soldiers said!—*Holy War*, p. 74.

The Prefaces, as well as the Titles, of Books, were often whimsical in Bunyan's day: but the only *odd* one of his, that I recollect, is that to his Treatise on the Water of Life; and it, although odd, is striking, "Courteous Reader, thou mayest, if thou wilt, call this Book, '*Bunyan's Bill of his Master's Water of Life.*' True; I have not set forth, at large, the excellent nature and quality thereof: nor can that be done by the pen or tongue of men or angels. But as men in their Bills, for the conviction of readers, do give an account to the Country of the persons cured by liquors and preparations made for that end, so could I, were it not done already to my hand by Holy Writ. Many of the Cured, indeed, are removed from hence, and live where they cannot be *spoken* with as yet; but abundance of them remain here, and have their abode with men. If thou wouldst drink of this water, drink it by *itself*. And that thou mayest not be deceived by the counterfeit, know that the true is 'clear as crystal.' I know that there are many *Mountebanks* in the world, and every one of them pretends to have this water to sell. But my advice is,—go directly to the Throne" from whence it proceeds.—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1172. The Treatise did not need a Preface of this kind; but it *admitted* of such a one: for he acknowledged that he has *allegorized*, in that Work. He meant by Allegory, in it, however, such comparisons as the following: "This is the wholesomest water in the world. You may take it at the third, sixth, ninth, or eleventh hour; but to take it in the *morning* of your age is best; for then

diseases have not so great a head."—P. 1200. "Epsom Tunbridge, and Bath waters, may be common; but they are a great way off: yet those who are loth to die make provision to have their dwellings by those waters."—Pp. 1177, 1204. "He that stands on the banks of the River of Life, and washeth his *eyes* with the water, may see the *stars* of God; as in fair waters, a man may see the very body of the heavens."—P. 1197. "The Water is sometimes *muddied* by false glosses and sluttish opinions. This is apparent enough by the very *hue* of some poor souls. The very stain of Tradition may be seen in their *scales*. For as the Fish of the river receive the changeable colours of the waters, so Professors look like the doctrines they drink. If their doctrines are *muddy*, their notions are muddy. If their doctrines are *bloody*, their tempers are bloody."—P. 1197. "Art thou a *fish*, man? Art *thou* a fish? Canst thou *live* in the River of the water of life? Is grace thy proper element? I know there are some things besides fish, that can make a shift to live in the water. But not in the water only. The frog and the otter can live in it, but not in it only. Give some men grace and sin, grace and the world, and they will make a pretty good shift to live: but, hold them to grace only,—put them into the River, and let them have nothing *but* river, and they die!"—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1179. This, if not allegory, is something better.

Bunyan can be *odd* and awful; singular and solemn, at the same time. "A Christian *bridles* his lusts: but it is no strange thing to see Professors bridled and saddled, yea ridden by the very Devil from lust to sin, and from one vanity to another."—Vol. iv. p. 2154. "There is a profession that stands with an unsanctified heart and life: but the sin of such will *overpoise* their salvation. The *sin-end* being the heaviest end of the scale, they *tilt over* into perdition, notwithstanding their glorious profession."—P. 2151. "Sirs, give me leave to set my Trumpet to your *ears* a little. A prating tongue will not unlock the gates of heaven nor blind the eyes of the judge. Look to it! Covetous Professor, that usest religion to bring *grist* to thy mill,—look to it! Christian, take heed that no sin in thy life goes unrepented of. That will make a *flaw* in thy evidences—a wound in thy conscience—a *breach* in thy peace; and, a hundred to one, if it do not drive all the grace in thee into so *dark* a corner of thy heart, that thou shalt not be able for a time to find it out for thy

comfort, even by all the *torches* that are burning in the Gospel."—P. 2180.

Some of these hints and illustrations are anything but conceits. The form of them is singular, but the spirit of them is both philosophical and heart-searching. I have introduced them in this Chapter, however, in order to show the *cast* of Bunyan's mind. He is never odd, for the sake of mere peculiarity; nor whimsical, from levity. Even when he is *vulgar*, he is either not at all aware of it, or it is in order to "gain" the vulgar. When he puns, it is to point a maxim, not to win a smile. He stoops, only to conquer. He himself knew well both his modes and his motives, and sung,

> 'As for the inconsiderableness
> Of things, by which I do my mind express,
> May I by them but bring some *good* to pass,
> As Samson with the jaw-bone of an ass,
> Or as brave Shamgar with his ox's goad,
> (Both things unmanly, nor for war in mode)
> I have my end, though I *myself* expose;
> For God will have the glory at the close."
>
> *Works*, vol. ii. p. 955.

He said all this better, as well as more briefly, when he exclaimed on one occasion, "Bear with my plainness when I speak against sin:—I would strike it *through* with every word, because, else, it will strike *us* through with many sorrows."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2118.

I am not apologizing for Bunyan, but merely explaining, in these remarks upon his style. Let his style be criticized, even in my pages, where its peculiarities abound; and, *alas*, for the critic! He will be pitied, however Bunyan may be blamed. D'Aubigné's apology for Luther will be verified by readers;—"We must accustom ourselves to find him sometimes using expressions too coarsely vituperative for modern taste. It was the custom of the time. But we generally find even in those words which *shock* our notions of propriety in language, a suitableness and strength which redeem their harshness."—*Hist. Great Reformation*, vol. i. p. 316.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BUNYAN'S CHURCH PERSECUTED.

1670.

THE chief persecution of his own friends, Bunyan himself has nowhere told,—so far as I am aware; although his anecdotes of local Informers are very explicit. In 1670, however, his people were much harassed by mean Informers, and meaner Magistrates, overstraining the Conventicle Act,—if that be possible. That Act was revived in 1669, with new clauses, and received the royal assent in April, 1670. Neal says of it, "The wit of man could hardly invent any thing short of capital punishment, more cruel or inhuman." This is true; and therefore Neal ought not to have expressed any wonder that either Charles II. or *his* conclave, should have agreed to it. Both would have agreed to anything hostile to Nonconformity, which public opinion would have allowed them to perpetrate;—the King, from reckless levity; and the Court, from reckless revenge. Even the Parliament joined issue with them, and introduced a clause into the Conventicle Act, "that if any dispute should arise in regard to the interpretation of any part of the act, the Judges should always explain the doubt in the sense *least* favourable to conventicles; it being the intention of Parliament entirely to suppress them." Hume himself says of this clause, that the Commons "violated the plainest and most established maxims of civil policy,—which require that, in all *criminal* prosecutions, favour should always be given to the prisoner."—*Hume*, vol. vii. p. 457.

In the space of one month, this Act began to be enforced upon Bunyan's friends, "in and near the town of Bedford," while he himself was a prisoner in Bedford Jail. This appears from a Narrative published that very year. I have the

original before me, which bears date 1670. It has long been a rare Pamphlet, and borne a *rare* price, although extending only to fifteen pages.

The noble conduct of the sufferers, and even of the mob, as evinced in the following extracts, will be the more intelligible, by the reader bearing in mind, that Bunyan was present at all the *church-meetings* of his flock that year. This appears from the Church-book, at Bedford. And it is well known, that the Jailor gave him great liberties. The people were thus both counselled and encouraged by him, to take "joyfully the spoiling of their goods."

They had met for worship on Sabbath, at the house of "one John Fen, a Haberdasher of Hats;" when two Apparitors obtained a warrant from Justice Foster, to enter the house, and arrest them. Accordingly, these officials of the *spiritual* Court, West and Feckham, forced them before the magistrate; who fined them all, and committed the preacher to prison. Thus Foster's work ended for that day. Next day, however, he had to fine both a Church-warden and a Constable five pounds each, for refusing to assist the spiritual functionaries in distraining the goods of their nonconformist neighbours.—P. 4.

Still, the game was only beginning. Battison, another Churchwarden, tried to levy a fine of ten pounds upon a Maltster; but none of the Constables would help to break open the door of the Malt-house. The mob also tied a *cow's tail* to his back; and so hooted and hallooed him, that he was glad to leave Bardolf, the maltster, for a time.

He was not much more successful at Covington's, the Grocer, where he had only to distrain for five shillings. Battison himself had to seize a brass kettle; for none of the officers would distrain. Indeed, the worthy Warden had to wait "two hours," before *sixpence* would bribe a boy to carry the kettle to his Inn. Even when it reached the Inn, neither Master nor Servants would allow it to enter the yard; but set it out in the street; and there it stood, until an overseer caused a *beggar* woman to carry it away at night.—P. 4. Thus ended another day of the *spiritual* Court's crusade at Bedford: a brass *kettle* was all the spoil!

Next day, however, their *worships*, the Justices, "understanding how Battison was discouraged in his work by the backwardness of the other officers, and the open discountenance of the other people, commanded the doors to be broken open, and to levy the distresses; and promised to bear them

harmless. Immediately *old* Battison, with a file of soldiers, in the middle of market-time, advanced again to the Malt-House, and breaks open the doors: but not without long time and trouble; all the people refusing to lend either bars or hammers. Fourteen quarters of Malt were distrained: but it was *night* before he could carry them away; for although the market-place was thronged with Porters, yet none of them would assist. They left their *fares;* some of them saying, 'they would be hung, drawn, and quartered, before they would assist in *that* work.' For which cause the Justices committed two of them (all they could catch) to the jail." So ended the second crusade of the *spiritual* Court!

"Next day, being Lord's Day, the fines were doubled upon the Meeters, by another warrant from Foster," and the Meeters were forced into the Swan Inn, where they were kept from "ten of the clock in the morning, till four of the clock in the afternoon." Then their names were taken by the Justices, and themselves set at liberty. "Next morning Mr. Foster, the Justice (he was also the *Commissary's* deputy), appears *early* in the streets, with old Battison and the two Apparitors, a file of soldiers, and some constables, to *see* the fines levied upon the Meeter's goods." He sent also for many of the Tradesmen to assist him in his holy war: but, Lo, "most of the tradesmen, journeymen, labourers and servants" had either left the town or hid themselves, to avoid his call. The worthy Deputy found the Town "so thin of people, that it looked more like a country *village* than a Corporation; and the shops being generally shut down, it seemed like a place visited with the *Pest,* where usually is written upon the door, 'Lord have mercy upon us.'"—P. 6. It was, remember, Bunyan's flock which had this mighty influence upon their neighbours. Bedford thought, and rightly, that it was discredit enough for the town, to have Bunyan himself in prison.

Foster's first attempt was at a Cutler's: but the house being "visited with small-pox, the officers declined entering." From hence he went to a Shoemaker's; and, besides levying for five shillings, imposed another fine of one shilling, because Crispin would not say whether or not he "had been at Church the day before." Then a Heel-maker was deprived of three carts' load of heel and last wood; of more value than any of his household goods. This was taken, to pay a fine of two pounds. Next a Tanner had his "best wearing coat distrained by the immediate order of Mr. Foster," for a fine of

five shillings incurred, not by himself, but by his "better half." Then the Blacksmith lost all his anvils, as well as many locks and shovels, and would have had his "forge-bellows pulled down, if Battison's itch for better prices in other places had not called him off.

The Thermopylæ of this grand field day, to Foster, was at the *Pipe-maker's*. There they "hastened;" for Thomas Arthur had six pounds to pay. Incorrigible *Bunyanite*,—the Pipe-maker locked all his doors in the face of the functionaries of the spiritual Court! What Deputy of a Commissary could brook such contempt? Not Justice Foster. He broke in the door, and distrained "all the goods within doors and without." "The said Arthur desired to know how much money he had distrained for? To whom the said Mr. Foster replied, for Eleven Pounds. Whereupon Thomas Arthur desired (Bunyan-like again) to see the warrant: which being produced, he seeing himself therein but for *six* pounds, told Mr. Foster so: to which Mr. Foster answered, that there was five pound more for keeping his *door* locked. When Thomas perceived that Mr. Foster would distrain *all* his goods, he said, "Sir, what shall my *children* do? Shall they starve?" This would have been both a startling and a touching question to the functionary of any other court but the Ecclesiastical. It did not, however, disconcert the Deputy in the least, "Mr. Foster replied, that so long as he (the Father) was a *rebel*, the children *must* starve." This answer was worthy of the spiritual Court itself. The fact is, that conclave knew well from their own temperament, of what *stuff* to make Commissaries, Deputies, and Apparitors. Accordingly, "Battison and the two Apparitors, with a file of Musqueteers, and a cart, carried away whatever household goods they thought fit, and all the wood for the burning of a kiln of pipes ready set." —P. 7.

"Mr. Foster having done his work at the Pipe-maker's, &c. passed in haste to the house of Mrs. Tilney; a widow, a gentlewoman well descended, and of a good estate, who was fined Twenty pounds: and to make her *exemplary* in suffering, Mr. Foster himself, being attended by his public Notary, would *see* the fine effectually levied upon her goods. And indeed the same was effectually done; insomuch that the Widow was forced to borrow *sheets* of her neighbours to lie in. She was forced to spread these sheets she borrowed, on a bed and bolster of another's left in her house; they did not leave one

feather-bed of her own. As for the value of the goods taken away, it is supposed to be betwixt forty and fifty pounds. Yet the said Mrs. Tilney was more troubled at the crying and sighing of her poor neighbours, who were much affected with her sufferings, she being very charitable, than for the loss of her goods, which she took very cheerfully. And so the officers left her, having finished that day's work."—P. 9.

Mrs. Tilney removed soon after this to London, where her son-in-law, a Mr. Blakely, was a Minister. She is "the dearly beloved sister," of whom Dr. Southey says, "the very Baptists of Bunyan's congregation, and at a time too when Bunyan was their pastor, interdicted from communicating with a Church of which her son-in-law was a minister, because he was not a Baptist." She was interdicted, but not for this reason. The interdict, and its explanation, will be found in the Chapter, "Bunyan's Pastoral Letters."

Foster, however, had not all these church-militant laurels to himself. Sir George Blundell also signalized himself in the holy war, by issuing a warrant on the report of the talk of "a little girl," who said to the wife of a vile Informer, "that there had been a meeting at the house of Thomas Thorowgood in Cotton-End." The Meetingers were, accordingly, brought before the Justices at the Swan Inn, who promised to acquit them, if "they would confess who was preacher." This they refused to do, and were severally fined. It is highly probable that Bunyan himself was the preacher: for by this time the tyranny of the Justices startled the Mayor of Bedford. Bunyan was, therefore, not unlikely to slip out of the Jail at this crisis, especially as he had the opportunity: for as the Mayor was on the side of lenity, the kind Jailor would not be very strict.

Only two of the victims sued for a mitigation of the fine; and one of them, the Honourable Baronet "beat well for his pains," and the other he left to the tender mercies of the Informer.

One of the Informers, apparently a thorough miscreant (judging from the account of him in the Narrative), was seized with a violent hæmorrhage, whilst officiating as an Appurtenant at a *visitation* at Ampthill. On his death-bed, he alternately "threatened the Fanatics," and cursed Foster "for setting him in office." His death was so awful, that no one would even *let* a carriage to convey his body to Turvey: but it had to be "sent in a cart."—P. 13.

Such was the weight of Bunyan's influence in Bedford, and such the estimation in which his Church was held in the Town. It is, to me, equally pleasing to find, that none of the Clergy in Bedford were parties to this shameful outrage. It ought also to be remembered here, that in the space of two years afterwards, Bunyan bought the ground on which his Chapel was built.

The Narrative from which these facts are gleaned, is conciliatory in its tone, as well as faithful in its rebukes. It is even *complimentary* to the higher ranks. The writer says, "all unquiet storms, thunderings and lightnings, are in and from the *lower* regions: but among the higher spheres and more celestial bodies, all things are always peaceable and serene; and by their influence the other raging and noxious disturbances are quelled and scattered. And such an end of our present disquietments do we hope and pray for."

This *starry* compliment does not, however, prevent the Author from calling either men or things by their right names. He boldly avows that one object of his writing is, "to *demand* of our Legislators, whether" such doings "be the garment of their offspring?" He declares in his preface that "it is plain, that in despite of Magna Charta, and in defiance of all Laws and Rules of righteousness, neighbourhood, and humanity" certain persons "resolve to ruin the Nonconformists, though in no wise able to compensate for the King and Kingdom's damage thereby." Without ceremony and circumlocution he proclaims the fact, that "the immediate persecutors are the *scum* of the people, and chiefly the Appurtenants of the Commissaries' Court." Who he means by "the most *forward* instrument of this sort," of whom he says, "he is one who hath openly avowed his esteem for Popery above other religions," I do not pretend to guess. I only know, that the cap fitted the King's brother. The Author was, however, as loyal as any honest man ought to be. "Councils for public good," he says, "are the province of our superiors. Ready obedience, or *peaceable sufferings*, are the lot of private men. This people (Bunyan's) have by their peaceable deportment for many years, given all the satisfaction that any men, in like circumstances, are able to give of their harmless and quiet inclinations. And they intend, by the Grace of God, not to gratify their adversaries by transgressing the obligation of their own *consciences*, which imposes a *necessity* upon them to practise those things in their Chris-

tian profession for which they are made *obnoxious* to so great sufferings, and gives them a *supportment* under them."

In harmony with this principle, he adds, "The end of *publishing* this Account, is to prepare others, of the same way and practice in the things of religion with the persons so *roughly* treated at Bedford, not to think strange of the like trials when they befal them; and to bear them patiently, quietly, and peaceably, notwithstanding all provocations to the contrary." —P. 14.

It deserves to be mentioned, that this pamphlet has neither the name nor the place of the Printer. Its Title-page runs thus, "A true and impartial Narrative of some Illegal and Arbitrary proceedings, by certain Justices of the Peace, and others, against several innocent and peaceable Nonconformists in and near the town of Bedford, upon pretence of putting in execution the late Act against Conventicles: together with a brief account of the sudden and strange death of the Grand Informer, and one of the most violent malicious Persecutors against these poor people. *Published for general Information.* Printed in the year 1670."

Such were the first fruits of the revival of the Conventicle Act. That Act was, however, merely a new form of the *old* spirit of the dominant party. They began in a similar style, the moment they got into power. No *Venner* had appeared in either town or country, when the Baptists were singled out as victims of intolerance. The King was but just *seated*, in 1660, when the Lincolnshire Baptists had to tell him, "We have been, O King, much abused when we pass in the streets, and sit in our houses; being threatened to be *hanged*, if but heard praying in our families; and disturbed in our waiting upon God by uncivil *beating* at our doors, and sounding of *horns*. Yea, we have been stoned when going to our meetings; the windows have been struck down with stones. We have been taken and imprisoned. The rage of our adversaries has been augmented, O King, by hearing us abused in open Court by some who sat on the bench of Justice. And now they have indicted many of us at the Sessions, and intend, as we are informed, to impose on us a penalty of Twenty pounds per month, for not coming to hear such men as they provide for us: of whose principles and practices we could give a most sad and doleful account;—and yet, O King, a most *true* relation." This early appeal was drawn up, and most likely presented, by the celebrated Thomas Grantham;

and the facts of it are appealed to by Henry Jessey in his "Loud Call to England," in 1660. It was not, therefore, the insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy men, that originated this persecution of the Baptists.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BUNYAN'S PASTORAL LETTERS.

I HAVE been unable to procure, or even to hear of, any private Letters of Bunyan's. I am unwilling to believe, however, that none exist: for although a hundred and fifty years have elapsed since his death, that length of time has not destroyed them, if there were any in 1688. If any exist, they are *heir-looms*, wherever they may be. I am not without hope, therefore, that this volume may bring some of his private Letters to light, before my standard edition of his Pilgrim's Progress is finished. The descendants of Sir John Shorer, Mayor of London, in 1668; and of Mr. Strudwick, then of Snow Hill; and of the family in Bedfordshire, for whose sake Bunyan went his last journey to Reading, owe it, if any of them remain, to the memory of their ancestors, as well as to him, to search and see whether the blank can be filled up. Dr. Southey says, that "the *Brazier's Company* would deem itself honoured if it could show the name of John Bunyan upon its rolls." It would be a still higher honour for any family, to show by Letters that he was the friend of their great-grandfather. What if an American family should be the *first* to claim this distinction? I have reason to think that Bunyan corresponded with some of the first Baptist settlers. I know that some of them wrote to him about their own prospects in America, as well as about the popularity of his Pilgrim.

I throw out these hints with much solicitude. In the mean time, the public must be contented with the following Pastoral Letters, even although the authorship of them is, except in one, but partly Bunyan's. They bear, however, more than his signature. They breathe his spirit throughout, and sparkle occasionally with his own gems set in his own Saxon.

The first Letter is to the "certain Anthony Harrington," as Dr. Southey calls him, "whom Gifford thought often of killing, because he was a leading man" amongst the Dissenters of

Bedford. He was driven from his family by a Writ de Excom. Capiend. in 1669; but returned in 1681. "Spend not your *vacant* hours as they that wept for Tammuz," stamps it Bunyan's, quite as certainly as his signature.

"Dearly Beloved Brother,

"Grace, Mercy, and Peace be with you always by Jesus Christ our Lord, to the praise of God the Father, and your everlasting consolation and increase of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen. Blessed be God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who by him hath called us unto his kingdom in glory; to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved, in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins, according to the riches of his grace.

"With length of days is understanding; your long progress in the ways of God and our Father, hath given you rich experience of that grace that is not only laid up for us in Christ, but to be brought unto us when he shall be revealed from heaven with all his saints. Wherefore, Brother, make it manifest that you are one of those scribes we read of that is not only instructed *into* but *unto* the kingdom of God. Let it be seen by all your ways that the secrets of God are with you, and that you have in store things new and old in your heart, as in God's treasure house. Gravity becometh the ancients in the house of God. Fathers should be examples unto children. We are comforted in the remembrance of thee, Brother, while we consider that notwithstanding thy natural infirmity, yet thou prizest good conscience above thine own enjoyments. And since thou couldest not with quiet enjoy it at home; thou hast left thy concerns in this world (though in much hazard and danger) that thou mayest keep it abroad. But remember the good word of God; 'No man shall desire thy land, when thou shalt go to appear before the Lord thy God, thrice in the year.' Wherefore let neither the remembrance of what thou hast left, nor thought of its being subject to casualty, either distract thee in thy communion with God, or prevail with thee to do aught against good conscience, or unworthy thy gray hairs; which are then the glory of old men, when found in the way of righteousness. John saith, I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth. Having always a good

conscience towards God, and towards men: this is armour of righteousness both on the right hand, and on the left. You, Brother Harrington, have lived to see the slippery and unstable nature that is in earthly things; wherefore we beseech you to expect no more therefrom than the word of God hath promised: which is as much in little as in much thereof, if not more in many respects. He that gathered much, had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack. While Israel sat by the flesh-pots in Egypt, they had no manna, they drank not the water out of the rock, these things were reserved for their wilderness condition; to support them in the waste-howling wilderness. We speak this to encourage you, knowing you are subject to temptation with us. For we hope it is because God loveth you, that he hath driven you from your incumbrances, that you may have occasion before you die, therein to solace yourself with your God, and the Lord Jesus Christ; we mean that you may do it with more leisure and less distraction, than when the lowing of the oxen had continual sound in your ears. Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth: wherefore being denied a fulness here is no token of God's displeasure against our spiritual welfare, but rather, yea always the contrary. Let not these dispensations then discourage and distress your mind: bless God for the hope that is laid up for you in heaven, whereof you have heard before in the word of the truth of the gospel.

"God is wise and doth all things for the best, for them that love him. You know not yet, but you may know afterward, what sins and temptations God hath prevented, by driving you thus from your habitation; and how hereby he hath made way for the exercise of some graces, that could not so well discover themselves in their virtues, when you was here. How subject we are to dote upon and to be entangled with the snares, that lay couched and hid in this present world, you have great experience with us. The which because God disliketh, it being uncomely for the men of another world, therefore after God plucketh down and pulleth up what we build and plant. It was customary with our Fathers to dwell in tents, and houses made with boughs; for they sought a city that hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. When we are desolate then we trust in God, and make prayers and supplications to him night and day. God help you therefore, that you spend your vacant hours not as they that wept for Tammuz, but

as they who plainly confess to all they are strangers and pilgrims in the earth.

"Brother, we write not but by way of exhortation, beseeching you that you call to remembrance your vows and tears, when you have been in distress; and that you would arm yourself with that mind you read of, Heb. xii. 2, 3, 9, that you may have your garments always white, and that your head may lack no ointment; you cannot be there where no eyes are upon you; you are a spectacle to God, angels, and men; and being exalted to the profession of Christianity, and also to the communion of God and saints, you can neither stand nor fall by yourself, but the name and cause and people of God, shall in some sense stand and fall with you; yea, let us have joy in thee, brother, refresh our spirits in the Lord. We have confidence in thee, that thou wilt be circumspect to the adorning of the doctrine of God our Saviour. Keep close to the words of faith and sound doctrine, wherein thou hast been instructed; and shun profane and vain babbling, not having to do with men of corrupt minds, that thy profession be not canker-eaten. Hear the word of God with diligence, and pray much for the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. And remember that God hath said, Though there were any of you cast out to the uttermost part of heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them into the place, that I have chosen to set my name there.

"Finally, brother, Farewell, Grace be with thee, Amen.

"Written by the appointment of the congregation to which you stand related in the faith of the Gospel, and subscribed with their consent by the hands of your brethren,

"JOHN BUNYAN," &c.

(*No date.*)

The Minister to whom the following Letter is addressed, Mr. Wilson of Hitchin, became joint Editor with Mr. Chandler of Bedford, of the folio edition of Bunyan's works, in 1692.—*Ivimey.*

"OUR DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER WILSON,

"Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. Blessed be God, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercy, and the God of all comfort, for the abundant [illegible]

brother; and for that thou art so called, so preserved in Christ Jesus; who, we trust, will preserve thee to his kingdom and glory: to whom be honour and power everlasting.

"We are comforted in thee, our dearly beloved, when we remember that from a child, thou hast known the holy Scriptures; which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ; which faith was also in thy tender years fruitful and flourishing in thy gracious heart, to the great comfort of us thy brethren, and the glory of that grace that hath translated us out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

"It is also joy to us to behold, that notwithstanding thy lot is cast in a place of high transgression; yet thou showest out of a good conversation thy works with meekness of wisdom. God help thee, brother, to remember the days of thy youth; the first ways of David were best. There are but few can say as Caleb: 'As my strength was forty years since, so it is now, both to go out and come in before the people of God.'

"'Tis also said of Moses at the day of his death, his natural force was not abated: neither did his eyes wax dim. Brother, be always looking into the perfect law of liberty: and *continue* therein. The customs of the people are vain; learn therefore of no man any of the deeds of darkness; we must give an account of ourselves to God. It argueth not only wisdom, but great grace, when the soul makes all lie level to the word and Spirit of God: when he scorneth and counteth that unworthy his affections, that hath not on it the stamp of the things of heaven. It is said of the children of Israel, 'They saw God and did eat and drink.' That is the right eating and drinking indeed. The glory of young men, is their strength to overcome the wicked one. 'My son,' says Solomon, 'if thy heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine.'

"Now, brother, God hath not only counted you worthy to believe in his Son, but also to profess him before the world. Wear his name in your forehead. They that Christ will own for his servants for ever, must say plainly, I love my Master: they must declare plainly, they seek a country. The first note of the peril of the last times is, 'Men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, proud,' &c. 'O man of God, fly these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life; whereunto thou art also called, and hast witnessed a good profession before many witnesses.'

"'Tis said of Hananiah, 'he feared God above many.' God continue our joy of thee, brother. Our hope of thee is steadfast, through grace; trusting in the Lord that he that hath begun the good work in thee will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ. It is a strange sight to behold those who did feed delicately to be desolate in the street; and they that were brought up in scarlet to embrace dunghills. We speak not these things to shame thee, but as our beloved brother we warn thee. O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust; watch and be sober. And if thou be inclined to sleep, let that of Delilah rouse thee; 'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!'

"Grace be with thee. The Lord is at hand. Behold the Judge stands at the door. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus.

"Written by the appointment, and subscribed in the name and with the consent of the congregation.

"1669." "JOHN BUNYAN," &c.

TO BUNYAN'S SPIRITUAL CHILDREN.

Bedford Jail.

"Children, Grace be with you. Amen. I being taken from you in presence, and so tied up that I cannot perform that duty, that from God doth lie upon me to you-ward, for your farther edifying and building up in faith and holiness, &c., yet that you may see my soul hath fatherly care and desire after your spiritual and everlasting welfare, I now once again, as before, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, so now from the Lion's den, and from the mountain of the Leopards, do look yet after you all, greatly longing to see your safe arrival in the desired haven.

"I thank God upon every remembrance of you; and rejoice, even while I stick between the teeth of the lions in the wilderness, that the grace and mercy, and knowledge of Christ our Saviour, which God hath bestowed upon you, with abundance of faith and love; your hungerings and thirstings after farther acquaintance with the Father, in the Son; your tenderness of heart, your trembling at sin, your sober and holy deportment also, before both God and men, is a great refreshment to me; for 'you are my glory and joy.'

"I have sent you here enclosed" (in his Life) "a drop of that honey that I have taken out of the carcase of a lion, I

have eaten thereof myself, and am much refreshed thereby. (Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we shall find a nest of honey within them.) The Philistines understand me not. It is something of a relation of the work of God upon my soul, even from the very first till now, wherein you may perceive my castings down, and risings up: for he woundeth, and his hands make whole. It is written in the Scripture, 'The father to the children shall make known the truth of God.' Yea, it was for this reason I lay so long at Sinai, 'to see the fire, and the cloud, and the darkness, that I might fear the Lord all the days of my life upon earth, and tell of his wondrous works to my children which we have heard and known and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord and his strength and his wonderful works that he hath done. For he established a testimony in Jacob and appointed a law in Israel which he commanded our fathers that they should make them known unto their children.'

"Moses wrote of the journeyings of the children of Israel from Egypt to the land of Canaan; and commanded also that they did remember their forty years' travel in the wilderness. 'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or no.' Wherefore this I have endeavoured to do; and not only so, but to publish it also: that, if God will, others may be put in remembrance of what he hath done for their souls, by reading his work upon me.

"It is profitable for Christians to be often calling to mind the very beginnings of grace with their souls. 'It is a night to be much observed to the Lord, for bringing them out of the land of Egypt. This is that night of the Lord to be observed of all the children of Israel, in their generations.' 'O my God,' saith David, 'my soul is cast down within me; but I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.' He remembered also the lion and the bear, when he went to fight with the giant of Gath.

"It was Paul's accustomed manner, and that, when tried for his life, even to open before his judges the manner of his conversion: He would think of that day, and that hour, in which

he first did meet with grace; for he found it supported him. When God had brought the children of Israel out of the Red Sea, far into the wilderness, yet they must turn quite about thither again, to remember the drowning of their enemies there, for though they sang his praise before, yet they soon forgat his works.

"In this discourse of mine, you may see much; much I say, of the grace of God towards me: I thank God, I can count it much, for it was above my sins and Satan's temptations too. I can remember my fears and doubts, and sad months, with comfort; they are as the head of Goliath in my hand. There was nothing to David like Goliath's sword, even that sword that should have been sheathed in his bowels; for the very sight and remembrance of that did preach forth God's deliverance to him. Oh! the remembrance of my great sins, of my great temptations, and of my great fear of perishing for ever! They bring afresh into my mind, the remembrance of my great help, my great supports from heaven, and the great grace that God extended to such a wretch as I.

"My dear children, call to mind the former days, and years of ancient times: remember also your songs in the night, and commune with your own heart; say in times of distress, 'Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? And I said, this is my infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord, surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy work and talk of thy doings.' Yea, look diligently, and leave no corner therein unsearched for that treasure hid, even the treasure of your first and second experience of the grace of God towards you. Remember, I say, the word that first laid hold upon you: remember your terrors of conscience, and fears of death and hell: remember also your tears and prayers to God; yea, how you sighed under every hedge for mercy. Have you never a hill Mizar to remember? Have you forgot the close, the milk-house, the stable, the barn, and the like, where God did visit your souls? Remember also the word, the word, I say, upon which the Lord hath caused you to hope. If you have sinned against light, if you are tempted to blaspheme, if you are drowned in despair, if you think God fights against you, or if heaven is hid from your eyes; remem-

ber it was thus with your father; 'but out of them all the Lord delivered me.'

"I could have enlarged much in this my discourse, of my temptations and troubles for sin; as also of the merciful kindness and working of God with my soul. I could also have stepped into a style much higher than this, in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to, but I dare not. God did not play in tempting of me; neither did I play, when I sunk as into the bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was; He that liketh it, let him receive it, and he that doth not, let him produce a better. Farewell.

"My dear Children, the milk and honey are beyond this wilderness. God be merciful to you, and grant that you be not slothful to go in to possess the land.

(*No date.*) "JOHN BUNYAN."

Tne following Letter to Mrs. Tilney, the benevolent widow whom Foster pillaged and the poor wept for, interdicts her, Dr. Southey says, "from communicating with a church of which her son-in-law was Minister, because he was not a Baptist." Ivimey, again, says of it, that it is an example of Discipline "worthy the imitation of all the Churches of Christ." I know nothing about Blakey, or his Church: but I am quite sure, that his views of Baptists were not the reason for refusing to commend his mother-in-law to his fellowship. Neither Bunyan nor his Church made Baptism a condition of fellowship. Their grand distinction was, that they did not. Instead, therefore, of this letter being a contradiction to their rule, it is most likely a proof of their rigid adherence to it. Blakey's Church were, most probably, very *strict* Baptists; and objected to on that account by Bunyan. For their baptism would not have reconciled him to their bigotry. And if they were General Baptists, this bigotry was allied with an Arminianism which he, although no hyper-calvinist, would not have countenanced.

"OUR DEARLY BELOVED SISTER TILNEY,

"Grace, mercy, and peace be with you by Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"I received your letter, and have presented it to the sight of

the brethren, who after due consideration of your motion, have jointly concluded to give you their answer.

"This for yourself (honoured Sister), you are of high esteem with the Church of God in this place, both because his grace hath been bestowed richly upon you, and because of your fruitful fellowship with us; for you have been a daughter of Abraham while here, not being afraid with any amazement. Your holy and quiet behaviour also, while with patience and meekness, and in the gentleness of Christ, you suffered yourself to be robbed for his sake, hath the more united our affections to you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Yea, it hath begotten you reverence also in the hearts of them who were beholders of your meekness and innocency while you suffered; and a stinging conviction, as we are persuaded, in the consciences of those who made spoil for themselves: all which will redound to the praise of God our Father, and to your comfort and everlasting consolation by Christ in the day he shall come to take vengeance for his people, and to be glorified in them that believe.

"Wherefore we cannot (our honoured Sister), but care for your welfare and increase of all good in the faith and kingdom of Christ, whose servant you are, and whose name is written in your forehead; and do therefore pray God and our Father that he would direct your way and open a door into his temple for you, that you may eat his fat and be refreshed, and that you may drink the pure blood of the grape. And be you assured that with all readiness we will help and forward you what we can therein, for we are not ashamed to own you before all the churches of Christ.

"But, our dearly beloved, you know that for our safety and your profit, that it is *behoofful* that we commit you to such, to be fed and governed in the word and doctrines, as we are sufficiently persuaded shall be able to deliver you with joy, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints: otherwise we (that we say not you) shall receive blushing and shame before him and you. Yea and you also, our honoured Sister, may justly charge us with want of love, and a due respect for your eternal condition: if for want of care and circumspection herein, we should commit you to any from whom you should receive damage; or by whom you should not be succoured, and fed with the sincere milk of the incorruptible word of God, which is able to save your soul.

"Wherefore, we may not, neither dare give our consent that

you feed and fold with such whose principles and practices, in matters of faith and worship, we as yet are strangers to: and have not received commendations concerning, either from works of theirs or epistles from others. Yourself indeed hath declared that you are satisfied therein: but elect sister, seeing the act of delivering you up, is an act of ours and not yours, it is convenient, yea, very expedient, that we as to so weighty a matter be well persuaded before.

"Wherefore we beseech you, that for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, you give us leave to inform ourselves yet better before we grant your request; and that you also forbear to sit down at the table with any without the consent of our brethren. You were, while with us, obedient, and we trust you will not be unruly now. And for the more quick expedition of this matter, we will propound before you our farther thoughts.

"1. Either we shall consent to your sitting down with brother Cockain, brother Griffith, brother Palmer, or other who of long continuance in the city, have showed forth their faith, their worship, or good conversation with the word.

"2. Or if you can get a commendatory epistle from brother Owen, brother Cockain, brother Palmer, or brother Griffith, concerning the faith and principles of the person and people you mention, with desire to be guided and governed by; you shall see our readiness in the fear of God, to commit you to the direction and care of that congregation.

"Choose you whether of these you will consent unto, and let us know of your resolution. And we beseech you for love's sake, you show with meekness your fear and reverence of Christ's institution; your love to the congregation, and regard to your future good.

"Finally, we commit you to God and the word of his grace; who is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. To God the only wise be glory and power everlasting. Amen.

"Your affectionate brethren, to serve you in the faith and fellowship of the gospel,

"JOHN BUNYAN," &c. &c.

"*Sent from Bedford, the 19th of the 4th Month*, 1672."

Ivimey says, "From another Letter, we find that Mrs. Tilney refused to comply with the directions. The Church, however, continued to enforce their advice. There is no account

how the matter ended." It is quite certain, however, that the matter did not begin, as Dr. Southey says, "because Blakey was not a Baptist." He adds, that they "excluded a brother (Robert Nelson) because in a great assembly of the Church of England, he was profanely *bishopt*, after the anti-Christian order of that generation, to the great profanation of God's order, and the heart-breaking of Christian brethren." This case, like the former, is quoted as an exception to the tolerant spirit of Bunyan: and, at first sight, it seems an exception. Indeed, it could not appear otherwise to Dr. Southey, as he found it in Ivimey's History of the Baptists. There it stands as a bare fact, and without any definition of the word *bishopt*. That word means neither—*made* a Bishop, nor *ordained* by a Bishop. Robert Nelson had no such honour, and he deserved none at all. He was merely *confirmed* "in the great assembly of the Church of England;" but confirmed in what,—I cannot tell: for, seven years afterwards, the Church at Bedford warned the Churches at Steventon, Keysoe, and Newport Pagnel, not to countenance him. This would not have been necessary if he had become a churchman. It can only be explained by supposing that, in some way, he hung on *between* Church and Dissent. No great fault, I grant, if his purpose had been good. But this is doubtful. It is certain, however, that Bunyan's Church admonished him for *seven* years, before they excluded him for being bishopt: and even then, it was as much for contemning all admonition, as for "trampling upon their order and fellowship." Their Letter to the Churches is now before me; and it declares that he was borne with "for the space of eight or nine years." Had Dr. Southey been aware of these facts of the case, he would not have adduced Nelson's exclusion as an exception to the tolerance of Bunyan's Church. I state the facts, that there may remain no *draw-back* upon the honourable testimony of Dr. Southey, where he says of Bunyan, that he was "beyond the general spirit of his age in tolerance, and *far* beyond that of his fellow Sectaries."—*Life*, p. 77.

"TO OUR BELOVED SISTER KATHERINE HUSTWHAT.

"Our dearly beloved Sister,

"The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, and the God of all comfort, bless thee with abundance of grace and peace through the knowledge of God,

and our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory evermore. Amen.

"It is a comfort to us thy brothers and sisters (with whom grace hath made thee a member of the Lord Jesus) when we remember thy first faith and hope in the Lord Jesus Christ; being persuaded that those beginnings shall not end but in that kingdom and glory which God hath prepared for those that love him. In which persuasion we are the more confirmed, since we hear (to our increase of joy) how our God supporteth thee in all thy temptations and spiritual desertions thou meetest with in the world. The poor and afflicted people God will save; to be distressed and tempted while here is a manifestation of our predestination to the ease and peace of another world. Predestinated to be conformable, or (as in the old translation) predestinated that we should be like-fashioned even to the shape of his Son. A great part of which lieth, in our being distressed, tempted, afflicted as he. And therefore it was when he was departing hence to the Father, that he as it were looked back, as over his shoulder, to such, saying, 'You are they that have continued with me in my temptations, unto you I appoint a Kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me.'

"Sister, thy keeping low and being emptied from vessel to vessel, is that thou mightest be kept sweet and more clean in thy soul than thou wouldst, or couldst otherwise be. The first ways of David were his best; and yet those ways were most accompanied with affliction. They that are naked and lodge without clothing, that have no covering in the cold, and that are wet with the showers of the mountains; these embrace the rock for want of a shelter. As outward distresses make us prize outward blessings; so temptations and afflictions of soul make us prize Jesus Christ. He suffereth us to hunger, and to wander in a bewildered condition, that we may taste and relish the words of God, and not live by bread alone. Temptations always provoke to spiritual appetite; and are therefore very necessary for us, yea, as needful as work and labour to the body, without which it would be overrun with diseases, and unfit for any employment. Therefore, our beloved Sister, stir up the grace of God that is in thee, and lay hold by faith on eternal life, to the which thou art also called; and count when thou art tempted much, yet the end of that temptation will come; the end, and then effect. And remember that even our dearest Lord could not break off the tempta-

tion in the middle; but 'when Satan had ended *all* the temptation, then he departed from him for a season.'

"The gospel which thou hast received is no cunningly devised fable, but the very truth and verity of God, and will undoubtedly bring to those that believe, grace and glory, honour and immortality; eternal life, and a world to come. This is the true grace of God wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Wherefore be not shaken in mind, or troubled with unbelief or atheism; look to the promise, look to Jesus, look to his blood, and what worth it hath with the justice of God for sinners. The Lord direct thy heart into the love of God, and the patient waiting for Jesus Christ, who at his coming will gather the saints together unto him, even those who have made a covenant with him by sacrifice.

"Lastly, Sister, farewell, watch and be sober; have patience to the coming of the Lord; and in the meanwhile look to thy lamp. The Lord pour of his golden oil into it, and also into the vessel of thy soul; keep thy work before thee, and be renewed in the spirit of thy mind. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh, shall find so doing. We commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance, among them that are sanctified by faith which is in Christ Jesus, to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, one God, be glory and dominion now and for ever.

"Written by the appointment of this congregation, and subscribed by their consent, by your dear brethren, who pray for you, and entreat your prayers for this despised handful of the Lord's heritage.

"JOHN BUNYAN," &c. &c.

EXTRACT.

"I marvel not that yourself and others do think my long imprisonment *strange*;—or rather strangely of *me* for the sake of that:—for verily I should have done so myself, had not the Holy Ghost long since forbidden me. 1 *Pet.* iv. 12. *John* iii. 13. Nay, verily, notwithstanding that, had the Adversary *fastened* the supposition of guilt upon me, my long trials might by this time have put it beyond dispute. For I have not been so sordid as to *stand* to a doctrine, right or wrong, when so weighty an argument as above an *eleven* years' imprisonment is continually dogging me to pause, and pause again, to weigh the grounds of the principles for which I have thus suffered:

but having, not only at my Trial asserted them, but all this tedious tract of time, examined them in cool blood a thousand times by the Word of God, I cannot, dare not now revolt or deny, on pain of eternal damnation.

"Thine in Bonds of the Gospel,

"JOHN BUNYAN."

(*No date.*)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BUNYAN'S CALVINISM.

Dr. Southey says, that "Calvinism would never have become a term of reproach, nor have driven so many pious minds, in horror of it, to an opposite extreme, if it had never worn a *blacker* appearance than in Bunyan's Works." He was less courteous to Calvinism, as Whitefield preached it, although the Methodist was as "mild and charitable" as the Baptist. The Calvinism of both was, indeed, the same, when they became men. It is highly creditable, however, to Dr. Southey, to have made this concession even in the case of Bunyan. It places him, where he deserves to stand, with Bishop Horsley: for it is not so much the compliment of a poet to Bunyan, as the homage of a scholar to Truth. I have had to animadvert often and severely upon his life of Bunyan; but I have never forgotten for a moment his vast and varied erudition, or the loveliness of his private character, or the deep interest he takes in theology as well as in literature. Little did I imagine, whilst honoured by a seat at his fireside, and enraptured by his playful wit and profound wisdom in his Library, of which he is the *impersonation*, that it would ever be my duty to write a line concerning him, except from gratitude and admiration! It was, indeed, the sight (in early life) of his beautiful character as a student and a father, that led me to combine literature with both my domestic habits and professional duties; and as I have reaped much enjoyment from this combination, I feel at times as if I had been ungrateful or unjust to him. And I certainly have been both,—if *Puritanism* be the heresy he says it is, or if *Experience* be fanaticism. I, however, believe the former to be the noblest form of Christianity, and the latter the vital spirit of Piety; and, therefore, I have written against Dr. Southey as *their* avowed enemy; and only as such. I believe, also, that he will be remembered and influential, on this subject, when nine-tenths of both its lay and ecclesiastical assailants are forgotton; for he

has hung his high-Church principles, and his low-Church philosophy, upon the loftiest Cedars of the Lebanon of both Dissent and Methodism; and thus he *cannot* die now, even if his poetry had not immortalized him before.

I have purposely placed these remarks in this chapter, because Bunyan's Calvinism is his only theological *peculiarity*, which Dr. Southey has complimented; and because some readers will wonder to find that Bunyan was a Calvinist of any kind; and thus turn to it to see,—of *what* kind. Now, whatever kind it may be, it is not *borrowed* Calvinism, nor, of course, copied from Calvin. The only thing of his, Bunyan was likely to see, was his Commentary on the Acts, which was translated and published by *Featherstone*, in 1585. under the auspices of the Earl of Huntingdon; and that, if he ever saw it, would have contradicted not a little of the Calvinism he was accustomed to hear. The old *Genevan*, whatever some may say *for* him, said for himself, "Because many entangle themselves in doubtful and thorny imaginations, while they seek for their salvation in the hidden council of God, let us learn to seek *no other* certainty save that which is revealed to us in the Gospel. I say,—let this *seal* suffice us, that 'whosoever believeth in the Son of God *hath* eternal life.'"—*Calvin's Acts*, p. 327.

Bunyan, as we shall see, might have read this Calvinistic maxim, or heard it quoted. We know, however, that he had *studied* as well as read Luther on the Galatians; and thus was as likely as Gifford, to apply to himself (as Luther did to himself,) what Paul says of his *own* election. "Under the Popedom, we (Monks) were verily no less, if not more, contumelious and blasphemous against Christ and his Gospel, than Paul himself;—and especially I! So highly did I esteem the Pope's authority, that I thought it a sin worthy of *everlasting* death, to dissent from him even in the *least* point. That wicked opinion caused me to reckon John Huss an accursed heretic. Yea, I accounted it a heinous offence but once to *think* of him! I would, myself, in defence of the Pope's authority, have applied sword and fire for burning and destroying that heretic; and thought it a high service to God so to do. There was not one of us but was a *bloodsucker*, if not in deed, yet in heart. It is the alone and inestimable favour of God, that hath spared such a wretch, and, besides that, given me the knowledge of salvation. This gift came to me by the mere *predestination* and *free* mercy of God."—*Luther's Galat.* 4to. p. 35.

Bunyan, like his first pastor, Gifford, would naturally, and well might, take a similar view of his own conversion, as both "calling and election;" for, what else or less could he think of it? To what but sovereign and almighty Grace, could any one ascribe or refer it? It was likely, therefore, to influence his general views of the reign of Grace. No one ought to be surprised at all, if Bunyan's *personal* feelings give even a highly Calvinistic cast to his doctrinal theology. I was, indeed, somewhat astonished to find a formal Treatise on Reprobation, in his works, when I first read them; but I merely said to myself, "I wot that through ignorance," or in dread of the opposite extreme of the Freewillers, he wrote it. I saw it was logical, and as Bunyan is so too, I had no doubt of its *Bunyanicity* then. I more than doubt that now. Its logic is scholastic, not natural. I say scholastic, not instead of calling it *artificial*, because it is never redeemed by either fact or figure, fancy or egotism. It is as clear and *cold* as a frosty night; whereas when Bunyan is clearest he is always warmest. Light and heat radiate together in equal proportions when he reasons.

On this ground the Treatise on *Reprobation*, which appears in the Octavo Edition of his Works, by Hogg, may be questioned. It forms no part, however, of the Folio Editions of 1692, or 1736. Hogg's has no date; but as it has notes by Mason, and a Preface by Mr. Ryland of Northampton, and a commendation from Mr. Timothy Priestly, it is of course subsequent to Marshal's folio edition. Besides, the title of the Treatise is not in Hogg's table of contents. Its absence from the folio is, however, the great point against it; for they were edited by personal friends, on behalf of Bunyan's family. I do not draw, therefore, upon the credit which my readers will give me for a competent knowledge of Bunyan's style, when I thus ask them to "stand in doubt" of this Treatise. External as well as Internal evidence is against its authenticity. The copy from which Hogg printed it would not prove it to be Bunyan's, even if his name was upon the title page, unless it bore a date prior to his death; and even then, I could hardly believe it; for his name was more than once employed by low booksellers to palm off books he never wrote.

It is not meant, however, by these facts, to say that Bunyan did not hold Reprobation in any sense; but that he did not hold it in the vulgar sense of modern Hyper-Calvinists, nor in the form it appears in that Treatise. And that he was no

Hyper-Calvinist on this subject, the following passages will abundantly prove. In his Treatise on Eternal Judgment, he says, "Now men will tattle and prattle at a *mad* rate about Election and Reprobation, and conclude, because all are not elected, that God is to blame that any are damned: but then, they will see that men are not damned because they were not elected, but because they *sinned;* and also that they sinned, not because God put any *weakness* into their souls, but because they gave way, and that wilfully, knowingly, and desperately to Satan, and 'so turned from the holy commandment delivered unto them.' For, observe;—among all the objections and cavils that are made, and will be made, in the day of the Lord Jesus, they have not one *humph* about Election and Reprobation. And the reason is,—that they shall see then that God could choose and refuse at pleasure, in his prerogative royal, without prejudice to the Lost. They shall be convinced that there was such reality, and *downright willingness* in God, in every tender of grace and mercy to the worst of men, that they will be *drowned* with the conviction that they did *refuse* love for hatred; grace for sin; heaven for hell; God for the devil."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2461.

In his treatise on the Covenants, he puts this question, "What good will waiting on God do me, if I am not elected? If I did but know my election, that would encourage me." In answer to this question, he says, "I believe thee! But mark:—thou canst not know whether thou art elected, in the first place, but in the second. Thou must first get acquaintance with God in Christ; which cometh by giving credit to His promises, and the records he has given of his blood, righteousness and merits."—*Works*, vol. ii. fol. p. 193.

In his Sermon on the Strait Gate, he explains the rejection of Esau (a case which long haunted him,) by drawing a distinction, which is rarely made, between the birthright and the blessing. Addressing a man who cares nothing about the New Birth, but only for mercy at last, he says, "Thou child of Esau, who sayest, *Tush!* to being born again; know that the birthright and blessing go together. Miss the one, and thou shalt not have the other. Esau found this to be true: for having first rejected the *birthright*, he was rejected when he would have (wished to have) inherited the *blessing*, although he sought it with tears."—*Works*, vol. iv. p. 2164.

He says of the Book of Life, in his New Jerusalem, "We are to understand, I say, that book which hath written in it

(the names) of every *visible* saint, whether they be elect or not; or such a Book as is capable of receiving a man at one time, and of blotting him out at another, as occasion requires. O, how happy is he who is not a visible, but an *invisible* saint! He shall not be blotted out of the Book of God's eternal grace and mercy."—P. 2403.

In his Confession of Faith, he says, "I believe that Election is free and permanent;—that it doth not forestall or prevent the *means* which God appointed to bring us unto Christ; but rather putteth a *necessity* upon the use thereof.—I believe that the Elect are considered in Christ always; and that *without* Him, there is neither election, grace, nor salvation.—I believe that there is not any impediment attending the Election of God, that can hinder their conversion and eternal salvation; —(but) we are predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son." In the article from which these extracts are made, Reprobation is not even named; and there is no article on the subject in his Confession.—*Works,* vol. i. p. 262.

There is a curious Map (by himself) in the old Folio Editions of Bunyan's Works, "showing the order and causes of Salvation and Damnation," on a group of white and black Medals. The *white* Medals are hung from the Covenant of Grace; and Election is the *highest* of them: the *black* are hung from the Covenant of Works, and Reprobation is the highest. But it is hung by the black line of *justice,* as the former is by the white line of grace.—Vol. i. p. 414.

I might multiply proofs of Bunyan's moderation on this subject, from his works: but I prefer to illustrate it by facts. Now John Denne, his chief opponent, who hated Calvinism even more than open Communion (if I understand his logic) treated him respectfully as a Calvinist. Denne's logic, if it would not puzzle Aristotle himself, would *astound* him by its alternate weakness and force. He must, however, have reduced Bunyan, and Calvinists of all grades, to a dilemma, when he dared him to reconcile with his assertion that God was no respecter of *persons,* his denial that God had any respect to *qualifications,* in showing mercy. "If he respect neither Persons nor Qualifications," Denne argues, "then there is nothing else about man to consider. He has *nothing* to respect in choosing or refusing."—*Old Tract.* In like manner, Bishop Fowler's answer to the Treatise on Justification, pours all its abuse upon Bunyan's *Lutheranism* on that point, and lets his Calvinism alone. Besides, both Dr. Owen

and Henry Jesse were his friends : a sure proof that he was no hyper-calvinist.

On these grounds I venture to reject the claims of the Treatise on Reprobation to be Bunyan's, as they *now* appear. They rest upon no ground but their place in Hogg's edition. True ; that was edited by Mason, the author of the Notes on the Pilgrim's Progress ; a man *incapable* of fraud. He was, indeed, a high Calvinist ; but he was a higher Moralist. It is doubtful, however, if Mason *read* all the Treatises he admitted into his edition of Bunyan. If he did, he was no critic. He admitted "The Exhortation to Peace and Unity," although it abounds in *classical* references, and *scholastic* phrases, and *fine* writing. Almost any other man would have asked how John Bunyan came to quote Plutarch, Cambden, and Stillingfleet's Irenicum. If Latin words did not startle him, the *Indian* word Habamach (the evil Spirit) ought to have done so. Besides, the author, whoever he was, was evidently familiar with both Gnostic and Grecian history. His work is, however, quite in Bunyan's *spirit*, and smacks occasionally of his style ; and thus it misled Mason. And yet, the only passage in it, very like Bunyan, is the question, "Why should I be thought to be against a fire in the *chimney*, because I say it must not be in the *thatch* of the house ?" But even this is an apology for not making "the laying on of hands" essential to Church fellowship, although the writer believed it to be an apostolic ordinance. I am not sure that Bunyan regarded Imposition of hands in this light. I am, however, quite sure that he never would have enforced Baptism, as an *initiatory* ordinance, which this work does, without assigning reasons for such a change in his opinion ; nor would he have made Baptism a condition of communion, without saying that he did not mean immersion only.

Thus Mason mistook in one instance certainly ; and therefore he may have been heedless in the former. It is not meant by all this, however, to say that Bunyan held very different views of Reprobation from those in the Treatise : but that he did not *write* the Treatise. It is unlike both his head and heart. It is not too clever for him ; but it is too cold-blooded. Its style also, like that of the tract on Unity, is not Saxon. Whoever, therefore, ascribed the dialectics of the one, or the literature of the other, to Bunyan, betrayed as much ignorance of him, as the author of the Decretals of Isodorus did of the primitive Bishops, when he made the contem-

poraries of Quintilian and Tacitus speak the monkish Latin of the ninth century.

In regard to Bunyan's own Calvinism, the Pilgrim's Progress is not an unfair representative of its *spirit*. It never silences nor shackles him, either in inviting all sinners to believe the Gospel, or in warning all saints against apostacy. It is, however, as a *theory*, very imperfect, although superior to that of many. Its grand defect is,—that it argues from the *Remnant* elected out of the Jewish Church when she was judically blinded, as if that remnant was a fair *specimen* of Election until the end of time, and amongst all nations. Bunyan's is not the only Calvinism which does this. This, indeed, is the fault of all Calvinism, which deserves the name. Arminianism, however, does not mend the matter, by eschewing this fault. Sovereignty evidently reigns, notwithstanding all denials of Election. In this dilemma, Paul's one maxim, that God shows mercy according to the counsel and good pleasure of His *own* Will, is worth more than all the Calvinism and Arminianism in the world, to a man who wants mercy for himself. For as Calvinism cannot tell him what the Will of God towards him *is;* and as Arminianism dare not tell him that he can *force* the Divine Will, nor that he can be saved *against* that Will, he has thus no alternative but to throw himself upon the good pleasure of Sovereign Grace, or to abandon himself to despair. When will it be generally understood, that Paul's argument in the Romans regarded the *range* of election amongst the *divorced* Jews, and not amongst the *betrothed* Gentiles? It was not Paul who threw the WILL of the Testator into Chancery. His object in the Epistle is, to take it *out* of the Chancery, into which the Jewish converts had thrown it, in order to disinherit the Gentiles. Accordingly, it is only of the *Jews* he says, that there was but a remnant elected.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BUNYAN'S TRINITARIANISM.

It is, of course, no information to the public, to say that Bunyan was a Trinitarian. Even the Unitarians, fond as they are of claiming men of genius and renown, have been unable to press John Bunyan into their schedule, notwithstanding all his catholicity, and his demonstrations ("to boot," as he would have said) of the proper humanity of the Son of Mary. It is, however, not very obvious why he thought it necessary to defend or define his Trinitarianism. The Unitarian *holders* of old orthodox endowments may find no difficulty in naming the Latitudinarians, who alarmed Bunyan; but ordinary readers feel themselves at a loss. Poor Biddle was dead before Bunyan entered the field. Besides, Dr. Owen, in 1665, had "washed the paint from the porch of Mr. Biddle's fabric, and shown it to be a composition of rotten posts and dead men's bones, whose *plaister* being removed, their abomination lies naked to all."—*Pref. Vind. Evan.* And as Biddle was too *early* for Bunyan, Matthew Caffin, the General Baptist, was too *late*. It seems to have been in 1692, that Caffin expressed his Socinianism "with great freedom."—*Taylor's Gen. Bapt.* How then are we to account for Bunyan's solemn protests and warnings against Antitrinitarianism?

It is not easy to answer this question, without bringing the orthodoxy of the General Baptists of that age into more doubt than the great bulk of them deserve. There were *almost* Socinians amongst them; but the proceedings of the Assembly in the case of Caffin, prove that the body were upon the whole Trinitarian. These proceedings, however, prove also, not only that

there were Latitudinarians, not a few, on this subject; but also that there was something in both the letter and spirit of their original Confessions of Faith, which could be wielded by either party with much plausibility. This is the case, now that they form two distinct Bodies. Both the orthodox and the heterodox General Baptists appeal to the *same* Confessions: and each with more reason than either seems inclined to acknowledge. It was, however, to the Confessions of Faith, which both call the Creed of their Founders, that Bunyan referred when he showed, "How a young or shaken Christian should demean himself under *weighty* thoughts of the Trinity, or the plurality of Persons in the Eternal Godhead." —*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1107.

The facts of the case are these; whatever use either party may make of them. The Confession signed by Grantham, Caffin, &c. on behalf of 20,000 Baptists, and presented to the King at the Restoration, runs thus, 1. We believe, and are very confident, that there is but *one* God, the Father, of whom are all things.—3. That there is one Lord Jesus Christ *by* whom are all things, who is the only-begotten Son of God, born of the Virgin Mary, yet as truly David's Lord as David's root.—7. That there is one Holy Spirit, the precious gift of God, freely given to such as obey him, that they may thereby be thoroughly sanctified. There are three that bear record in heaven; the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit.—*Crosby*, vol. ii. *Appendix*, p. 79.

Now there is Trinitarianism here, certainly; but, as certainly, put in a *strange* order. Not in this order, nor in these phrases, except in the quotation from John, did "The Seven Churches in London, commonly but unjustly, called Anabaptists," state their faith in 1646. "The Lord our God is but *one* God; but in this Infinite Being there is the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit;—each having the *whole* divine essence; yet the essence undivided; all infinite without any beginning; therefore but one God."—*Crosby*. vol. i. *Appendix*, p. 7.

It was this difference between the two great Confessions, which alarmed Bunyan. And even Taylor, the candid historian of the General Baptists, says, in reference to these times, "On this sublime subject, *two* parties may be discerned amongst the General Baptists." "The much more respectable both for numbers and character,—spoke with *great* caution in their explanations of the essence and attributes of the Infinite

Being; generally using scripture terms, and *never* venturing to explain or define what they reverently deemed, in their own expressive phrase, '*unwordable*.' The latter (party) were the subscribers of the *orthodox* Creed. But these two parties differed more in appearance than in reality, though the one *dared* not to use the language of the other."—*Gen. Bapt. Hist.* vol. i. p. 364.

This is quite enough for my purpose; which is, to show why Bunyan defined as well as defended, Trinitarianism. He evidently thought with Owen, whose sagacity in the matter, Orme says, "looks almost like a prediction," that the fearless speculations about "Freewill, Universal Redemption, and Apostacy from Grace, were ready to gather to the *head* of Socinianism." Orme adds, "It is a singular fact, that the career of many has been substantially what the Dr. here describes; from Calvinism to Arminianism, Arianism, and finally Socianism. Priestley, Kippis, and Robinson were all illustrations" of this.—*Orme's Life of Dr. Owen*, p. 216.

There is much solemn truth in these remarks. It is, however, only bare justice to say, that the great Confession of the General Baptists in 1660, is so orthodox on the whole, that a moderate Cavinist (and Ivimey says there were "none of those then who are now called *high*) might sign it with a good conscience, upon an emergency which called for union. Accordingly, it was signed, if Henry Adis may be believed, by "some persons of the *particular* judgment," as was that of the Seven Churches in London "by some of *another* persuasion." The fact is, both parties were labouring under one odium, and exposed to a common danger, and thus equally interested in Articles of Peace. But the Article on the Trinity, which was for peace' sake in 1660, was turned into a weapon of war by the Socinianized Baptists, in 1670, although only *secretly* wielded as such then. Bunyan knew this, and had seen some of those who were wounded or shaken by its secret thrusts; and therefore he both counselled them and warned others. This seems to have been the origin of the following masterly sketch of Trinitarianism.

"OF THE PERSONS, OR SUBSISTENCES, IN THE GODHEAD.

"The Godhead is but one, yet in the Godhead there are three; 'There are Three that can bear record in heaven.' These three are called, the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit;

each of which is really, naturally and eternally God: yet there is but one God. But again, because the Father is of himself, the Son by the Father, and the Spirit from them both; therefore, to each, the Scripture not only applieth, and that truly, the whole nature of the Deity, but again distinguisheth the Father from the Son, and the Spirit from them both; calling the Father he, by himself: the Son he, by himself; the Spirit he, by himself. Yea, the three of themselves, in their manifesting to the church what she should believe concerning this matter hath thus expressed the thing; 'Let *us* make man in our image, after *our* likeness.' Again, 'The man is become like one of us.' Again, 'Let us go down, and there confound their language.' And again, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' To these general expressions might be added, 'That Adam heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the midst of the garden:' which voice John will have to be one of the Three, calling that which Moses here saith is the voice, the Word of God. 'In the beginning (saith he) was the Word;' the voice which Adam heard walking in the midst of the garden. 'This Word (saith John) was with God, this Word was God: the same was in the beginning with God.' Marvellous language! once asserting the unity of essence, but *twice* insinuating a distinction of substances therein. 'The Word was with God, the Word was God; the same was in the beginning with God.' Then follows, 'All things were made by him, the Word, the Second of the three.'

"Now the godly, in former ages, have called these three thus in the Godhead, persons or substances; the which, though I condemn not, yet choose rather to abide by scripture phrase, knowing, though the other may be good and sound, yet the adversary must needs more shamelessly spurn and reject, when he doth it against the evident text.

"To proceed then; 1. There are Three. 2. These Three are distinct.

"1st. By this word Three, is intimated the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost. And they are said to be three, (1.) Because those appellations that are given them in Scripture, demonstrate them so to be, to wit, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. (2.) Because their acts one towords another discover them so to be.

"2d. These three are distinct. (1.) So distinct as to be more than one only. There are three. (2.) So distinct as to subsist without depending. The Father is true God, the Son

is true God, the Spirit is true God. Yet the Father is one, the Son is one, the Spirit is one. The Father is one of himself, the Son is one by the Father, the Spirit is one from them both. Yet the Father is not above the Son, nor the Spirit inferior to either. The Father is God, the Son is God, the Spirit is God.

"Among the three then there is not superiority.

"1. Not as to time: The Father is from everlasting, so is the Son, so is the Spirit. 2. Not as to nature: The Son being of the substance of the Father, and the Spirit of the substance of them both. 3. The fulness of the Godhead is in the Father, is in the Son, and is in the Holy Ghost. The Godhead then, though it can admit of a Trinity, yet it admitteth not of an inferiority in that Trinity. If otherwise, then less or more must be there, and so either plurality of gods, or something that is not God: so then, Father, Son, and Spirit are in the Godhead, yet but one God; each of these is God over all, yet no Trinity of Gods, but one God in the Trinity.

"The Godhead then is common to the three, but the three themselves abide distinct in that Godhead: distinct, I say, as Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit.

"This is manifest further by these several positions.

"1. Father and Son are relatives, and must needs therefore have their relation as such: A Father begetteth, a Son is begotton.

"*Proof.* 'Who hath ascended up into Heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in his fist? who hath bound the waters in a garment? What is his name, and what is his Son's name, if thou canst tell?' 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotton Son,' &c. 'The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.'

"2. The Father then cannot be that Son he begat, nor the Son that Father that begat him, but must be distinct as such.

"*Proof.* 'I am one that beareth witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me.' 'I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world.' Again, 'I leave the world, and go to the Father.'

"'The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father.'

"3. The Father must have worship as a Father, and the Son as a Son.

"*Proof.* 'They that worship the father must worship him in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.'

"And of the Son he saith, 'And when he bringeth his first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him.'

"4. The Father and Son have really those distinct, but heavenly relative properties, that discover them, as such to be two as well as one.

"*Proof.* 'The Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things.' 'Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again.' The Father sent the Son; the Father commanded the Son; the Son prayed to the Father, and did always the things that pleased him.

"The absurdities that flow from the denial of this are divers; some of which hereunder follow.

"1. It maketh void all those scriptures that do affirm the doctrine; some of which you have before.

"2. If in the Godhead there be but one, not three, then the Father, Son, or the Spirit must needs be that one, if any one only: so then the other two are nothing. Again, if the reality of a being be neither in the Father, Son, nor Spirit, as such, but in the eternal Deity, without consideration of Father, Son and Spirit, as three; then neither of the three are any thing but notions in us, or manifestations of the Godhead, or nominal distinctions, so related by the Word: but if so, then when the Father sent the Son, and the Father and Son the Spirit, one notion sent another, one manifestation sent another. This being granted, this unavoidably follows, there was no Father to beget a Son, no Son to be sent to save us, no Holy Ghost to be sent to comfort us, and to guide us into all the truth of the Father and Son, &c. The most amounts but to this, a notion sent a notion, a distinction sent a distinction, or one manifestation sent another. Of this error, these are the consequences; we are only to believe in notions and distinctions, when we believe in the Father and the Son; and so shall have no other heaven and glory than notions and nominal distinctions can furnish us withal.

"3. If Father and Son, &c. be no otherwise three than as notions, names, or nominal distinctions, then to worship these distinctly, or together, as such, is to commit most gross and horrible idolatry; for albeit we are commanded to fear that great and dreadful name, 'The Lord our God;' yet to worship

a Father, a Son, and Holy Spirit in the Godhead, as three, as really three as one, is by this doctrine to imagine falsely of God, and so to break the second commandment: but to worship God under the consideration of Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, and to believe them as really three as one when I worship, being the sum and substance of the doctrine of the Scriptures of God, there is really substantially three in the eternal Godhead.

"But to help thee a little in thy study on this deep.

"1. Thou must take heed when thou readest, there is in the Godhead, Father and Son, &c. that thou do not imagine about them according to thine own carnal and foolish fancy; for no man can apprehend this docrine but in the light of the word and Spirit of God: 'No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son; and he to whom the Son will reveal him.' If, therefore, thou be destitute of the Spirit of God, thou canst not apprehend the truth of this mystery, as it is in itself, but will either by thy darkness be driven to a denial thereof; or if thou own it, thou wilt, (notwithstanding thy acknowledgment) falsely imagine about it.

"2. If thou feel thy thoughts begin to wrestle about this truth, and to struggle concerning this, one against another, take heed of admitting of such a question, How can this thing be? for here is no room for reason to make it out? here is only room to believe it is a truth. You find not one of the prophets propounding an argument to prove it, but asserting it; they let it lie for faith to take it up and embrace it.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

I preserve this document to prove how well Bunyan could define and compress even upon the most difficult of all subjects. This characteristic of his power is the more interesting, because he always approached the doctrine of the Trinity with awful solemnity as well as modesty. He did not reckon the doctrine "*unwordable*" exactly; but he did better; he cherished the habitual conviction, that the mystery is "enough to crush the spirit, and stretch the strings of the most capacious and widened soul that breatheth on this side of Glory, even if exceedingly enlarged by revelation."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1107.

CHAPTER XL.

BUNYAN'S CATHOLICITY.

When one of the strict Baptists told Bunyan, that "as great men's servants are known by their *livery*, so are gospel Believers by the livery of water-baptism," Bunyan said, "Go you but *ten* doors from where men know you,—and see how many of the world, or Christians, will know *you* by this goodly livery. What!—known by water-baptism to be one who hath put on Christ, as a servant by the gay livery his master gave him? Away, fond man; you do quite forget the text,—'By *this* shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye Love one another!'"—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1238. This Text was Bunyan's watchword; and he gave all men the full benefit of it, who held the great doctrines of the Reformation, however they might differ from him as to discipline or forms. His love of the Brethren was not, indeed, confined to Protestants. It embraced all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Where he saw love to Him, he thought of nothing else. Accordingly, in his review of the character and spirit of the Martyrs, he names nothing else. What they thought of Christ, regulated all his thoughts of them. This maxim makes his sketches of them brief; but it renders them highly characteristic of his own spirit; as will be seen by the following specimens of his review.

"Ignatius found that in Christ that made him choose to go through the torments of the Devil and hell itself, rather than not to have him.

"What saw Romanus in Christ when he said to the raging Emperor, who threatened him with fearful torments, 'Thy sentence, O Emperor, I joyfully embrace, and refuse not to be sacrificed—by as cruel torments as thou canst invent?'

"What saw Menas the Egyptian in Christ when he said under most cruel torments, 'There is nothing in my mind that

can be compared to the kingdom of heaven ; neither is all the world, if it was weighed in a balance, to be preferred with the price of one soul. Who is able to separate us from the love of Jesus Christ our Lord? And I have learned of my Lord and King not to fear them that kill the body.'

"What did Eulaliah see in Christ when she said as they were pulling her one joint from another, 'Behold, O Lord, I will not forget thee : What a pleasure is it for them, O Christ, that remember thy triumphant victory ?'

"What think you did Agnes see in Christ when rejoicingly she went to meet the soldier, that was appointed to be her executioner? 'I will willingly,' said she, 'receive into my heart the length of this sword, and into my breast will draw the force thereof, even to the hilts ; that thus I, being married to Christ my spouse, may surmount and escape all the darkness of this world.'

"What do you think did Julitta see in Christ, when at the Emperor's telling her, that except she would worship the gods, she should never have protection, laws, judgments nor life, she replied, 'Farewell life, welcome death ; farewell riches, welcome poverty. All that I have, if it were a thousand times more, would I give, rather than to speak one wicked and blasphemous word against my Creator ?'

"What did Marcus Arethusius see in Christ when after his enemies did cut his flesh, anointed it with honey, and hanged him up in a basket for flies and bees to feed on, he would not give (to uphold idolatry) one halfpenny to save his life ?

"But what need I give thus particular instances of words and smaller actions, when by their lives, their blood, their enduring hunger, sword, fire, pulling asunder, and all torments that the Devil and hell could devise, they showed their *love* to Christ, after they were come to him ?"—*Works*, vol. i. p. 418.

The man who loved the Dead according to this rule, was not likely to draw *nice* distinctions amongst "the living in Jerusalem." He did not, although long and often tempted by the close Communionists to do so. For they did more than abuse him publicly for his catholicity. They *tampered* privately with him and others, "for no less than sixteen or eighteen years." He was not willing to reveal this inconsistency of the men who reviled him. But when they affected to *despise* him too, he told all the truth. "What kind of a *you* am I," he says, "that you thus trample my person, my gifts and grace (if I have any) so disdainfully under your feet? Myself

they have *sent* for, and endeavoured to *persuade* me to break communion with my brethren. Also with many others have they often tampered, if haply their seeds of division might take."—Vol. ii. p. 1205.

Bunyan pleaded the cause of all Pædobaptists as firmly as he did his own. He would "know no man after the flesh," when liberty of conscience, or the right of private judgment, was invaded. Then he could cast *John of Leyden* in the teeth of the strict Baptists, as openly as Gunning or Featley quoted John against all Baptists :—not, indeed, in order to bring *odium* upon them ; but to make them ashamed of themselves for their approaches to the Leyden spirit. "What say you," he asks, "to John of Leyden ? What work did he make by the abuse of the ordinance of baptism ? I wish that this age had not given *cause*, through the church-rending spirits some possess, for making complaint in this matter ; who also had for their *engine* the baptism with water. You yourself, Sir, would not stick to make *inroads* and *outroads* too, in all the Churches in the land, that suit not your fancy. You have already been bold to affirm, 'that *all* those who have baptized infants ought to be ashamed, and repent, *before* they be showed the pattern of the House.' What is this but to threaten, could you have your *will* of them, that you would quickly take from them their present church privileges, and let them see nothing of them, till subjection to water-baptism especially was found to attend each of them."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1212.

In opposition to this, Bunyan's maxim was, "I am for communion with saints because they are saints. I shut *none* of the brethren out of the churches, nor forbid them that would receive them. I am for union and concord with saints *as* saints." This was so well known to be the fact, that his opponents could only say that he shut *them* out from his *pulpit :* and this all the Churches of his order did ; but merely because of their "*church-rending* principles." And as to the strict Baptists who were not preachers, they were not likely to apply for admission to the Sacrament where Bunyan presided. Those of them who were in Bedfordshire would not, he says, even "*pray* with men as good as themselves : but would, either like Quakers, stand with their *hats* on their heads, or else withdraw until we had done."—Vol. ii. p. 1244.

Bedfordshire has been very different ever since Bunyan's death ! Indeed, through all his diocese, his catholic spirit still prevails amongst the dissenting Churches,—and as *his* spirit,

They would say now in his words, "Show us the man that is a visible believer, and that walketh with God, and though he differ with us about baptism, the doors of the Church stand open to him, and to all our heaven-born privileges he shall be admitted." When will the American Baptists speak this language? Is it true that only *one* American Baptist Church ever tried the experiment of open Communion; and that it proved an *utter* failure?

Next to his Bible, nothing had more influence upon Bunyan than the judgment of the great and good Henry Jesse, on this subject. That noble-minded man exclaimed, (and all Bunyan's soul responded,) "O, how is the heart of God *set* upon having his children in His House, and in each others' hearts as they are in His Heart—and as they are upon the shoulders and breast of His Son, their high-priest! And, as if all this will not do it,—but the devil will *divide* them still,—the God of PEACE will come in shortly, and *bruise* Satan under their feet."—*Jesse's Judgment*, p. 4. We can almost hear yet.—Bunyan's "Amen, even so, come quickly!"

It must not be supposed from the contrast he thus presents, that all the strict Baptists of his time were equally strict. He was, indeed, far a-head of all his contemporaries, except Jesse; but still a few would have overtaken him had they not been held back by *local* influence. He has not named them, and I cannot; but he says, "This I thank God for,—that some of the Brethren for this way are, of late, more moderate than formerly: and that those who retain their former *sourness* still, are left by their Brethren to the *vinegar* of their own spirit; their brethren ingenuously confessing that, could their *company* bear it, they have liberty in their own souls to communicate with saints as saints."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1269.

We can hardly expect from Bunyan any compliments to the Church of England. She *deserved* none at his hand. Indeed, the wonder is, that he did not retaliate severely. He could have done so; and it was not *fear* that prevented him. The fact is, he loved the Doctrinal Articles of the Church more than he hated the Prayer Book. He saw in them, a testimony and a barrier against Popery, which he deemed favourable to Christianity. It was, therefore, with perfect sincerity, that he said in the preface of his Work, against Bishop Fowler's *Legalism*, "GENTLE READER, a Minister of the Church of England overthroweth the *whole*-

some doctrine of that Church." Accordingly, he says, at the close of the Work, "The Points in controversy between us are (as I do heartily believe) Fundamental Truths of the Christian religion. Let all men know,—that I quarrel not with him about things wherein I dissent from the Church of England; but do contend for the truth contained in these very Articles, from which he hath so deeply revolted."—*Justification Defended.*

Dr. Southey did himself great credit when he said of Bunyan.—"His was indeed so Catholic a spirit, that though circumstances had made him a Sectarian, he liked not to be called by the denomination of his Sect." There were more reasons for paying this compliment than the one Dr. Southey has quoted. Bunyan not only proclaimed that the title Baptists belonged to none, "so properly as to the disciples of John;" but also rebuked those of them who "spoke stoutly, and a hundred times over," against the Baptism of the Church of England, as Antichristian.—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 1245. He held, indeed, all party titles to be "*factious:*" and because they tended to division, he traced their origin to "Babylon and Hell," not to "Jerusalem, or Antioch." He himself claimed and begged to be called only as a "Christian—a Believer, or any other such name which is approved by the Holy Ghost." His reasons for all this, are equally strong and beautiful; and they will have equal *weight* some day, although they had none when he uttered them, and but little now. I will quote no more of them than just what Dr. Southey has recorded, that posterity may see, when, "the times of reformation shall come," how well Bunyan reasoned, and how *prophetically* the Doctor selected the very arguments which will annihilate the first principles of his Book of the Church, and the last vestiges of sectarianism in all Churches.—"Divisions run Religion into briars and thorns; contentions and parties. Divisions are to Churches, like wars to countries: where war is, the ground lieth waste and untilled; none taketh care of it. When men are divided, they seldom speak the Truth in love: and then no marvel they grow not up to Him in all things who is the Head. It is a sad presage of an approaching Famine (as one well observes)—not of bread, nor water, but of the Word of God, when the *thin* ears of Corn devour the *plump* full ones;—when our controversies about doubtful things, and things of less moment, eat up our zeal for the more indisputable and practical things in religion;—which may give us

reason to fear that this will be the character by which *our* age will be known to posterity,—that it was the age which *talked* of Religion most, and *loved* it least. Jars and divisions, wranglings and prejudices, eat out the *growth*, if not the *life* of religion. These are those waters of Marah, that embitter our spirit, and quench the Spirit of God. Unity and Peace are said to be like the dew of Hermon, and as a dew that descended upon Sion, when the Lord promised his blessing."—*Southey's Bunyan*, p. 77.

Bunyan cherished fond and even brilliant hopes of the eventual reign of Love in the kingdom of Christ; but not extravagant expectations. "I know," he says, "there are extravagant opinions in the world, about the kingdom of Christ, —as if it consisted in *temporal* glory, and as if He would take it to him by *carnal* weapons, and *so* maintain its greatness and grandeur. But I confess myself an *alien* to these notions, and believe and profess quite the contrary. I look for the coming of Christ to judgment personally; but betwixt this and that, for His coming in the Spirit, and in the power of his Word to destroy Antichrist,—to *inform* Kings,—and so to give *quietness* to His Church on earth. Let not, therefore, Kings, Princes, or Potentates be *afraid;* the Saints, that are *such* indeed, know their places, and are of a peaceable disposition."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 1851. Thus, even his Millenarianism was full of peace on earth, and of good will towards all men.

Did then Bunyan see nothing against the Church of England? I answer unhesitatingly,—nothing *directly* against either her general Creed or Constitution, so far as I can discover. He said much against admitting the *profane* and the ungodly to the Sacrament, and more against *blind* Priests preaching doctrine subversive of both the letter and spirit of the Thirty-nine Articles; but nothing against Episcopacy as such, nor more against the Clergy than Bishop Burnet did. Not, however, that he believed a *word* about diocesan Episcopacy. How could he; seeing he had no books besides his Bible, except the Book of Martyrs? and all the Protestant Bishops, it made him acquainted with, he loved and revered with all his heart. He gave the same unhesitating and grateful homage to the Episcopalian, as to the primitive Martyrs. In saying this, I do not forget, nor wish to conceal, that Bunyan identified with *Antichrist*,—all that was human, secular, or sectarian, in both Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, just as

he identified with *Babylon* the Shibboleth of the Baptist. And, with what else could *he* identify either? Great allowance ought to be made for a man who had read nothing but his Bible, on these subjects. For had we nothing else to read, we should soon feel ashamed of our differences. The Bible, and the Bible only, is, indeed, the *Religion* of Protestants inasmuch as nothing *is* religion but what it enjoins: but we have, in all our Churches, *more* things than our religion. The Prisoner of Bedford saw this, and said so to all Churches: and, certainly, no man could have said it, who more deserves our respect. Posterity, at least, will admire his spirit on this subject, as much as we admire his Pilgrims. They will relish, if we do not, this "NEW HONEY IN A B;"—if I may be allowed to apply his own *pun* upon his name, to his own Catholicity.

CHAPTER XLI.

BUNYAN'S RELEASE.

If any Bishop either procured, or directly helped to obtain, Bunyan's liberation, he deserves to be called "The *Angel* of the Church" of England, and ought to be named for ever along with the Angel who released Peter from prison. No man would more readily or cheerfully award this tribute of gratitude to Bishop Barlow, than myself, if I could make it even highly probable that Bunyan was indebted to him for liberty. Now there are, certainly, some probabilities in Barlow's favour. No other Bishop has ever been named, as at all friendly to Bunyan, or as even affected in the least by his sufferings: whereas, there can be no doubt that he both sympathized with him and interchanged (not Letters indeed, but) messages with Dr. Owen, about "straining a point to serve" the author of the Pilgrim's Progress. That Work could not fail to commend itself to such a scholar as Dr. Barlow; and, as he was a Calvinist of Bunyan's order, and thus obnoxious to Archbishop Sheldon, he would naturally prize a popular Allegory which threw around the Genevan creed the charms of genius and practical wisdom. Accordingly, all testimony concurs in the fact, that he both admired and pitied Bunyan. I give prominence as well as priority to this fact, that it may make its own impression, and maintain its influence in favour of Dr. Barlow, whilst other facts claim our attention.

Now Bunyan was released from prison, at least *two* years *before* Dr. Barlow was made Bishop of Lincoln; and thus whatever he owed to the Doctor, he owed nothing to the Bishop, in the matter. Bunyan was released late in 1672, or early in 1673; and Barlow was not raised to the Bench until 1675. It does not follow from this, however, that he had no influence with the State before he was made a Prelate. The probability is, indeed, that he had more influence before than after; as Sheldon was not his friend, nor Calvinism a court virtue then. He was, however, too *near* the Bench in 1672,

to employ his own influence directly, even for Bunyan, although Owen appealed to him as his old tutor: but he may have used some, though not at Owen's request. This, I have no doubt, is the true solution of Barlow's conduct. He had enemies on the Bench, because of his Calvinism; and he was afraid of making more, by patronizing even a nonconformist Genius, at the request of a nonconformist Doctor. He thus persuaded himself that he could not *afford* to be liberal, until the Mitre was upon his head.

Ivimey's version of this affair is as follows: "This event has been generally ascribed to Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. What assistance he afforded, may be seen by the following extract from the Preface to Dr. Owen's Sermon, p. 30, printed at London, 1721. The author observes that 'notwithstanding the Doctor's nonconformity, he had some friends among the Bishops, particularly Dr. Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, who was very cordial to him; and Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, formerly his tutor; who yet, on a special occasion, failed him, when he might have expected the service of his professed friendship.'

"'The case was this, Mr. John Bunyan had been confined to a jail twelve years, upon an excommunication for nonconformity; now there was a law, that if any two persons will go to the bishop of the diocese, and offer a cautionary bond, that the prisoner shall conform in half a year, the bishop may release him upon that bond; whereupon a friend of this poor man desired Dr. Owen to give him *his* letter to the bishop on his behalf, which he readily granted. The bishop having read it, told the person that delivered it, that he had a particular kindness for Dr. Owen, and would deny him nothing he could legally do; nay, says he, with my service to him, I will strain a point to serve him. (This was his very expression.) But, says he, this being a new thing to me I desire a little time to consider, it, and if I can do it you may be assured of my readiness. He was waited upon again about a fortnight after, and his answer was, That indeed he was informed he might do it; but the law providing, that in case the bishop refused, application should be made to the Lord Chancellor, who thereupon should issue out an order to the bishop, to take the cautionary bond, and release the prisoner. Now, said he, you know what a critical time this is, and I have many enemies; I would desire you to move the Lord Chanceller in this case, and upon his order I will do it. To which it was replied, this

method was very chargeable, and the man was poor, and not able to expend so much money, and being satisfied he could do it legally, it was hoped his Lordship would remember his promise, there being no straining a point in the case. But he would do it upon no other terms, which at last was done; but little thanks to the bishop.'

"From this account, it should seem the honour given to Dr. Barlow has been ill-bestowed, as it is evident that even his friendship for Dr. Owen did not operate sufficiently powerfully to exercise his ability, lest it might expose him to the censures of the high church party."—*Ivimey's Bunyan*, p. 291.

This conclusion, although not exactly unfair, is drawn with more asperity than such facts warrant; unless, indeed, it could be shown that Barlow had before him *examples* of magnanimity, which ought to have inspired him to prefer Bunyan's rights, to an episcopal throne, as Frederic did Luther's, to the Pope's smile. But who ever risked a Mitre for the sake of a Nonconformist? This is too much to expect from any man, who believes that a Mitre is useful! It may be very easy for those who regard it as a mere bauble, and the episcopate as unscriptural, to assure themselves that *they* would have preferred the fame of liberating John Bunyan, to the Primacy itself. So would I. But this is nothing to the point. The real question is, *ought* Dr. Barlow, believing as he did in diocesan episcopacy, to have perilled his prospects for the sake of John Bunyan? It is impossible to answer, except in the negative. He *must* have thought his own elevation a greater benefit to the world, than the liberty of Bunyan. It did not, indeed, turn out so: but who could have *foreseen* that?

Besides, Barlow was not the man to make *sacrifices* of any kind, for the sake of Nonconformists. He was not a time-server, indeed; but he humoured the times dexterously, in all things save his Calvinism. In 1660, whilst the King was yet *talking* about toleration, the Doctor wrote in favour of it to Sir Robert Boyle: but in 1684, he published a Charge to his Clergy, calling on them to enforce the laws against Dissenters, "agreeably to the Resolutions of the Bedfordshire Justices, (Bunyan's old enemies!) adopted at Ampthill." He published also, in 1679, a Treatise on the Canon Law for *whipping* Heretics: but whether for or *against* that canonical virtue, I cannot tell; its title only being given in the Biog: Brit: and in the Bibliographies. Another of his works attempts to prove that *real* grace ought to be judged of rather by its *kind* than

its *degree.* And, perhaps, his own *good will* towards Bunyan can only be proved to be very hearty, by giving it all the benefit of this distinction. It was good in kind, but small in degree. Be it remembered, however, that it was both more and better than that of any Bishop of the age, elect or enthroned. I both remembered and felt this fact when, in a former chapter, I merely called the following passage from "The Life," in the British Museum, imperfect: "Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, coming into these parts, and being truly informed of Mr. Bunyan's sufferings, took a speedy care, out of true Christian compassion, to be the main and chief instrument in his deliverance: for which, as a hearty acknowledgment, Mr. Bunyan returned him his unfeigned thanks, and often remembered him in his prayers, as next to God his deliverer." This is, I think, substantially true of Dr. Barlow, although not at all so of the Bishop of Lincoln. The Mitre spoiled his sympathies, as it has done those of many; but he must have befriended Bunyan in some way, at some time; for all contemporary parties give him credit for it.

This view of the matter will not, I fear, set the question at rest. Barlow's conduct in this affair, like his work on "Weighty Cases of Conscience," will be edited by a "Sir Peter *Pett*," both for and against him; but not on either side so wisely as did the worthy knight, in 1692.—*Watts' Bibliography.* The *pettish* on one side will ask, where are Bunyan's own acknowledgments to Dr. Barlow? And I can neither produce them, nor refuse to admit that their absence is a suspicious fact; for he was not the man to forget or conceal his obligations. On the other side, it will be asked, and not without reason, why should Dr. Barlow be deprived of all the credit, seeing there is no other claimant? Dr. Southey felt the difficulty, and said, "How Bunyan's enlargement was effected is not known." I long entertained the opinion, that the Cabinet had sense enough, when the Pilgrim produced a *sensation,* to have done "the people a favour;" but I found that to be a more untenable position than even the liberality of a Bishop. The Ministers of Charles II. had neither sense nor conscience enough to estimate Bunyan or his influence: whereas, the Bench knew, at least, the worth of popular talent.

Mr. Ivimey, in his zeal to deprive Dr. Barlow of all credit, has sanctioned a view of the case, which Dr. Southey justly says, is "fraudulent." A "cautionary bond," it is said, was required, which pledged the prisoner to "*conform* in half a

year." John Bunyan conform, or allow his friends to give any such bond for him! "Nay, verily," he would have lain till the moss grew upon his eye-brows, rather than accept of, or accede to, deliverance on any such terms. Twelve years of imprisonment had not shaken his principles; and his friends knew him too well to set their *hearts* against his conscience in this matter, even if their own consciences would have allowed them to sign such a bond. Neither Bishop nor Chancellor, to a certainty, ever saw or heard of a pledge for Bunyan's conformity. Dr. Southey is wrong, however, in saying that the bond proposed to him when he was first arrested, would have been "less objectionable" to him than the fraudulent one in question. He would have spurned both alike, because both forbade his preaching.

By whatever means he came forth, therefore, he came forth in the character he went into the jail—as a *preacher* of the everlasting Gospel. His Church also held a day of thanksgiving about this time, "for present liberty," and soon built a Chapel for him; plain proofs that he was under no bond, whoever released him. The record in the Church Book is, "August, 1672, the ground on which the Meeting House stands was bought by subscription."—*Ivimey.* I have seen the original agreement for this ground. It is between J. Ruff head, shoemaker, and John Bunyan, *brazier*, both of Bedford, for £50 lawful money.

CHAPTER XLII.

BUNYAN'S CALUMNIATORS.

1678.

It is not generally known, that an attempt was made to implicate Bunyan in a charge of *murder* and seduction. He himself, very properly, does not mention it, because the Coroner fully acquitted the accused party: for it is not in reference to her, that he made the solemn protestations of purity, which are so well known by all who have read his "Grace Abounding." That work was written in prison: whereas the case of Agnes Beaumont occurred some years after his release. Unfortunately, her own Narrative of the horrible conspiracy bears no date. It appears, however, from the Tablet erected to her memory in the Baptist Chapel at Hitchin, that she became a member of Bunyan's Church in 1672, and that she died in 1720, aged 68 years. She herself mentions the name of the Minister of Hitchin, Mr. Wilson, in her Narrative; and Ivimey gives 1677, as the date of his settlement there. The Editor also of her history says, that Mr. Wilson became the first pastor of Hitchin, in that year. I have, therefore, ventured to assign the event to the next year. On this supposition, Agnes Beaumont would be about 25 years of age, when she was charged with murdering her father, at the instigation of Bunyan. He, it was said, furnished her with poison to make away with the old man, in order to obtain the property with her.

It is painful to relate, that this *fama clamosa* arose out of a slander, set on foot by a Clergyman, who resided in Bedford; —*Lane* of Edworth, who knew both parties well! It was, however, a Lawyer who added the charge of murder to the clerical calumny; and he did it from revenge. He had marked her out, three years before, for his wife, and then persuaded her father to leave the bulk of his property to her,

and to cut off her sister with a shilling. Her piety, however, defeated *Farry's* purpose. She could not bear him, because he was ungodly; and he avenged himself, because he was disappointed.

But this extraordinary affair will be best told by herself. Her own Manuscript was transcribed by the Rev. William Coles of Ampthill, and given to his daughter, the wife of the venerable Andrew Fuller. It was first published by the Rev. Samuel James, A.M., of Hitchin, in 1760, somewhat abridged; and in 1824, it was republished by his son, with additions. Mr. Fuller said to him when enlarging it from the copy of the original, "I think your father abridged too much, and I fear the son will abridge too little." Mr. Isaac James, of Bristol, judged better when he said, "I hope the reader will not be of the same opinion." I, for one, am not; and, therefore, I have given the substance of the Narrative, so far as it bears upon the character of Bunyan: not, however, without first ascertaining in Bristol, that this would not be deemed a trespass upon the literary property of the family.

Agnes Beaumont having become a member of Bunyan's Church at Bedford, had thus a right to communicate in all the places where he administered the Sacrament. Gamlingay was one of his stations; and by accompanying him there, against his will, she involved herself in unspeakable trouble, and Bunyan in calumny, for a time.

"There was a Church-Meeting at Gamlingay," she says, "and about a week before it, I was much in prayer, especially for two things: the one, that the Lord would incline the heart of my father to let me go, which he sometimes refused; and, in those days, it was like death to me to be kept from such a meeting. I have found by experience, that to pray hard was the most successful method of obtaining my father's consent; for when I have not thus prayed, I have found it very difficult to prevail. The other request was, that the Lord would go with me, and that I might enjoy his presence there, at his table, that, as in many times past, it might be a sealing ordinance to my soul, and that I might have such a sight of a bleeding and dying Saviour, as might melt my heart, and enlarge it in love to his name.

"The Lord was pleased to grant me my requests. Upon asking my father, the day before, he seemed unwilling at first, but pleading with him and telling him that I would do all my work in the morning before I went out, and return home at

night, I gained his consent. Friday being come, I prepared every thing ready to set out. My father inquired who carried me? I told him I thought Mr. Wilson of Hitchin, as he told my brother, the Tuesday before, he should call; to which he said nothing. I went to my brother's and waited, expecting to meet Mr. Wilson; but he not coming, it cut me to the heart, and fearing I should not go, I burst into tears, for my brother had told me that his horses were all at work, and that he could not spare one more than what he and my sister were to ride on, and it being the depth of winter I could not walk thither.

"Now I was afraid that all my prayers on this account were lost; my way seemed to be hedged up with thorns. I waited with many a longing look, and with a sorrowful heart, under my sad disappointment. O, thought I, that the Lord would but put it into the heart of some person to come this way. Thus I still waited, but with my heart full of fears. At last, quite unexpected, came Mr. Bunyan. The sight of him caused a mixture both of joy and of grief. I was glad to see him, but afraid he would not be willing to take me up behind him, and how to ask him I knew not. At length I desired my brother to do it, which he did. But Mr. Bunyan answered, with some degree of roughness, 'No; I will not carry her.' These words were cutting indeed, and made me weep bitterly.

My brother perceiving my trouble, said, Sir, if you do not carry her, you will break her heart: but he made the same reply, adding, 'Your father would be grievous angry if I should.' (A certain person in the neighbourhood, one Mr. Farry, who is often referred to afterwards in this relation, had slandered Mr. Bunyan, and set her father against him, endeavouring to make his vile calumnies pass for truth.) I will venture that, said I. And thus, with much entreaty, he was prevailed on; and O how glad was I to think I was going.

"Soon after we set out, my father came to my brother's, and asked his men who his daughter rode behind? They said Mr. Bunyan. Upon hearing this his anger was greatly inflamed; he ran down the close, thinking to overtake me and pull me off the horse, but we were gone out of his reach.

"I had not rode far before my heart began to be lifted up with pride at the thoughts of riding behind this servant of the Lord, and was pleased if any looked after us as we rode along. Indeed I thought myself very happy that day: first,

that it pleased God to make way for my going; and then, that I should have the honour to ride behind Mr. Bunyan, who would sometimes be speaking to me about the things of God. My pride soon had a fall, for in entering Gamlingay, we were met by one Mr. Lane, a clergyman, who lived at Bedford, and knew us both, and spoke to us, but looked very hard at us as we rode along; and soon after, raised a vile scandal upon us, though, blessed be God, it was false. (This clergyman usually preached at Edworth, the place where he dwelt.)

"The meeting began not long after we got thither; and the Lord made it a sweet season to my soul indeed. O it was a feast of fat things! I sat under his shadow with great delight! When at the Lord's table, I found such a return of prayer, that I was scarcely able to bear up under it. I was, as it were, carried up to heaven, and had such a sight of the Saviour, as even broke my heart in pieces. O! how I then longed to be with Christ! How willingly would I have died in the place, and gone immediately to glory! A sense of my sins, and of his dying love, made me love him, and long to be with him. I have often thought of his goodness in his remarkable visit to my soul that day: but he knew the temptations that I was to meet with the very same night and a few days after. I have seen the bowels of his compassion towards me, in these manifestations of his love, before I was tried. This was infinite condescension indeed.

"The meeting being ended, I began to think how I should get home, for Mr. Bunyan was not to go by Edworth, and having promised to return that night, I was filled with many fears lest I should break my word. I inquired of several persons if they went my way; but no one could assist me except a young woman who lived about half a mile on this side my father's house. As the road was very dirty and deep, it being the depth of winter, I was afraid to venture behind her; but at last I did, and she set me down at sister Pruden's gate, from whence I hastened through the dirt, having no pattens, hoping to be at home before my father was in bed; but, on coming to the door, I found it locked, with the key in it, and seeing no light, my heart began to sink, for I perceived what I was like to meet with. At other times my father would take the key with him, and give it me from the window.

However I called to him, and he answered, 'Who is there?' To which I said, 'It is I, father, come home wet and dirty,

pray let me in.' He replied, 'Where you have been all day, you may go at night; and with many such sayings he discovered great anger, because of my riding behind Mr. Bunyan, declaring that I should never come within his doors any more, unless I would promise never to go after that man again. I stood at the chamber window pleading to be let in. I begged, I cried, but all in vain, for instead of yielding to my importunity, he bid me begone from the window, or else he would rise and put me out of the yard. I then stood silent awhile, and that thought pierced my mind, how if I should come at last when the door is shut, and Christ should say unto me, 'Depart!' *Matt.* xxv. 10—12.

"At length, seeing my father refused to let me in, it was put into my heart to spend that night in prayer. I could indeed have gone to my brother's, who lived about a quarter of a mile off, and where I might have had a good supper and a warm bed. No, thought I, into the barn I will go, and cry to heaven, that Jesus Christ would not shut me out at the last day, and that I may have some fresh discoveries of his love to my soul. I did so, and though naturally of a timorous temper, and many frightful things presented themselves to my mind, as that I might be murdered before morning, or catch my death with cold; yet one scripture after another gave me encouragement. Such as Matt. vi. 6. 'Pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.' Also Jer. xxxiii. 3. 'Call upon me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.' And with many such good words was I comforted.

"Being thus in the barn, and a very dark night, I was again assaulted by Satan; but having received strength from the Lord and his word, I spake out (as I remember), saying, 'Satan, my Father hath thee in a chain; thou canst not hurt me.' I then returned to the throne of grace; and indeed it was a blessed night to my soul, a night to be remembered to the end of my life, and I hope I never shall forget it; it was surely a night of prayer, yea, and of praise too, when the Lord was pleased to keep all fears from my heart. Surely he was with me in a wonderful manner! O the heart-ravishing visits he gave me! and that spirit of faith in prayer which he poured out upon me! It froze very hard that night, but I felt no cold, although the dirt was frozen on my shoes in the morning.

"Whilst thus most delightfully engaged, that scripture came

with mighty power on my mind, 1 Pet. iv. 12. 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you.' This word, Beloved, made such melody in my heart as is not to be expressed, but the rest of those words concerning the fiery trial occasioned some dread; yet still that first word, Beloved, sounded louder than all the rest, and was much in my mind the whole night afterward. I saw that I was to meet with both bitter and sweet, when I directed my cries to the Lord, to stand by and strengthen me, which he graciously did, with many a blessed promise, before the morning light; and to be the 'Beloved of God' was my mercy, whatever difficulties I endured; nevertheless, I began once to be a little dejected, being grieved to think that I should lose my father's love; but this led me to the Lord, to beg that I might not lose his love too, and that good word was immediately given me, John xvi. 27, 'The father himself loveth you.' O blessed be God, thought I, then it is enough, do with me what seemeth thee good!

"When the morning appeared, I peeped through the cracks of the barn, to watch my father's opening the door. Presently, he came out and locked it after him, which I thought looked very dark, apprehending from hence, he was resolved I should not go in, but still that word, Beloved, &c., sounded in my heart. He soon came into the barn with a fork in his hand, and seeing me in my riding-dress, made a stand, when I thus addressed him: 'Good morrow, father; I have had a cold night's lodging here, but God has been good to me, else I should have had a worse.' He said it was no matter. I prayed him to let me go in, saying, 'I hope father, you are not angry with me,' and kept following him about the yard as he went to fodder the cows; notwithstanding this he would not regard me, but the more I entreated him the more his anger rose against me, declaring that I should never enter his house again, unless I would promise not to go to a meeting again as long as he lived. I replied, 'Father, my soul is of too much worth to do this: Can you in my stead answer for me at the great day? if so, I will obey you in this demand as I do in all other things;' yet I could not prevail.

"At last, some of my brother's men came into the yard, and seeing my case, at their return, reported, that their old master had shut Agnes out of doors. Upon hearing this my brother was greatly concerned, and came to my father, and endeavoured to prevail with him to be reconciled: but he grew more

angry with him than with me, and at last would not hear him; on which my brother said, 'Go home with me, sister, you will catch your death with cold.' But I refused, still hoping to be more successful in a farther application; I therefore continued following my father about the yard, taking hold of his arm, and crying and hanging about him, saying, 'Pray let me go in,' &c. I have since wondered how I durst be so bold, my father being of a hasty temper, insomuch that his anger has often made me glad to get out of his sight, though, when his passion was over, few exceeded him in good nature.

"Seeing I could not prevail, I went and sat down at the door, and at length began to be faint and cold, it being a very sharp morning. I was also grieved for being the occasion of keeping my father in the cold so long, for he kept walking about the yard, and I saw he would not go into the house while I was there. I therefore went to my brother's, and obtained some refreshment and warmth; then I retired and poured out my soul to God, who was pleased to continue on me a spirit of grace and of supplication, and forsook me not in this day of great trouble.

"About noon, it being Saturday, I asked my sister to go with me to my father's, which she readily did, and finding him in the house and the door locked, we went to the window. My sister said, 'Now, father, I hope your anger is over, and you will let my sister in,' entreating him to be reconciled, while I burst out with many tears to see him so angry. I do not think fit to mention all he said, but among other things he protested, that he would not give me one penny so long as he lived, no nor when he died neither, but that he would sooner leave his substance to a stranger than to me, &c. These expressions were cutting, and made my heart sink; thought I, what will become of me! To go to service and work hard is a new thing to me who am very young; what shall I do? yet still I thought I had a good God to go to, and that was then a very seasonable word, Psalm xxvii. 10. 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'

"Perceiving my sister's strong pleadings were vain, I desired my father to give me my Bible and pattens, if he would not please to let me in; which he also refused, saying, 'That he was resolved I should not have a penny, nor a penny's worth, as long as he lived, nor at his death.' On this, I went home with my sister, bitterly weeping, and withdrew into her chamber, where the Lord gave hopes of a better inheritance

O now I was willing to go to service, and to be stript of all for Christ! I saw that I had a better portion than that of silver or gold, and was enabled to believe I should never want.

"My inclination towards night was to go to my father once more; and since he was so very angry both with my brother and sister, I concluded to go alone. Upon coming to the door I found it partly open, and the key being on the outside, and my father within, I pushed the door gently, and was about to enter, which he perceiving, ran hastily to shut it, and had I not hastily withdrew, one of my legs had been between the door and the threshold. I would not be so uncivil to my father as to lock him into his own house; however, having this opportunity I took the key, intending when he was gone out to venture in and lie at his mercy. After a while he came and looked behind the house, and seeing me standing in a narrow passage between the house and the pond, where I stood close up by the wall, he took me by the arm, saying, 'Hussey! give me the key quickly, or else I will throw you into the pond.' I immediately resigned it with silence and sadness.

"It appeared in vain to contend; I went down the closes to a wood side, with sighs and groans, and a heart full of sorrow, when this scripture came again into my mind, Jer. xxxiii. 3, "Call upon me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.' The night was dark, but I kept on to the wood, where I poured out my soul to God with many tears. And that word also greatly comforted me, Psalm xxxiv. 15, 'The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry.' I believed his ears are open to a poor disconsolate creature, such as myself, and that his heart was towards me. And that was a wonderful word at this time, Isa. lxiii. 2, 'In all their afflictions he was afflicted.'

"I staid in this place so long that it gave great concern to my brother and sister, who had sent one of their men to know whether my father had let me in; and understanding he had not, they went about seeking me, but they could not find me.' At length, having spread my case before the Lord, I returned to my brother's, fully determined not to yield to my father's request, if I begged my bread about the streets. I was so strongly fixed in the resolution, that I thought nothing could move me; yet, alas! like Peter, I was a poor weak creature, as will presently be seen.

"This was Saturday night. The next morning I said to my brother, let us call on my father as we go to the meeting;

but upon his telling me this would but further provoke him, we forbore. As we went along he said, 'Sister, you are now brought upon the stage to act for Christ, I pray God help you to bear your testimony for him; I would by no means have you consent to my father's terms.'—'No, brother,' I replied, 'I would sooner beg my bread from door to door.' While I sat at meeting, my mind was hurried, as no wonder, considering my case; but service being ended, I again made the proposal to call on my father in our way home. We did so, and found him in the yard. Before we came quite to him, my brother repeated his admonition to me, though I thought I stood in no need of his counsel on this particular. He talked very mildly to my father, pleading with him to be reconciled; but perceiving he still retained his anger, I whispered and desired my brother to go home. No, said he, not without you. I said, I will come presently; on which he went, though (as he told me afterwards) with many fears lest I should comply, but I then thought I could as soon part with my life.

"My brother being gone, I stood pleading with my father, and said, 'Father, I will serve you in any thing that lies in my power, I only desire liberty to hear God's word on his own day; grant me this and I ask no more. Father,' continued I, 'you cannot answer for my sins, or stand in my stead before God, I must look to the salvation of my own soul, or I am undone for ever.' He replied, 'If I would promise never to go to a meeting as long as he lived, I should then go into the house, and he would provide for me as his own child, if not, I should never have one farthing from him.' 'Father,' said I, 'my soul is of more worth than so; I dare not make you such a promise.' Upon this his anger was greatly enkindled, and he bid me begone, for he was resolved what to do; therefore promise me that you will never go to the meeting again, and I will give you the key, repeating these words several times, holding it out to me, and urging me to promise, and I as often refusing, till at last his wrath increased. 'What do you say? if you now refuse to comply, you shall never be offered it more, and I am determined you shall never come within my doors again as long as you live.' While I thus stood crying in the yard, he repeated the same expressions: 'What do you say, hussey? will you promise, or not?' Being thus urged, at last I answered, 'Well, father, I will promise you I will never go to a meeting again as long as you live, without your con-

sent.' Hereupon he gave me the key, and I went into the house.

"But, O! soon after I had entered the door, that awful scripture was brought to my mind, Matt. x. 33, "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' Also verse 37, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' O! thought I, what will become of me! what have I done this night! I was so filled with terror, that I was going to run out of the house again, but I thought this would not alter what I had done. Now alas! all my comforts were gone, and, in their room, nothing but grief, and rendings of conscience! In this instance I saw what all my resolutions were come to, even nothing. This was Lord's day night, and a black night it was to me.

"In a little time my father came in and behaved with affection; he bid me get him some supper, which I did. He also told me to come and eat with him, but it was a bitter supper to me. My brother's heart ached when he saw I did not follow him, fearing I should promise, and not coming to his house, was ready to conclude I had done so. To be satisfied, he sent one of his men on some errand; who returned, saying, I was in the house with his old master, who was very cheerful with me. On this he was convinced I had yielded. But no tongue can express what a doleful condition I was in. I hardly durst look up to God for mercy. Now, I thought, I must hear the word no more.

"On Monday morning came my brother, and his first salutation was, O sister, what have you done? What do you say to this, 'He that denies me before men, him will I also deny before my Father?' This cut me to the heart, but I said little: and my father coming in, he went away. This day I went into every corner of the house and yard, crying as if my heart would break; and though several promises came into my mind, I durst not take courage from any. Now I thought I must hear the word no more. What good would it do me if my father could give me his house full of silver and gold? Thus I went about reflecting on my condition, and sorrowing, till almost spent with grief. When my father came in, I withdrew into the barn to pray, and give vent to my sorrow; when, as I stood sighing, leaning my head against something, and crying out, Lord, what shall I do? those words surprised me, 1 Cor. x. 13, 'There shall be a way to escape, that you

may be able to bear it.' Lord! thought I, what way wilt thou make for my escape? wilt thou make my father willing to let me go to thine ordinances? if thou dost, still, what a wretch was I thus to deny Christ! O now I cried earnestly, Lord, pardon and pity me! In the evening, as we were sitting by the fire, my father asked me what was the matter? I burst into tears, saying, O father! I am distressed at the thoughts of my promise, not to go to a meeting again without your consent, and fear you will not be willing. He was so moved that he wept like a child, bidding me not let that trouble me, for we should not disagree; at which I was a little comforted, and said, Pray father, forgive me wherein I have been undutiful to you. He then told me with tears, how much he was troubled for me that night he shut me out of doors, insomuch that he could not sleep; adding, it was my riding behind John Bunyan that made him so angry. (Some evil-minded men of the town (as hinted before) especially Mr. Farry, had set her father against Mr. Bunyan; for in time past he had heard him preach, and had been much melted under the word; he would pray, and frequently go to the meeting. Yea, and when his daughter was first under spiritual concern, he had very great awakenings himself, and would say to some of the neighbours, My daughter can scarce eat, drink, or sleep; and I have lived these threescore years, and have scarce ever thought of my soul, &c. He would then hear the word with many tears, and pray in secret, but Mr. Farry would again persuade him against the Dissenters, representing them as hypocrites, &c.)

"The greatest part of the next day, being Tuesday, I spent in prayer and weeping, with bitter lamentations, humbling myself before the Lord for what I had done, and begging I might be kept by his grace and Spirit from denying him and his ways for the future. Before night he brought me out of this horrible pit, and set my feet upon a rock, enabling me to believe the forgiveness of all my sins, by sealing many precious promises home on my soul. I could now look back with comfort on the night I spent in the barn; the sweet relish of that blessed word, Beloved, returned, and I believed Jesus Christ was the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and that scripture was much in mind, Job. v. 19, 'He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee.' Also Deut. xxxiii. 27, 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'

"My father was as well as usual this day, and eat his dinner as heartily as ever I knew him: he would sometimes sit up by candle-light, while I was spinning, but he now observed it was a very cold night, and he would go to bed early: after supper he smoked a pipe, and went to bed seemingly in perfect health. But while I was by his bed side, laying his clothes on him, those words ran through my mind, The end is come, the end is come; the time draweth near. But I could not tell what to make of them.

"As soon therefore as I quitted the room, I went to the throne of grace, where my heart was wonderfully drawn forth, especially that the Lord would show mercy to my father, and save his soul, for which I was so importunate, that I could not tell how to leave pleading: and still that word continued on my mind, 'The end is come.' Another thing I entreated of the Lord was, that he would stand by me, and be with me in whatever trouble I had to meet with, little thinking what was coming upon me that night and the week following.

"After this I went to bed, thinking on the freedom which God had given me in prayer; but had not slept long before I heard a doleful noise, which at first I apprehended had been in the the yard, but soon perceived it to be my father. Being within hearing, I called to him, saying, Father, are you not well? he said, 'No, I was struck with a pain in my heart in my sleep, and I shall die presently.' I immediately arose, put on a few clothes, ran and lighted a candle; and coming to him, found him sitting upright in his bed, crying to the Lord for mercy, saying, 'Lord have mercy on me, for I am a poor miserable sinner! Lord Jesus, wash me in thy precious blood,' &c. I stood trembling to hear him in such distress, and to see him look so pale. I then kneeled down by the bed-side, and, which I had never done before, prayed with him, in which he seemed to join very earnestly.

"This done, I said, Father, I will go and call somebody, for I dare not stay with you alone. He replied, 'You shall not go out at this time of night, do not be afraid,' still crying loud for mercy. Soon after he said he would rise and put on his clothes himself. I ran and made a good fire, and got him something hot, hoping that it might relieve him. 'O,' said he, 'I want mercy for my soul! Lord, show mercy to me, for I am a great sinner! if thou dost not show me mercy, I am undone for ever!' Father, said I, there is mercy in Jesus Christ for sinners, the Lord help you to lay hold on it! 'O,' replied

he, 'I have been against you for seeking after Jesus Christ; Lord, forgive me, and lay not this sin to my charge!'

"I desired him to drink something warm which I had for him; but his trying to drink brought on a violent retching, and he changed black in the face. I stood by holding his head, and he leaned upon me with all his weight. Dreadful time indeed! if I left him I was afraid he would fall into the fire; and if I stood by him he would die in my arms, and no one person near us. I cried out, What shall I do! Lord help me! Then came that scripture, Isa. xli. 10, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God: I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee,' &c.

"By this time my father revived again out of his fit of fainting, for I think he did not quite swoon away; he repeated his cries as before, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, for I am a sinful man! Lord, spare me one week more! one day more!' Piercing words to me! After he had sat awhile, he felt an uneasiness in his bowels, and called for a candle to go into the other room. I saw him stagger as he went over the threshold; and making a better fire, soon followed him, and found him on the floor, which occasioned me to scream out, 'Father, father!' putting my hands under his arms, lifting with all my might, first by one arm, then by another, crying and striving till my strength was quite spent.

"I continued lifting till I could perceive no life in him, and then ran crying about the house, and unlocked the door to go and call my brother. It being the dead of the night, and no house near, I thought there might be rogues at the door, who would murder me. At last I opened the door and rushed out. It had snowed in abundance, and lay very deep. Having no stockings on, the snow got in my shoes, so that I made little progress, and at the stile in my father's yard, stood calling to my brother, not considering it was impossible for any one to hear. I then got over, and the snow water caused my shoes to come off, and running barefoot to the middle of the close, I suddenly imagined rogues were behind me, going to kill me. Looking back in terror, these words came into my mind, 'The angel of the Lord encompasseth round about those who fear him;' which somewhat relieved me.

"Coming to my brother's, I stood crying dismally under the window, to the terror of the whole family, who were in their midnight sleep. My brother started from bed, and called from the window, Who are you? What's the matter?—O

brother, said I, my father is dead: come away quickly. O wife, said he, it is my poor sister: my father is dead! My brother ran immediately with two of his men, and found our father risen from the ground, and laid upon the bed. My brother spoke to him, but he could not answer, except one word or two. On my return, they desired me not to go into the room, saying he was just departing. O dismal night! had not the Lord wonderfully supported me, I must have died too, of the fears and frights which I met with.

"My brother's man soon came out, and said he was departed. Melancholy tidings! but in the midst of my trouble I had a secret hope that he was gone to heaven; nevertheless, I sat crying bitterly, to think what a sudden and surprising change death had made on my father, who went to bed well, and was in eternity by midnight! I said in my heart, Lord, give me one seal more that I shall go to heaven when death should make this change on me. Then that word came directly, Isa. xxxv. 10, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads,' &c. O, I longed to be gone to heaven! thought I, they are singing whilst I am sorrowing! O that I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest!

"Quickly after my brother called in some neighbours, among whom came Mr. Farry, my bitter enemy, with his son, who inquired if my father was dead. Somebody replied, Yes he is; he then said, It is no more than what I looked for; though no notice was taken of these words till afterwards. Then some women came in, and seeing me sitting without stockings, and scarcely any clothes on, bewailed my sorrowful condition. This was Tuesday after the Friday night that I lay in the barn, when that scripture was so frequently in my mind, 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you.' I thought now I had met with fiery trials indeed, not knowing that I had as bad or worse to come, which I shall now proceed to relate.

"This very Tuesday on which my father died, Mr. Lane, who had met Mr. Bunyan and me at Gam'gay town's end, reported at Baldock fair, that we had been criminally conversant together; which vile report presently ran from one end of the fair to the other, and I heard of it the next day; but that scripture came with much sweetness and bore me up, Matt. v. 11, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.'

"We agreed to bury my father on Thursday, and accordingly invited our relations and friends to the funeral. But on the Wednesday night, Mr. Farry sent for my brother, and asked him, 'Whether he thought my father died a natural death?' A question which amazed my brother, who readily answered, 'Yes, I know he died a natural death.' Mr. Farry replied, But I believe he did not, and I have had my horse out of the stable twice a day to fetch Mr. Hatfield, of Potten, but considered that you are an officer of the parish, therefore leave it to you: pray see and do your office. Upon my brother's asking him how he thought my father came to his end, if he did not die a natural death, he answered, I believe your sister has poisoned him.

"My brother returned with a heavy heart, not knowing but I mihgt lose my life; so he called my sister up stairs to speak with her; and there happening to be a godly man at sister Pruden's, they sent for him, and telling him the whole affair, they all three went into an upper room, and spread it before the Lord. My brother asked whether they should tell me, They said, No, let her have this night in quiet: but they themselves spent most part of the night in prayer.

"Early in the morning, my brother came, and began to weep. Sister, said he, pray God help you, for you are like to meet with hard things. I said, What, worse than I have met with already? Yes, replied he, Mr. Farry says he thinks you poisoned my father. Hearing this, my heart sunk within me, but I immediately said, Blessed be God for a clear conscience!

"We deferred the funeral, and sending for Mr. Hatfield, the surgeon, told him the case, who examined me how my father was before he went to bed, and what supper he eat, &c. I told him all the particulars; and, when he had surveyed the corpse, he went to Mr. Farry, and told him, that he wondered how he could entertain such thoughts concerning me, assuring him there were no just grounds for his suspicion. Mr. Farry replied, he verily believed it was so. Mr. Hatfield, perceiving that no arguments would convince him, returned and told us we must have a coroner and jury. I readily agreeing to this proposal, saying, Sir, as my innocency is known to God, I would have it known to men, therefore pray be pleased to open my father. This he declined, saying, there was no need for it, but promised to meet the coroner and jury the next day.

"Now I had new work cut out, therefore went to the Lord

and prayed that he would appear in this fiery trial. I saw my life lay at stake, as well as the name of God struck at, but that word was sent for my support and comfort, and it was a blessed one to my soul, Isa. liv. 17, 'No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.' Also chap. xlv. 24, 'All that are incensed against thee shall be ashamed. 'Encouraged by these precious promises, we sent for the coroner on Friday morning. Mr. Farry hearing of it, told my brother he would have him meet the coroner at Biggleswade, and agree it there; for, continued he, it will be found petit treason, and your sister must be burnt. No, sir, replied my brother, we are not afraid to let him come through. Upon hearing this, I said, I will have him come through, if it cost me all my father has left me. I did not know how far God might suffer this man and the devil to go. It also troubled me to think that in case I suffered, another, as innocent as myself, might suffer too, for Mr. Farry reported that I poisoned my father, and Mr. Bunyan gave me the stuff to do it with; but the Lord knew our innocency in this affair, both in thought, word, and deed.

"Whilst thus surrounded with straits and troubles, I must own that at times I had many carnal reasonings, though I knew myself clear. I thought, Should God suffer my enemy to prevail to the taking away of my life, how shall I endure burning! O the thoughts of burning were very terrible, and made my very heart to ache within me! But that scripture, which I had often thought of before my father's death, came now into my mind, Isa. xlii. 2, 'When thou passest through the fire I will be with thee,' &c. I said in my heart, Lord, thou knowest my innocence, therefore if thou art pleased to suffer my enemies to take away my life, yet surely thou wilt be with me; thou hast been with me in all my trials hitherto, and I trust wilt not now leave me in the greatest of all. At last I was made to believe, that if I did burn at a stake, the Lord would give me his presence; and, in a solemn manner, resigned myself to his disposal, either for life or death.

"That forenoon in which the coroner was expected, some Christian friends from Gam'gay paid me a visit, and spent several hours in prayer, and pleaded earnestly with the Lord on my behalf, that he would graciously appear for me, and glorify his name in my deliverance. This done, I retired, and was

much enlarged in begging the divine presence this day, and that I might not have so much as a dejected countenance, or be in the least daunted before them. I thought to stand before a company of men for the murder of my own father, though I knew my innocence, would make me sink, unless I had much of the Lord's presence to support me. I thought, Should I appear dejected or daunted, people would conclude that I am guilty, therefore I begged of God that he would carry me above the fears of men, devils and death, and give me faith and courage to lift up my head before my accusers. Immediately that scripture darted into my mind, Job xvii. 9, 'The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.' Then I broke out, Lord thou knowest my heart, and my hands are clear in this matter. This was such a suitable word that I could hardly have had such another, and the Lord made every tittle of it good before the sun went down, so that I was helped to look mine enemy in the face with boldness.

"Presently word was brought that the coroner and jury were at my brothers; and when they had put up their horses they came to view the corpse. I sat with some neighbours by the fire, as they passed through the house into the room where my father lay; some of the jurymen came, and, taking me by the hand, with tears running down their cheeks, said, 'Pray God be thy comfort; thou art as innocent as I am, I believe.' Thus one and another spake to me, which I looked upon as a wonderful mercy to find they believed me not guilty.

"When the coroner had viewed the corpse, he came to warm himself by the fire where I sat, and looking steadfastly at me he said, 'Are you the daughter of the deceased?' I answered, Yes. He replied, 'Are you the person who was in the house alone with him when he was struck with death?' 'Yes, sir, I am she.' He then shook his head; at which I feared his thoughts were evil toward me.

"The jury also having taken their view, they went to dine at my brother's: after which they proceeded to business and sent for me. As I was going, my heart went out much to the Lord that he would stand by me. Then came these words, Isa. liv. 4, 'Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed.' And before I came to my brother's house, my soul was made like the chariots of Aminadab, being wonderfully supported, even above what I could ask or think.

"When I got there, my brother sent for Mr. Farry, who not

coming soon, he sent again; at last he came. Then the coroner called the witnesses, being my brother's men, who were sworn; he asked them whether they were present when my father died? what words they heard him speak? &c. And when they had answered, he called Mr. Farry, and gave him his oath. 'Come,' said he, 'as you are the occasion of our coming together, we would know what you have to say about this maid's murdering her father, and on what grounds you accuse her?' Mr. Farry, but in a confused manner, told the coroner of the late difference between my father and me, how I was shut out of doors, and that my father died but two nights after I was admitted. Nobody knew what to make of this strange preamble; but I stood in the parlour amongst them, with my heart as full of comfort as it could hold, being got above the fear of men or devils.

The coroner said, 'This is nothing to the matter in hand; what have you to accuse this young woman with? To which Mr. Farry replied little or nothing to the purpose; and at the same time returning cross answers, the coroner was very angry, and bid him stand by. Then I was called. 'Come, sweetheart,' said the coroner, 'tell us, where was you that night your father shut you out?' (for the man, who went to Bedford for him, had related matters as they rode along.) I answered, 'Sir, I was in the barn all night.'—'And was you there alone?'—'Yes, sir, I had nobody with me.' He shook his head and proceeded: 'Where did you go next morning?—'Sir, I staid in the yard till nine or ten o'clock, entreating my father to let me go in, but he would not.'

"At this he seemed concerned, and asked where I was the remaining part of the day? I said, at my brother's, and lay there the following night. 'When did your father let you come in?'—'On the Lord's day evening.'—'Was he well when you came in?'—'Yes, sir.'—'How long did he live afterward?'—'Till Tuesday night, sir.'—'Was he well that day?'—'Yes, sir, as well as I ever saw him in my life, and he eat as hearty a dinner.'—'In what manner was he taken, and at what time.'—'Near midnight, complaining of a pain at his heart. I heard him groan, and made all haste to light a candle; and when I came, I found him sitting up in his bed, and crying out of a pain in his heart; and he said he should presently die, which frightened me much, so that I could scarce get on my clothes; when I made a fire, and my father rose and sat by it. I got him something warm, of which he drank a little, but straining

to vomit, he fainted away, while I held his head, and could not leave him to call in assistance, fearing lest, in my absence, he should fall into the fire.'

"The coroner further proceeded: 'Was there nobody in the house with you?'—'No, sir,' I said, 'I had none with me but God. At length my father came a little again to himself, and went into the other room, whither I soon followed him, and found him fallen along upon the floor; at which sight I screamed out in a most dismal manner, yet I tried to raise him up, but in vain; till at last, being almost spent, I ran to my brother's in a frightful condition.'

"Having given him this relation, the coroner said, 'Sweetheart, I have no more to say to you;' and then addressed himself to the jury, whose verdict being given, he turned himself to Mr. Farry, and said, 'You, sir, who have defamed this young woman in this public manner, endeavouring to take away her good name, yea, her life also, if you could, ought to make it your business now to establish her reputation. She has met with enough in being alone with her father, when seized with death; you had no need to add to her affliction and sorrow; and if you were to give her five hundred pounds, it would not make amends.'

"He then came to me, and taking me by the hand said, 'Sweetheart, do not be daunted, God will take care of thy preferment, and provide thee a husband notwithstanding the malice of this man. I confess these are hard things for one so young as thou art, to meet with. Blessed be God for this deliverance, and never fear but he will take care of thee.' Then, addressing myself to the coroner and jury, I said, 'Sirs, if you are not all satisfied, I am free my father should be opened; as my innocence is known to God, I would have it known to you also, for I am not afraid of my life.'—'No,' replied the coroner, 'we are satisfied there is no need of having him opened; but bless God that the malice of this man broke out before thy father was buried.'

"The room was full of people, and great observation made of my looks and behaviour. Some gentlemen who were on the jury, as I was afterwards told, said that they should never forget with what a cheerful countenance I stood before them. I know not how I looked, but this I know, my heart was as full of peace and comfort as it could hold. The jurymen were all much concerned for me, and were observed to weep when the

coroner examined me. Indeed I have abundant cause to bless God that they were deeply convinced of my innocence, and I have heard some of them were so affected with my case that they would speak of me with tears a twelvemonth after.

"When the coroner and company were gone, we sent again to our friends to invite them to the funeral, which was on Saturday night. I now thought my trials on this account were over, and that Mr. Farry had vented all his malice, but was mistaken; for seeing he could not take away my life, his next attempt was to deprive me of that substance my father had left me. Accordingly, he sends for my brother-in-law, as he was going from my father's grave, and informed him how things were left in the will, telling him that his wife was cut off with a shilling, but that he could put him in a way to come in for a share. (Mr. Farry was an attorney, and made the will about three years before her father's death, at which time he put her father forward to give her more than her sister, because of a design he then had of marrying her; but upon her going to the meetings and becoming religious, he turned to be her bitter enemy, was filled with implacable malice and hatred, and did all in his power to prejudice the mind of her father against her. She knew not but that the will had been altered, but it was not.)

"This was a new trouble. My brother-in-law (not her own brother who attended the meeting, and sympathized with her under her sufferings, as before related, but her sister's husband) threatened, if I would not resign part of what my Father had left, he would begin a suit at law. Mr. Farry prompted him on, saying, 'Hang her, drown her; do not let her go away with so much more than your wife,' &c. And to law we were going, to prevent which, and for the sake of peace, I satisfied my brother with a handsome present.

"About a month after my father was buried, another report was spread at Biggleswade, that Agnes Beaumont had now confessed she had poisoned her father, and was quite distracted. 'Is it true?' said some. 'Yes, it is true,' said others. I have heard the defaming of many; 'report, say they, and we will report it.' Jer. xx. 10.

"But I was determined, if it pleased God to spare me till next market-day, I would go and let them see I was not distracted, and accordingly went (though it was frost and snow)

on Wednesday morning; I called at my sister Eveart's to rest, and when the market was at the height, showed myself among the people, which put a stop to their business for a time; for their eyes were upon me, and some I saw whispering and pointing, and others talking in companies, while I walked through and through with this thought, If there were a thousand more of you, I would lift up my head before you all. That day I was well in my soul, and therefore exceeding cheerful. Many people came and spake to me saying, 'We now see that you are not distracted.'

"Some I saw cry, but some others laughed; O! thought I, mock on, there is a day coming that will clear up all. That was a wonderful scripture, Psalm xxxvii. 6, 'And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon day.'

"After this another report was raised, in a different part of the country, that Mr. Bunyan was a widower, and gave me counsel to poison my father, that he might marry me; which plot was agreed on, they said, as we went to Gam'gay. But this report rather occasioned mirth than mourning, because Mr. Bunyan at the same time had a good wife living.

"Now, thought I, surely Mr. Farry has done with me; but the next summer a fire broke out in the town; how it came to pass no one could tell, but Mr. Farry soon found a person on whom to charge it, for he affirmed that it was I who set the house on fire; but, as the Lord knoweth, I knew nothing of this fire till the doleful cry reached my ears. This malicious slander was not much regarded.

"Thus I have related both the good and the evil things I have met with in past dispensations of Providence, and have reason to wish it was as well with my soul now as then. And one mercy the Lord added to all the rest, which I cannot but mention; namely, that he kept me from prejudice against Mr. Farry, for notwithstanding he had so greatly injured me, I was helped to cry to the Lord, and that with many tears, for mercy on his soul. I can truly say that I earnestly longed after his salvation, and begged of God to forgive him, whatever he had said or done to my hurt."

I cannot add much to this wonderful narrative, although I inquired not a little into the facts of it. I found Mrs. Beaumont's name written, *Agnis Behement*, in Bunyan's Church Book; and pronounced Behment, in the neighbourhood of

Gamlingay. There is also a vague tradition in that country, that Farry robbed a widow, who first made him refund, and then, instead of forgiving him, or praying for him, as Agnes Behment did, prosecuted him. Bunyan's memory, and that of Agnes, are still fresh and fragrant in Gamlingay, and throughout all the neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BUNYAN'S PASTORSHIP.

Although Bunyan began to preach in 1656, he was not ordained until 1671. The record in the Church Book, which I have examined, runs thus;—"On the 24th of August, 1671, the Church were directed to seek God about the choice of Brother Bunyan to the office of Elder or co-pastor: to which office he was called on the 24th of the tenth month in the same year, when he received of the Elders (the other Pastors) the right-hand of fellowship." Thus the Church chose and ordained him, whilst he was yet a prisoner. But his imprisonment was not strict at the time. His name appears in the Minutes of the Church Meetings in 1669, 1670, and 1671. I found also three appointments for him in 1668, to visit disorderly members of the Church. This freedom must, I think, be ascribed to the Jailor: for, as Ivimey justly observes, "The tide in the House of Commons ran strongly on the side of persecution" at the time. The Conventicle Act was revived in 1669, with new and inhuman clauses, and received the royal assent early in 1670. In the face of this ferocious edict, however, the Church at Bedford elected Bunyan! They thought, perhaps, that the very ferocity of the Act would defeat itself. Or, if they were not thus far-sighted in the *impolicy* of craft and cruelty, they evidently had faith in the religious maxim,—"That man's extremity is God's opportunity."

It is a curious fact, that Bunyan followed up his ordination by answering Dr. Fowler's work on "The Design of Christianity." This was a bold stroke, and as speedy as it was spirited: for he says to the Doctor, "I could not obtain your work till this 13th of the Eleventh month; which was too *soon* for you, Sir;" and yet he finished his masterly answer on "the 27th of the Twelfth month, 1671." It was published in a small quarto, containing 118 pages, by "Smith, at the

Elephant and Castle, near Temple-Bar," and is dated "from Prison." It is, although not "one of his *best* pieces," as Ivimey says, yet a very remarkable treatise on Justification by faith: and must have completed the confidence of the Church in their choice of Bunyan to the pastorate. They had long known him as a *good* Minister of Jesus Christ, and it proved him to be an *able* Minister of the New Testament. Fowler also found him so; and in his rage under the lash, got up 78 pages of unparalleled Billingsgate, in an answer entitled "Dirt Wip't off, or a manifest discovery of the gross ignorance, erroneousness, and most unchristian and wicked spirit of John Bunyan, Lay Preacher in Bedford; which he hath shown in a vile pamphlet." This tirade was published in 1672, "by Royston, bookseller to His most sacred Majesty;" and with the Lambeth *imprimatur* of Tho: Tomkyns. It does not bear Fowler's name; but pretends to be the work of an anonymous friend. And it may have been written by an amanuensis: but, throughout, it is evidently the dictate of Fowler himself. I am compelled to say this, after many zealous efforts to remove the odium of vulgar scurrility from a scholar who reached the bench. The only thing creditable to him in the affair, is, that he did not wear his *mask* well enough to conceal himself. A worse man would have worn it better.

Those who have the opportunity of reading Bunyan's work on Justification, will enjoy it most by viewing it as the breathings of his spirit, whilst his ordination vows were fresh upon his memory and conscience. Perhaps, he *intended* it to prepare his church for his stated ministry, quite as much as to warn the public against Fowlerism. That church had passed a resolution in 1660, which I have copied from their minutes, "That Brother Bunyan do *prepare* to speak" before them, and "that Brother Whiteman *fail not* to speak to him of it." He did not forget this requisition to *prepare*, when they called him to be a pastor, eleven years afterwards. Then he proved to them, by his answer to Dr. Fowler, that he was prepared.

I mention this, to show that such churches did not admit preachers indiscriminately, although they often called forth uneducated men, of whose talents and piety they had "good experience." So far were they from countenancing *ignorant* men, that they subjected their candidates to an ordeal of preaching or expounding before the church, to which the theological examination of a Bishop's Chaplain, apart from the Greek and

Hebrew of it, is a gentle probation. I do not mean, of course, that they were questioned or tested by a formula ; but that they had to approve themselves sound in the faith and mighty in the Scriptures, to a prayerful and thoughtful assembly of men and women, who made the Bible all in all in religion. Neither assent nor consent to a creed satisfied these churches. They judged candidates for holy orders, by their gift in prayer, and their power in preaching. They expected a confession of faith from them at their ordination ; but it rather consisted of definitions and reasons, than of *forms* of sound words. Let any one who doubts this, read Bunyan's Confession of Faith, in the first volume of his Works. There, indeed, it has no date; and thus it is not known as the avowal he made at his ordination. It was, however, published in 1672, the year after his ordination, and whilst he was yet in prison. I have ascertained this from a list of his works, which he himself enabled his friend, the Rev. Charles Doe, to draw up. I am indebted to Mr. Kilpin and his friends, of Bedford, for an original copy of the Circular, in which Doe published this list. It bears date 1691, three years after Bunyan's death.

This clue to the *succession* of his works enables me to throw some light upon the history of his pastorate, which has hitherto been unknown. His Confession of Faith was accompanied with what he calls "A Reason of my Practice ; showing that I can communicate with those visible saints that differ about Water Baptism." This Reason set the champions of strict communion in a rage. They had long annoyed him; but now they slandered him. He calls their work " A Book written by the *Baptists*, and published by Mr. T. P. (Paul) and Mr. W. K. (Kiffin ?)" It appeared just as he was entering upon his pastoral duties, and upon his old itineracies, as a free man. This was the *nick* of time they chose for an attack upon his "low descent," and for "stigmatizing" him as "a person of that rank which need not to be heeded or attended unto." Accordingly, his answer to T. Paul (for he " forgave Mr. Kiffin, and loved him never the worse") came out in 1673. But, although full of argument and amenity, it was lost upon Paul. He rushed to the rescue again, more foul-mouthed than ever, and brought with him Danvers and Denn, to fall upon Bunyan " with might and main." Not content with impugning his morals, they began, he says, " to cry out *murder*, as if I intended nothing less than to accuse them to the magistrate." *Works*, vol. iii. p. 1268. Another of the party, Dan, told

Bunyan before Paul's second pamphlet was published, that it would *provoke* him to what he calls, "the beastly work, of replying to bitter invectives." But it did not. He left the party to the corrosion of "the vinegar of their own spirit," and published, in 1674, his "Peaceable Principles and True." Thus he was occasionally diverted from his favourite itineracies in the county, and distracted in his ministry at Bedford, by the *Ishmaels* of both the General and Particular Baptist Churches. He did not, however, neglect his own church. In 1675, he published, for the benefit of their "carnal relations," as well as for general use, his masterly catechism, entitled "Instruction for the Ignorant;" and about the same time also, his elaborate work on eternal redemption by Christ, entitled "Light for them that sit in Darkness." These were followed, in 1676, by his "Strait Gate," and "Salvation by Grace." This list will convey some idea of his labours as a teacher: and what he was as a pastor, who looked well to the state of his flock, will be best seen in his treatise on "Christian Behaviour," which was published in 1674; and in his work on "The Fear of God," in 1679. There is enough in any of these pastoral remonstrances to exasperate *hypocrites*, as well as to ripen the imperfect. Accordingly, the practical tone of his ministry at this time so exasperated John Wildman, one of the members of the church, that he charged Bunyan with inducing wives to inform against their husbands. This charge the church investigated in 1680, and found it such a wanton slander on Bunyan and the sisterhood, that they unanimously voted Wildman "an abominable liar," and dealt with him accordingly.—*Church Book.* It is delightful to read the respectful and affectionate terms in which Bunyan is mentioned in the minutes of the church meetings.

Besides his stated labours in Bedford and its immediate vicinity, he often visited London, "where his reputation," says Dr. Southey, "was so great, that if a day's notice were given, the meeting-house at Southwark, at which he generally preached, would not contain half the people." "I have seen by my computation," says his friend Charles Doe, "about twelve hundred persons to hear him at a morning lecture, on a working day, in dark winter time. I also computed about three thousand th at came to hear him at a town's-end meeting-house; so that half were fain to go back again for want of room: and then himself was fain at a back door to be pulled

almost over people to get up-stairs to the pulpit."—*Doe's Circular.*

The Chapel in Southwark is said to have been in Zoar Street; but it no longer exists as a Chapel. Some years ago, a writer in the Monthly Magazine ascribed the origin of the building to Bishop Barlow. A most unlikely source! The mistake was accordingly, soon and ably exposed by B. Hanbury, Esq.

Bunyan seems to have preached frequently at Pinner's Hall also. His Sermons on "The Greatness of the Soul" were delivered there; and they well account for the *electrifying* effect of his ministry. It is impossible to read them without exclaiming, "Hell is open before him, and Destruction without a covering!" I know of nothing so awful. He makes the reader *hear* "the sighs of the lost soul." It will be some explanation of this, to quote a passage from the Work. He says, "Once I dreamed that I saw two (persons) whom I knew, in hell: and methought I saw a continual dropping from heaven as of great drops of *fire*, lighting upon them to their sore distress. Oh, *words* are wanting,—*thoughts* are wanting,—imagination and fancy are poor things here! Hell is another kind of place than any alive can think." Thus he seems to have had awful dreams, besides those in early life. These Sermons where preached in Pinner's Hall; and probably the very Sermons which led Dr Owen to say to Charles II., when the King upbraided him for hearing an "illiterate Tinker prate," "Please your Majesty, could I possess that Tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning." Dr. Southey says, "That this opinion would have been discreditable to Owen, if he really entertained it, and the anecdote were entitled to belief." There is much truth in this remark. Owen's learning has been of more use to the Church than Bunyan's genius, so far as her theology is concerned. And yet, if Owen heard the Sermons at Pinner's Hall, which is not unlikely, as they seem to have been preached whilst his *asthma* unfitted him to preach, and thus whilst he was preparing to give an account of the *souls* he had won rather than of the books he had written, we can hardly wonder at his opinion; for their power and pathos eclipse all learning, and throw every thing into the shade, but the wisdom which "winneth souls."

Bunyan seems to have visited London annually, almost from his liberation until his death. The principal part, how-

ever, of the time he could spare from Bedford, was devoted to "the region round about." Accordingly, not a few of the Baptist Churches in the county trace their origin to "*Bishop* Bunyan's itineracies;" as do some also in the adjoining counties of Cambridge, Hertford, Huntingdon, Buckingham, and Northampton; so wide was his influence, as well as his labours. His maxim in these tours was, "If I can pluck souls from the clutches of the devil, I care not where they go to be built up in their holy faith."

Amongst the first fruits of his labours in a dark wood near Hitchin, where he often preached at midnight, were the ancestors of the well known FOSTER family, to whom the cause of Missions owes so much in Cambridge, Biggleswade, Huntingdonshire, and Hitchin. Not more, however, than they owe to Bunyan; as they frankly acknowledge. How I envied my friend Michael Foster, Esq. of Huntingdon, Surgeon, when he said to me, "you may suppose the grateful emotions of my soul, when I think that my ancestors saw with their eyes, and heard with their ears, *the* PILGRIM himself; and set out with him from the City of Destruction; and are now with him in the Heavenly City." The descendants of many such ancestors might have been able to say the same, had they been equally careful to ascertain the fact: for "thousands of Christians in country and town," says Charles Doe, "can testify that their comforts under his ministry have been to an admiration, so that their joy showed itself by much weeping. His Pilgrim's Progress wins so smoothly upon the affections, and so insensibly distils the Gospel into them, that a *hundred thousand* have been printed in England, besides that it hath been printed in France, Holland, New England, Welch; whereby the Author hath become famous, and (it) may be the cause of spreading his other Gospel-Books over the European and American world, and in process of time may be so to the whole Universe."—*Doe's Circular.*

Doe's enthusiasm is delightful. Indeed, but for his zeal to preserve the whole of Bunyan's Works, not a few of them must have been lost. He calls himself in his Circular as he well might, "The Struggler for the Preservation of Mr. Bunyan's Labours, in Folio;" and he did struggle *hard*, although he had only been acquainted with Bunyan about two years. He tried to get out a Folio Edition, even whilst Bunyan was alive to correct it: but an "*interested* Bookseller," he says, "opposed it." He was more successful in 1690. He obtained

400 Subscribers to the first Volume: but failed, I believe, to bring out the second. His mantle and spirit fell, however, upon Bunyan's successor, Chandler; and on Wilson of Hitchin. If I have caught any portion of the STRUGGLER's spirit in preserving Bunyan's Remains, I owe it to the enthusiasm of my venerable friend the Rev. Samuel Hillyard of Bedford—now, alas, unable to represent his great predecessor in the pulpit, but still glowing with the sacred fire which warmed my heart for this Work twenty-five years ago. I wrote some of the last pages of Bunyan's Life, at Mr. Hillyard's side; and made him smile, notwithstanding his weakness, by charging him with introducing Bunyan into every *speech* he had made during this century. Before we parted he made me one of the witnesses to his *transfer* of Bunyan's Will into the ancient Book of Bunyan's Church.

I ascertained at Bedford, during my visit, that Bunyan, although not arrested again after he entered upon his pastorate, was yet often pursued, and had some narrow escapes. One tradition is current in Bedford, which I do not like; but I cannot disprove it. It is said, that a constable who was about to seize him in Castle-Lane on a dark night, desisted on hearing him say,—"The *devil's* in the fellow: what does he want with me!" The constable let him go, under the conviction that John Bunyan would not have used such profane language. There is another version of this story, which is more probable. He was once overtaken when disguised as a waggoner, by a constable, who asked him if he knew that devil of a fellow, Bunyan? "Know him!" he replied, "you would be warranted to call him a devil, if you knew him as well as I once did." Neither of these stories, although both are current, seems characteristic. The *evasion* is not like the man, even if the profanity were justifiable. Not, however, that he was very *squeamish* about rough words. There are some *strange* words, in the early editions of the first part of the Pilgrim's Progress. He said once to a Cambridge Scholar, who interrupted him with some logical subtilties, whilst he was preaching in a barn, "Away with your *hellish* logic, and speak Scripture." The Cantab replid, "It is blasphemy to call logic hellish; for it is our reason, and thus the gift of God, which distinguisheth man from a beast." Bunyan's answer was like himself; "SIN distinguisheth a man from a beast. Is sin, therefore, the *gift* of God?"—*Doe's Circular.*

But in whatever way Bunyan escaped from his pursuers,

during the last years of Charles II., he did escape. Doe says, "It pleased the Lord to preserve him out of the hands of his enemies, in the severe persecution at the latter end of King Charles II.'s reign, though they *often* searched and laid wait for him, and sometimes narrowly missed him." *Ibid.*

About this time he published "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman;" "A Holy Life, the Beauty of Christianity;" "The Pharisee and Publican;" with some smaller Treatises. I say, *published;* because Doe's list is no clue to the date of their composition. He, unfortunately, did not inquire of Bunyan how many of his Books were written in prison: or if he did he paid but little attention to the answer. Hence his account is, "Whilst Bunyan was in prison he wrote *several* of his *published* Books, as by *many* of their Epistles appears, as, "Pray by the Spirit; Holy City; Resurrection; Grace Abounding, and *others;* also the Pilgrim's Progress, as himself and many others have said."—*Doe's Circular.* This is very unsatisfactory. The Work out of which the Pilgrim sprang, whichever it may be, was written in prison. The Heavenly Footman is generally (but unwarrantably) supposed to be the germ of that Allegory: but that Work was still in manuscript when Doe wrote his list. I have had, therefore, to judge chiefly by *internal* evidence, when I have assigned other Books, or passages of them, to the prison. I may thus be occasionally wrong in the case of mere passages: and yet, I can hardly be very far wrong; for the *smell* of a prison is even more distinguishable than "the smell of the lamp." in theology. No one, however, will be so much pleased as myself by the detection of any anachronisms, if such there be, in this volume. I have had no purpose, which errors can help; and, therefore, have no feelings, which their exposure can hurt. Besides, it is worth while to obtain just views of both the process and progress of the development of Bunyan's mind; for as it waxed, but never *waned,* all its places are improvements, and thus lessons which Philosophy should study, and Theology commend.

I cannot conclude my brief account of his Pastorship, better than in the words of an old Elegy on his death:

> "He in the *Pulpit* preached Truth first, and then,
> He in his *Practice* preached it o'er again."
>
> *Kilpin's and White's Notes.*

CHAPTER XLIV.

BUNYAN'S BIBLIOGRAPHY.

In a work which is designed to illustrate the compositions of Bunyan from every source capable of affording either interest or information,—some bibliographical notices respecting his most famous production appear to be equally natural and appropriate: for though it is certain that little original matter can be communicated respecting the supposed literary prototype of the Pilgrim's Progress, it may be useful to recapitulate, from a variety of sources not commonly consulted, the very *strange* notions which have been brought forward respecting it; which will be preceded by a few particulars relative to the more remarkable editions of the book.

There is probably no one that *truly appreciates* the character of the Author of the wonderful allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress, who will either require or believe in any other original for that work, than the scripture metaphor that human life, and especially a life of Christian holiness, is a pilgrimage "from this world to that which is to come." The image itself was practically introduced when "the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee," (*Gen.* xii. 1:) concerning which call the Apostle adds to the historian, that he obeyed and "went out not knowing whither he went." (*Heb.* xi. 8.) Hence Jacob described both his own life and the lives of his progenitors, by the very name of a pilgrim's progress, when he said, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage *are* an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." (*Gen.* xlvii. 9.) Such were the simple facts; but even in the times of the patriarchs, this wandering and occasional sojourning in various places was regarded as *purely typical;* which is proved by the testimony of St. Paul when he is writing to the Hebrews of the

ancient faithful deceased, who "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims upon the earth," that "they sought a country," and that Abraham really "looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," *Heb.* xi. 13, 14,) as opposed to a temporary encampment of wandering tribes. A connecting link in the employment of the metaphor between the very ancient period to which the Apostle refers and his own times, is furnished by David; and the passage also proves that the expression "pilgrimage" was really allegorical, since it was written long after the children of Israel were in full possession of "the land of their pilgrimage," and a permanent temple to the Almighty was about to be erected therein. At the time that the king blessed the Lord, when the people offered willingly towards the erection of the temple, even in the midst of his prosperity and honour, he says, "We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." (1 *Chron.* xxix. 15. *Psalm* xxxix. 12.)

These particulars are not only well known to all the religious readers of Bunyan, but probably also to his readers in general; and they are now adduced only to show that to a mind so filled with divine literature as his, without regarding the extraordinary talent which he possessed, there is no sort of reason for looking any farther than the Scriptures for the original of his immortal allegory: since, in the very first of the inspired books is discovered,—to employ his own expression,—"the manner of the pilgrim's setting-out," whilst in the last is contained the inexpressibly splendid description of that glorious "Celestial City," which it was the sole effort and aim of the spiritual traveller to arrive at. From these remarks in favour of Bunyan having derived his ideas and inspiration *from the Scriptures alone*, it will be proper in the next place to consult his own account of the origin of this very remarkable composition, which, in human language, appears to have been purely accidental: it occurs in some of his most characteristic lines in the commencement of "The Author's Apology for his Book."

> "When at the first I took my pen in hand
> Thus for to write,—I did not understand
> That I at all should make a little Book,
> In such a mode: nay, I had undertook
> To make another; which when almost done,
> Before I was aware, I this begun.

And thus it was: I, writing of the way
And race of saints in this our gospel-day,
Fell suddenly into an allegory
About their journey and their way to glory."

If the date of the first impression of the Pilgrim's Progress were accurately known, there would probably be neither doubt nor difficulty in stating what was the work upon which the Author was employed when the thought of this allegory occurred to him. The tract was formerly considered to have been, very possibly, "The Heavenly Footman, or description of the man that gets to heaven, together with the way he runs in, the marks he goes by; and also some directions how to run so as to obtain." The epithet "Footman" is here used in the sense which it bore down to the end of the seventeenth century, namely, that of a domestic who runs before a carriage, or of a traveller on foot,—on account of the similarity between such a person and one who

——————— "runs and runs
Till he unto the Gate of Glory comes."

The following passage in that tract indicates some features of the Pilgrim's Progress, though it is now more probably ascertained, from unquestionable authority, to be noticed presently, that the work was written nearly twenty years before its supposed prototype. "Though the way to heaven," says Bunyan, "be but one, yet there are many crooked lanes and bye-paths shoot down upon it, as I may say. And notwithstanding the kingdom of Heaven be the biggest city, yet usually those bye-paths are the most beaten: most travellers go those ways; and therefore the way to heaven is hard to be found, and as hard to be kept in, because of these." Dr. Southey rightly remarks that the works of Bunyan amount to about sixty books, which "have been collected into two folio volumes, but indiscriminately arranged, and without any notice of their respective dates; and this is a great fault; for, by a proper arrangement, or such notices, the progress of his mind might more satisfactorily be traced." The information which is here so much desired, has been almost *completely* supplied to the Author of the present work, in an original impression of a prospectus for printing the whole of the writings of Bunyan in two volumes folio, issued in 1691, only three years after his death, and one year before the edition which was published by

the Baptist ministers, Ebenezer Chandler and John Wilson. This prospectus is printed in small folio; and contains thirty "Reasons why Christian people should promote, by subscriptions, the printing in folio the labours of Mr. John Bunyan, late Minister of the Gospel, and Pastor of the congregation at Bedford." It is attached to a copy of the first volume of the proposed edition, and is connected with an "Index, or alphabetical table of contents of the labours of that eminent servant of Christ;" with a blank space intended for the insertion of the name of any patron of the work, to whom it was to be presented "by Charles Doe and William Marshall, because of his good will in subscribing to the printing of this folio, 1691." The design appears to have been undertaken principally by Charles Doe, a Baptist Minister, who entitles himself "the Struggler for the preceding preservation of Mr. John Bunyan's labours in folio." He furnishes a short narrative of the Author's life, with some particulars of the edition and index then printed; but by far the most valuable part of this very interesting literary document is the following.

"A CATALOGUE-TABLE OF MR. BUNYAN'S BOOKS, AND THEIR SUCCESSION IN PUBLISHING; MOST(LY) ACCORDING TO HIS OWN RECKONING.

"*Note.* Those that are in Italic letter, are them that compose the First Folio: and the rest are intended, when time serves, for a Second Folio.

"1. *Gospel Truths opened.* 1656. 2. A Vindication of that. 1657. 3. Sighs from Hell. (Nine impressions.) 4. The Two Covenants: Law and Grace. 5. *I will pray with the Spirit.* 1663. 6. *A Map of Salvation*, etc. 7. The Four Last Things. (Three impressions.) 8. Mount Ebel and Gerrizem. 9. Prison-Meditations. 10. *The Holy City*, etc. 1665. 11. *The Resurrection*, etc. 1665. 12. Grace abounding, etc. (Six impressions.) 13. Justification by Jesus Christ. 1671. 14. Confession of Faith, etc. 1672. 15. Difference in Judgment, etc. 1673. 16. Peaceable Principles, etc. 1674. 17. Election and Reprobation, etc. 18. *Light for them in Darkness.* 19. *Christian Behaviour.* (Four impressions.) 20. *Instructions for the ignorant.* 1675. 21. *Saved by Grace.* 22. *The Strait Gate.* 1676. 23. THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. (Twelve impressions.) 24. The fear of God. 1679. 25. Come

and welcome to Jesus Christ. 26. The Holy War. 1682. 27. The Barren Fig-Tree. 28. The Greatness of the Soul, etc. 29. A Case of Conscience of Prayer. 30. Advice to Sufferers. 1684. 31. The Second Part Pilgrim's Progress. (Three impressions.) 32. Life and Death of Mr. Badman. 33. Holy Life, the Beauty of Christianity. 34. The Pharisee and Publican. 1685. 35. A Caution against Sin. 36. Meditation on 74 Things. 37. The First-day Sabbath. 1685. 38. The Jerusalem Sinner saved. 1688. 39. Jesus Christ an Advocate. 1688. 40. The House of God. 1688. 41. The Water of Life. 1688. 42. Solomon's Temple spiritualized. 43. The Excellence of a Broken Heart. 44. His Last Sermon at London. 1688. Twelve Manuscripts, part of the First Folio. 45. *Exposition on Ten first Chapters of Genesis.* 46. *Justification by imputed Righteousness.* 47. *Paul's Departure and Crown.* 1692. 48. *Of the Trinity and a Christian.* 49. *Of the Law and a Christian.* 50. *Israel's Hope encouraged.* 51. *Desires of the Righteous granted.* 52. *The unsearchable Riches of Christ.* 53. *Christ a compleat Saviour in's Intercession.* 54. *Saint's Knowledge of Christ's love.* 55. *House of the Forest of Lebanon.* 56. *A Description of Antichrist.* 1692. Four Manuscripts yet unprinted. 57. A Christian Dialogue. 58. The Heavenly Footman. 59. A Pocket Concordance. 60. An Account of his Imprisonment.—Here's Sixty Pieces of his labours, and he was sixty years of age."

It appears from this list, then, that the work on which Bunyan was engaged when the thought of the Pilgrim's Progress entered into his mind, was in all probability The Strait Gate, the image whereof is to be traced in that wicket-gate through which Christian enters on to the way of life. The date affixed to this composition is 1676, and the earliest copy of The Pilgrim's Progress at present known is the second, "with additions," printed in 1678; but the time thus supplied confirms the conjecture that the first impression must have appeared in the year previous. This supposition is also supported by an advertisement of the work with the title given at length, contained in "A continuation of a General Catalogue of Books printed and published at London, in Hilary Term, 1677. No. 14. Licensed, February 18th, $167\frac{7}{8}$." Small Folio. The book is announced, "price bound 1*s.* 6*d.* Printed for Nathaniel Ponder, at the Peacock in the Poultry:" in No. 22 of the same Catalogue for Hilary Term 1679-1680, the Fourth

edition of the Pilgrim is advertised with additions. It is probable that the latter reprint included all the most important improvements and augmentations which the author ever made in his work: for in an advertisement on the reverse of the frontispiece prefixed to the eighth edition, it is stated that the fourth "had many additions more than any preceding." In particular Dr. Southey notices "the whole scene between Mr. By-Ends and his three friends, and their subsequent discourse with Christian and Faithful," as having been "added after the second edition;" and he supposes that it was written with reference to some particular case, the name of the person intended being probably well known in Bunyan's circle. The same authority adds that although the ninth and tenth impressions are said to contain additions, they have no alterations whatever, and that there are certainly none to be found subsequently to the eighth reprint, excepting such verbal revisions "as an Editor has sometimes thought proper to make, or as creep into all books which are reprinted without a careful collation of the text."

Such appear to be the principal particulars which are now recoverable concerning the earliest editions of The Pilgrim's Progress; to which shall now be added some notices of remarkable subsequent impressions, previously to any farther consideration of the question as to what work contained the original germ of that exquisite composition. A series of decorations to Bunyan, was announced so early as *before* the eighth edition, printed in 1682; it being there stated in an advertisement on the reverse of the frontispiece, that "the publisher observing that many persons desired to have the book illustrated with pictures, hath endeavoured to gratify them therein; and beside *those that are ordinarily printed to the fifth impression*, hath provided thirteen copper-cuts, curiously engraven, for such as desire them." Another decorated edition was published in 1760, with sculptures by the accurate and laborious engraver, John Sturt, and in 1775, another appeared with twenty-two new sculptures; but perhaps the most celebrated of the older illustrated impressions has been that printed for Heptinstall, in 1791, and of the modern that edited by Dr. Southey in 1830, which also comprises the most complete and accurate text ever published. "The Pilgrim's Progress," says Dr. Southey, "has more than once been done into verse, but I have seen only one version, and that of only the First part. It was printed by R. Tookey, and to be sold by the booksellers of London

and Westminster; but if there be a date to this version, it has been worn off with the corner of the title-page." The first versification of this work was probably that by — Hoffmann, printed in 1706, adorned with cuts; another in blank verse by J. S. Dodd, M.D., appeared in Dublin in 1765; and a third was executed by the Rev. Charles Burdett, Rector of Guildford, in Surrey, and published in 1804.

"A stranger experiment," continues Dr. Southey, "was tried upon the Pilgrim's Progress, in translating it into other words, altering the names, and publishing it under the title of the Progress of the Pilgrim, without any intimation that this imitation is not an original work." It appeared "in two two parts compleat. Part I. His pilgrimage from this present world to the world to come; discovering the difficulties of his setting-forth, the hazards of his journey, and safe arrival at the heavenly Canaan. Part II. The Pilgrimage of Christiana, the wife of Christianus, with her four children; describing their dangerous journey and safe arrival at the land of the Blessed, written by way of Dream. Adorned with several new pictures. London: printed by W. O. for J. Blare, at the Looking-glass on London Bridge, 1705." In this edition "Evangelist is called Good-News; Worldly-Wiseman, Mr. Politic Worldly; Legality, Mr. Law-do; the Interpreter, Director; the Palace Beautiful, Grace's Hall; Vanity town is Mundus; the Giant is Giant Desperation of Diffident Castle;" and the prisoners released from it, instead of Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid, are "one Much-cast-down, and his kinsman Almost-overcome." "This would appear," adds Dr. Southey, "to have been merely the device of some knavish bookseller for evading the laws which protect literary property; but the person employed in disguising the stolen goods must have been a Roman Catholic, for he has omitted all notice of Giant Pope, and Fidelius suffers martyrdom by being hanged, drawn, and quartered. The dialogues are much curtailed, and the book, as might be expected, very much worsened throughout; except that better verses are inserted." It must be evident to all who possess the slightest taste for natural and genuine talent, that any attempts to improve its productions to make them accord with the prevailing language of the period, must terminate in a similar failure; or in such an absurd version as that which the Rev. Moses Browne executed of the exquisite Complete Angler of Izaak Walton; which he endeavoured to refine by "filing off some-

thing of that rust and uncouthness which time fixes on the most curious and finished things." It is, however, not a little surprising, that so late as the year 1811, an edition of the Pilgrim's Progress was published at Wellington, in the County of Salop, by the Rev. Joshua Gilpin, Vicar of Wrockwardine, in which "the phraseology of the author is somewhat improved, some of his obscurities elucidated, and some of his redundancies are done away." In this impression, also, the original poetry was altered.

There is no doubt that much of the religious charm in Bunyan's allegory is the extraordinary capability which it possesses of being read by a variety of sincere, though differing, Christians, as an almost *universal* spiritual language, to be understood and enjoyed with their own peculiar views, and yet worthy of all acceptation. This feeling might have been thought sufficient to prevent any Editor from attempting too much in the way of spiritual explanation; and probably the most effectual method of opening its mysteries, was that affirmed to have been employed near the time of the first publication of the Pilgrim's Progress, when several ministers thought it a pleasant and profitable exercise to read and explain it to their people in private meetings. Even the principal and most approved of these annotated editions of the work, are now too numerous to be recited in this place; but it may be noticed that in 1775 an impression was published, the preface of which stated that there were "now first added practical and explanatory notes; in which particular notice is taken of such circumstances as appear calculated to inform the judgment and warm the heart;" such notes being inserted beneath the text in the form of paragraphs. The separation of the work into chapters, appears to have been first adopted by the Rev. G. Burder, of Coventry, in his very favourite edition originally printed in 1786; and the preface contains the following account of his plan. "To render the Pilgrim's Progress of still greater use, this edition is presented to the public in a form entirely new. The work is divided into distinct sections, of a convenient length, the design of which is to oblige the reader to make a frequent pause; for so entertaining is the narrative, that the reader becomes interested in every transaction, and is tempted to proceed with a precipitation that excludes proper reflections. The reader is, then, assisted to improve these pauses by the explanatory notes." Mr. Burder's edition appears to have been always popular,

and has been frequently reprinted; and in the impression of 1791 is inserted a parallel between the Pilgrim's Progress and and Paradise Lost, by the Rev. Dr. Gillies, one of the ministers of Glasgow.

In closing these notices of the remarkable editions of Bunyan's renowned work, the foreign versions of it must not be passed over unnoticed. "I believe," says Dr. Southey, that "there is no European language into which the Pilgrim's Progress has not been translated;" though the French and Portuguese copies are somewhat accommodated to the views of the Roman Catholic Church. In Charles Doe's short narrative of the Author's life, already noticed, it is stated that the work "hath been printed in France, Holland, New England, and in Welsh; and about a hundred thousand in England; whereby they are made some means of grace, and the Author become famous, and may be the means of spreading his other gospel-books over the European and American world, and in process of time may be so to the whole universe."

It is not improbable that to the fulfilment of this desire is to be attributed the entire disappearance of the original edition of the Pilgrim's Progress; almost the whole impression having been carried out of England, and especially across the Atlantic, by those nonconformists who emigrated to Massachusetts between the years 1677 and 1684, or after the publication of the first part of the work, and before that of the second. If this supposition be true, the original impression will most probably be discovered in America; and the truth of it seems to be supported by the circumstance that the older religious emigrants were accustomed to deny the authenticity of the second part of the book, as not having been published by the author to their own personal knowledge. In the verses which are added at the end of the first part, Bunyan says to his reader,

> "——if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
> I know not but 't will make me dream again:"

but though the appearance of the second part was to be attributed partly to the triumphant success, and not at all to any neglect shown to the book,—certain dishonest imitators appear to have seized upon the hint, and, for the purpose of securing for their productions a success of which they were altogether unworthy, to have counterfeited "the pilgrim and

his name," to have adopted part of the title, and even half the name of the Author. The latter deception was probably executed thus, "Jo. Bun." according to a vicious practice of contracting signatures which prevailed through almost the whole of the seventeenth century. At length, however, the genuine second part was published, being certified not only by this imprimatur on the reverse of the title-page "I appoint Mr. Nathaniel Ponder, but no other to print this book. John Bunyan, January 1, 1681:"—but also by the matchless uniformity of the style and interest of the narrative, with such a prefatory copy of verses, entitled, "The Author's way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim," as no man living could have written excepting himself. Dr. Southey notices only one of these imitations, which he states has no other relation to the original work than the title; and rightly observes, that "it is by accident only that books of this perishable kind, which have no merit of their own to preserve them, are to be met with." —These notices of the bibliography of the Pilgrim's Progress, shall now be succeeded by some particulars of the various sources whence it has been so often affirmed to have been taken.

It is almost to be feared that the remote and secret spring of all the industrious inquiry after the original of Bunyan's work, may be traced to an envious wonder that an illiterate person, enlightened only by the Holy Spirit and an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures, should be found capable of producing a book which has not its equal in the literature of any period, for either language, treatment, or originality. Hence, instead of regarding it is a narrative perfect both as to design and execution, the proofs that a previous idea was suggested to the Author's mind seem to have been sought for chiefly in two particulars, which are altogether untenable and almost unworthy of examination: the occurrence of the word "pilgrim" or "pilgrimage" in the titles of older books, or some supposed resemblance in ancient engravings to certain remarkable scenes described in the Pilgrim's Progress. The oldest work which has been mentioned as such a prototype, is the celebrated Pilgrimage of the Soul; and as it is usual in examinations similar to the present to notice little more than the name of this composition, the reader will be certainly the better enabled to exonerate Bunyan from any imitation of the book, if some account of it is here inserted.

In the early part of the fourteenth century, when poetical al-

legories had become common, it was a very general practice to resolve such compositions into significations which they were never intended to bear. The famous Romaunt of the Rose was one of these poems, in which the poet couches the difficulties of an ardent lover obtaining the object of his passion under the allegory of a rose, which is gathered in a delicious, but almost inaccessible garden. "The theologians," continues Warton, in the Third Dissertation prefixed to his History of English Poetry,—"proved this rose to be the white rose of Jericho, the New Jerusalem, a state of grace, divine wisdom, the holy virgin or eternal beatitude; at none of which obstinate heretics can ever arrive. The chemists pretended that it was the Philosopher's-stone; the civilians, that it was the most consummate point of equitable decision; and the physicians that it was an infallible panacea. In a word, other professions in the most elaborate commentaries explained away the lover's rose into the mysteries of their own respective sciences. From this composition Guillame De Déguilleville, a priest of the Abbaye Royale of St. Bernard at Chagles, acknowledges that he took the idea of his poem entitled "Le Romaunt des Trois Pélérinaiges," out of which was derived the Pilgrimage of the Soul. In the work of De Déguilleville, the author relates that having seen in a vision the representation of the heavenly Jerusalem, he conceives a vehement desire to behold it in reality. Whilst he is considering the means of procuring the habit of a pilgrim, a beautiful female, called Grace of God, appears to him and gives him instructions for the journey, with the staffs of a palmer and a scarf, to which she offers to add a complete suit of armour; he declines the latter, however, and takes with him only the sling of David, with the five mystical stones which he carried against Goliath. The pilgrim encounters a great number of difficulties on his journey, but he overcomes them all by the assistance of his beautiful guide, who attends on him invisibly, and who has also given him a collection of prayers to recite by the way. He arrives at length at a monastery, where he finds new causes of vexation instead of that tranquillity which he sought. He is overthrown by Envy and Treachery, but the Lady Mercy recovers him, and he is conducted to the infirmary, where his wounds are dressed. Death, however, is awaiting him, and strikes him so violent a blow with his scythe that the dreamer is awakened, and the first part of the romance concludes. In the second part the subject is con-

tinued, and the author is dead; though he is conscious of his departure, and witnessed the funeral obsequies which are performed for his body, His soul soars away towards the celestial regions, but Satan arrests its flight, and it is constrained to reply to all the reproaches with which it is overwhelmed by the enemy of man. The saints, however, come to the aid of the spirit, Mercy puts to flight the fiend, and the soul is conducted by its good angel into Purgatory, the fires whereof purify it from all its pollutions. It is at length admitted into heaven; and under the guidance of the angel, is led through the blessed mansions, when a dazzling light awakens the sleeper and terminates the second pilgrimage. The third part consists only of the pilgrimage of Christ upon earth, taken from the Evangelists, interspersed with moral reflections.—The composition thus described, was originally written in octosyllabic verse, and met with the greatest success in the fourteenth century. The first pilgrimage was rendered into French prose by Jean Gallopez, a clerk of Angers, at the request of Jeanne I., Queen of Sicily, in 1485; the style of the whole having been previously improved by Pierre Virgin, a Priest of Clairvaux; but the *second part only* has been translated into English, and was printed by Caxton under the title of The Pilgrimage of the Soul, in 1483. After the preceding account of the work, it is not very probable that any reader will believe that it contains the germ of The Pilgrim's Progress, especially as the whole action of the piece passes in the world of spirits, and commences with the very period at which Bunyan concludes. Such readers, however, as may be desirous of seeing specimens of the language of this extremely rare work, may be gratified by consulting the first volume of Dr. T. F. Dibdin's edition of the Typographical Antiquities of Ames and Herbert, pages 153—158.

The Pilgrimage of Perfection, written by William Bond, a brother of Sion Monastery, and first printed by Wynkyn De Worde, in 1526, is another book cited against the originality of Bunyan, with as little propriety as the former. The devotional treatise, so called, is divided into three parts, of which the first shows that the Christian life is a pilgrimage; the second that it leaves the world, and the third contains the self-pilgrim, in a seven days' journey assigned to the seven days of the week, the first five containing the active life of religion, and the last two the contemplative life. The whole work is a collection of monastical literature and devotions,

comprising expositions of the Pater-noster, Creed, Ave, and Decalogue; with copious extracts from the Fathers and emblematical cuts of the Tree of Grace, the Tree of Vice, and "the Star of Grace, whose seven beauties be the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost." The very term "perfection" is employed in the old monastical sense of the word, namely, a life of poverty, self-denial and devotion, and not as the name of any place to which the pilgrim is travelling.

In 1627 the celebrated engraver Boetius Adam Bolswaert, published at Antwerp a series of twenty-seven small allegorical plates, which were brought forward some years since as certainly belonging to a book containing the original of The Pilgrim's Progress, extant in French, Spanish, Dutch, and other languages, long previous to Bunyan's time. The title of the work referred to, when translated into English, is "The Pilgrimage of Dovekin and Will-kin to their beloved in Jerusalem, with a narrative of their adversities and the end of their adventures; described and set forth in emblematical pictures by Boetius of Bolswaert:" and the design of the allegory is to exhibit the active progress of the natural will and elevated affections in a spiritual life. The contents of the volume are almost entirely in dialogue or soliloquy, the end of each chapter being succeeded by a short spiritual explanation given in a conversation between an enquirer and an interpreter; and the incidents of the narrative show that though the human will by following its own desires may perish, the warmth of devotional love will finally lead the affection in happiness to the Saviour. Dr. Southey has so well related the manner in which this book was first brought forward as Bunyan's original, and has given so good an analysis of the narrative, with so complete a vindication of the author of The Pilgrim's Progress,—that nothing more will be required in this place than a very few remarks on the hints supposed to have been suggested by the plates. One of these attached to chapter xvi. is considered to represent the Slough of Despond, which, however, in the very engraving is shown to be that which it is described in the text, a narrow winding marshy dyke *lying on the left hand, out of the pilgrim's road;* and Will-kin falls into it solely from going into a bye-path to look at some calves at play; all which circumstances present an image perfectly different from the broad miry slough in the midst of the plain, having the way to the strait gate lying directly over it. A village-fête with a dance for a garland, and a single puppet-

show with the stage of a mountebank, two separate plates prefixed to chapters v. and xxvii., have been referred to as the originals of the elaborate description of Vanity Fair, with which neither the text nor the plates of the Dutch work have anything in common. Lastly Will-kin begins to boast of her own works, and notwithstanding the entreaties of her sister Dove-kin, she mounts a lofty and dangerous rock in order to obtain a better prospect; but she is thence blown down by the wind of vanity into a deep pit full of noxious creatures, whence she cannot be delivered. The interior of this place is represented in the plate prefixed to chapter xxxii.; and as it exhibits Will-kin deploring her miserable condition in darkness, in the midst of a subterranean marsh, surrounded by serpents hissing at her, with lightning and storm pouring down upon her, the scene has been thought to have prefigured the Valley of the Shadow of Death in the Pilgrim's Progress. But the place of woe in the Dutch allegory is one of final despair, lying *out of the traveller's road*, and the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of the land of temporary distress described by Bunyan. The truth, however, is, that the same volume which supplied him with the inimitable title of "the Valley of the Shadow of Death," also furnished such a description of it as no pictorial representation could either suggest or express; and he refers at once to his authority by taking the words of the Prophet Jeremiah into his text. The Holy Scriptures, then, with the Acts and Monuments of John Foxe, appear to have contained all the literary materials possessed by Bunyan when he "lighted on a certain place in the wilderness of this world where there was a den;" for there is not anything in all his Pilgrim's Progress which cannot be satisfactorily referred to one of these, and this conclusion is in strict accordance with the uniform statement that they were the only books that he had with him in the prison. With respect to great similarities existing between some of the incidents of Bunyan and engraved emblems, the answer is plain, that the images in both were derived from the Scriptures, and therefore common to several different collections; that most of those books were probably never seen, and would certainly have been altogether disregarded, by him; and that his peculiar manner of treating his subjects proves the source to which he was indebted. Mr. Montgomery has noticed that a poem entitled the Pilgrimage, in Geoffrey Whitney's Emblems, first published at Leyden, in 1586, with the en-

graving prefixed to it, may have suggested the first idea of the story; for, he continues, if Bunyan had had Whitney's picture before him he could not more accurately have copied it in words, than in the passage where Evangelist directs Christian to the wicket-gate. In addition, however, to his being familiar with this image in the New Testament, it had been long since actually exhibited to him in a dream, which he has recorded in his Grace Abounding.

There seems never to have been any supposition that the Pilgrim's Progress was in the slightest degree indebted to The Parable of the Pilgrim, written by Dr. Simon Patrick, Bishop of Ely, and published in a thick small quarto in 1665. This work contains very few incidents, being little more than a series of long conversations between the pilgrim and his guide; it is well written in the language of the time, though somewhat heavy, and it contains not a few Roman Catholic legends; which have occasioned the remark "that Bunyan's Pilgrim is a Christian, but that Patrick's is a *pedlar* who deals in damaged wares."

With this work the present bibliographical notices may properly be concluded; but as it may be curious to put upon record the titles of some other books bearing titles somewhat similar to that of Bunyan, which are standing proofs of his originality and superiority,—a short list of them is here added, with the names of a few more, that are evidently modern imitations of the immortal Pilgrim's Progress.

The Pilgrimage to Paradise; compiled for the direction, comfort, and resolution of God's poore distressed children in passing through this irksome wildernesse of temptation and tryall. By Leonard Wright. *Lond.* 1591. 4to.

The Pilgrim's Journey towards Heaven. By William Webster. *Lond.* 1613. 8vo.

The Pilgrim's Practice, containing many Godly Prayers. By Robert Bruen. *Lond.* 1621. 8vo.

Two Treatises: namely, the Pearl of the Gospel, and the Pilgrim's Profession; with a glasse for gentlewomen to dress themselves by. By the Rev. Thomas Taylor, D.D. *Lond.* 1624. 8vo.

The Pilgrim's Passe to the New Jerusalem: or the serious Christian his enquiries after heaven. By M. R. Gent. *Lond.* 1659. 12mo.—A Collection of seven meditations on different passages of Scripture; the first of which is called "Abraham's profession and the pilgrim's condition: or the enquiring sojourner directed: a meditation on Genesis xxiii. 4."

The Pilgrim's Progress from Quakerism to Christianity. By Francis Bugg. *Lond.* 1698. 4to.

The Spiritual Pilgrim, or the Christian's Journey to the New Jerusalem. By Henry Wilson. *Lond.* 1710. 12mo.

Desiderius, or the original Pilgrim: a divine dialogue from the Spanish. By the Rev. Laurence Howel. *Lond.* 1717. 8vo.

The Female Pilgrim, or the Travels of Hephzibah: under the similitude of a dream. *Lond.* 1762. 8vo.

The Christian Pilgrim. By John Allen. *Lond.* 1800. 8vo.

The Pilgrimage of Theophilus to the City of God. *Wellington, Salop.* 1812. 8vo.

I owe much of this chapter to a literary friend, who will not allow me to name him; although I only furnished him with Boulsvert's Pilgrim, Charles Doe's Circular, and a few desultory hints, in proof of the fact that the Pilgrim's Progress grew out of "The Strait Gate." It will be observed that nothing is said of the *Third* part of the Pilgrim's Progress: I cannot join in this silence. That work may not be Bunyan's; but it is the production of a man of real genius. Mr. Newton said, that it was not like Aaron's rod which budded. It is, however, so highly wrought, and richly gemmed, that it is in some points, very like the Ark which enshrined that rod. Accordingly, Bunyan's first Biographer *claims* it for him; although his first Editor does not even mention it. My chief difficulty lies in the *artificial* structure of the work. Parts of it are like Dr. Patrick, and some of it is worthy of Butler. The *diamond* cave of Contemplation is worthy even of Milton. For my own part, therefore, I should be *glad* to find that it was Bunyan's. It is certainly not *like* him; but it is any thing but unworthy of him. The Critics who despise it are no *crafts*men, whatever else they may be. They forget, also, that the Life of Badman is a *fourth* form of Pilgrimage, in Bunyan's opinion, although there is no allegory in it. Bunyan, at least, says so; and he is surely the best judge of his own designs. See the Preface to the Life and Death of Mr. Badman.

CHAPTER XLV.

BUNYAN'S LAST DAYS.

BUNYAN evidently dreaded every new crisis in public affairs. He had reason to do so. Venner's conspiracy increased the severity of his first six years' imprisonment. On the occasion of the fire in London, he was thrown into prison again. As soon after James II. came to the throne, in 1685, Bunyan conveyed the whole of his property to his wife, by a singular deed, which can only be accounted for by his suspicions of James and Jefferies, and by his horror at the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. The asylum which the Refugees found in England, did not prove to him that he was safe. No wonder. "KIRKE and his *lambs* were abroad, and the Bedford Justices still in power."

It was under these suspicious circumstances, that he divested himself of all his property, in order to save his family from want, should he again be made a victim. These coincidences give a peculiar interest to the Deed of Conveyance; a facsimile of which, from the original, is now presented to the public. The history of its transmission I am unable to give. There is, however, not the shadow of a doubt rests upon its authenticity. Bunyan's own signature is unquestionable. I have been able also to verify that by the Instrument in which Ruffhead conveyed to Bunyan the ground on which his Chapel was built. The original is now endorsed on the back thus: "This Will is left by indenture hereunto subscribed, to the Rev. Samuel Hillyard, Minister of Bunyan's Meeting, to be presented to the Trustees of the said Meeting, to be held by them in continuance. Dated this 26th day of October, 1832. Bedford. Witness, A. Brandram, Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society; G. P. Livius; J. S. Grimshaw, Vicar of Biddenham." "According to the above statement, this writing of John Bunyan's was put into my hand at the death

of Mrs. Livius, and it is my wish that it should be attached to the Church Book. Samuel Hillyard." "Witness, Robert Philip, Author of the Life and Times of Bunyan; William White, Bookseller. Bedford, October 30th, 1838." Mrs. Livius, if not a descendant, was, I think, in some way related to the Bunyan family.

It will be seen that the Deed would not have secured the entire property to Mrs. Bunyan. It shows, however, Bunyan's solicitude for her comfort, and his confidence in her prudence. And his *Elizabeth* well deserved both!

Whatever Bunyan may have feared when he thus disposed of all of the little property he had, nothing befel him under James II. He published "The Pharisee and Publican," in 1685; the year of the King's accession: and in 1688, Charles Doe says, "he published *six* Books (being the time of K. James II.'s Liberty of Conscience.") This appears from Doe's list. It throws also much light upon Bunyan's death. Such labour could not fail to sap his strength, even if he did nothing but carry the six Books through the Press; for none of them are small, except the last. The usual account of Bunyan's death is, that he caught cold, whilst returning from Reading to London on horseback. Violent fever ensued, and after an illness of ten days, he resigned his spirit. Now all this is as true as it is brief: but is not all the truth. "He was seized with a *sweating* distemper," says Doe, "after he published six books; which, after some weeks going about, proved his death." *Doe's Circular.* This fact was not known even to his first Biographer. The Sketch in the British Museum states, that "taking a tedious journey in a slabby rainy day, and returning late to London, he was entertained by one Mr. Strudwick, a Grocer on Snow Hill, with all the kind endearments of a loving friend; but soon found himself indisposed with a kind of *shaking*, as it were an ague, which increasing to a kind of fever, he took to his bed, where, growing worse, he found he had not long to last in this world, and therefore prepared himself for another, towards which he had been journeying as a *Pilgrim* and stranger upon earth, the prime of his days."—P. 35.

The occasion of his journey to Reading, which has always been called, "a labour of love and charity," will now be more interesting than it hitherto has been. It was not undertaken by a man in *health;* but by an over-wrought Author, sinking

under "a sweating distemper." Mr. Ivimey's account of Bunyan's errand, being the best, I quote it :

"The last act of his life was a labour of love and charity. A young gentleman, a neighbour of Mr. Bunyan, falling under his father's displeasure, and being much troubled in mind on that account, and also from hearing it was his father's design to disinherit him, or otherwise deprive him of what he had to leave, he pitched upon Mr. Bunyan as a fit man to make way for his submission, and prepare his mind to receive him ; which he, being willing to undertake any good office, readily engaged in, and went to Reading in Bedfordshire, for that purpose. There he so successfully accomplished his design, by using such pressing arguments and reasons against anger and passion, and also for love and reconciliation, that the father's heart was softened, and his bowels yearned over his son.

"After Mr. Bunyan had disposed every thing in the best manner to promote an accommodation as he returned to London on horseback, he was overtaken with excessive rains ; and coming to his lodgings extremely wet, he fell sick with a violent fever, which he bore with much constancy and patience ; and expressed himself, as if he wished nothing more than to depart and be with Christ, considering it as gain, and life only a tedious delay of expected felicity. Finding his strength decay, he settled his worldly affairs, as well as the shortness of the time and the violence of the disorder would permit ; and after an illness of ten days, with unshaken confidence, he resigned his soul, on the 31st of August, 1688, being sixty years of age, into the hand of his most merciful Redeemer ; following his Pilgrim from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem, his better part having been all along there in holy contemplations, pantings and breathings after the hidden manna and the water of life."—P. 300.

As I cannot, of course, add any thing to this, it is the more incumbent upon me to preserve whatever else has been ascertained concerning Bunyan's death-bed. His first Biographer adds, "His prayers were fervent and frequent ; and he even so little minded himself, as to the concerns of this life, that he comforted those that wept about him, exhorting them to trust in God, and pray to him for mercy and forgiveness of their sins, telling them what a glorious exchange it would be, to leave the troubles and cares of a wretched mortality to live with Christ for ever, with peace and joy inexpressible, expounding to them the comfortable Scriptures by which they were to hope

and assuredly come unto a blessed resurrection in the last day. He desired some to pray with him, and he joined with them in prayer; and the last words, after he had struggled with a languishing disease, were, viz: 'Weep not for me, but for yourselves: I go to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will no doubt, through the mediation of his blessed Son, receive me, though a sinner, where I hope we ere long shall meet, to sing the new song, and remain for everlastingly happy, world without end. Amen!"—*Museum Sketch.*

We are indebted, most likely, to the Strudwick family, for the following "Dying Sayings" of Bunyan. They were first published by his successor, Chandler, in 1692.

MR. BUNYAN'S DYING SAYINGS.

Of Sin.

Sin is the great block and bar to our happiness, the procurer of all miseries to man, both here and hereafter; take away sin, and nothing can hurt us, for death temporal, spiritual, and eternal is the wages of it.

Sin, and man for sin, is the object of the wrath of God. How dreadful, therefore must his case be who continues in sin; for who can bear and grapple with the wrath of God?

No sin against God can be little, because it is against the great God of heaven and earth; but if the sinner can find out a *little* God, it may be easy to find out little sins.

Sin turns all God's grace into wantonness: it is the *dare* of his justice; the *rape* of his mercy; the *jeer* of his patience; the *slight* of his power; and the *contempt* of his love.

Take heed of giving thyself liberty of committing one sin, for that will lead thee to another; till by an ill custom it become natural.

To begin sin is to lay a foundation for a continuance; this continuance is the mother of custom, and impudence at last the issue.

The death of Christ giveth us the best discovery of ourselves; in what condition we were, so that nothing could help us but that; and the most clear discovery of the dreadful nature of our sins. For if sin be such a dreadful thing as to wring the heart of the Son of God, how shall a poor wretched sinner be able to bear it?

Of Affliction.

Nothing can render affliction so heavy as the load of sin; would you therefore be fitted for afflictions, be sure to get the burden of your *sins* laid aside, and then what afflictions soever you meet with, will be very easy to you.

If thou canst hear, and bear, the rod of affliction which God shall lay upon thee. remember this lesson, thou art *beaten* that thou mayest be better.

The Lord useth his *flail* of tribulation, to separate the chaff from the wheat.

The school of the cross, is the school of light; it discovers the world's vanity, baseness, and wickedness, and lets us see more of God's mind. Out of dark affliction comes a spiritual light.

In times of affliction, we commonly meet with the sweetest experiences of the love of God.

Did we heartily renounce the pleasures of this world, we should be very little troubled for our afflictions; that which renders an afflicted state so insupportable to many, is because they are too much addicted to the pleasures of this life; and so cannot endure that which makes a separation between them.

Of Repentance, and coming to Christ.

The end of affliction is the discovery of sin; and of *that*, to bring us to the Saviour; let us therefore, with the prodigal, return unto him, and we shall find ease, and rest.

A returning penitent, though formerly bad as the worst of men, may by grace become as good as the best.

To be truly sensible of sin, is to sorrow for *displeasing* of God: to be afflicted that he is displeased *by* us, more than that he is displeased *with* us.

Your intentions to repentance, and the neglect of that soul saving duty, will rise up in judgment against you.

Repentance carries with it a *divine rhetoric*, and persuades Christ to forgive multitudes of sins committed against him.

Say not to thyself, to-morrow I will repent, for it is thy duty to do it daily.

The gospel of grace and salvation, is above all doctrines the most dangerous, if it be received in *word* only by graceless men; if it be not attended with a sensible need of a Saviour, and bring them to him; for such men as have only the *notion*

of it, are of all men most miserable; for by reason of their knowing more than heathens, this shall only be their final portion, that they shall have greater stripes.

Of Prayer.

Before you enter into prayer, ask thy soul these questions. 1. To what *end*, O my soul! art thou retired into this place? Art thou come to *converse* with the Lord in prayer? Is he present, will he hear thee? Is he merciful, will he help thee? Is thy business slight, is it not concerning the welfare of thy soul? What words wilt thou use to move him to compassion?

To make thy preparation complete, consider that thou art but *dust* and *ashes;* and He the great God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that *clothes himself with light, as with a garment;* that thou art a vile sinner, and he a holy God; that thou art but a poor crawling worm, and he the omnipotent Creator.

In all your prayers, forget not to thank the Lord for his mercies.

When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without *words*, than thy words without *heart*.

Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.

The spirit of prayer is more precious than thousands of gold and silver.

Pray often, for prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan.

Of the Lord's-days, Sermons, and Week-days.

Have a special care to sanctify the Lord's day, for as thou keepest it, so will it be with thee all the week long.

Make the Lord's-day, the *market* for thy soul; let the whole day be spent in prayer, in repetitions, or meditations; lay aside the affairs of the other parts of the week; let the sermon thou hast heard be converted into *prayer:* shall God allow thee six days, and wilt thou not afford him one?

In the church be careful to serve God, for thou art in his eyes, and not in man's.

Thou mayest hear sermons often, and do well in practising what thou hearest; but thou must not expect to be told in a pulpit all thou oughtest to do, but be studious in reading the

scriptures, and other good books; what thou hearest may be forgotten, but what thou *readest* may better be retained.

Forsake not the public worship of God, lest God forsake thee; not only in public, but in private.

On the week-day, when thou risest in the morning; consider, 1. Thou must die; 2. Thou mayest die that minute; 3. What will become of thy soul. Pray often. At night consider, 1. What sins thou hast committed; 2. How often thou hast prayed; 3. What hath thy mind been bent upon; 4. What hath been thy dealing; 5. What thy conversation; 6. If thou callest to mind the errors of the day, sleep not without a confession to God, and a hope of pardon. Thus, every morning, and evening, make up thy account with almighty God; and thy reckoning will be the less at last.

Of the Love of the World.

Nothing more hinders a soul from coming to Christ, than a vain love of the *world;* and till a soul is freed from it, it can never have a true love for God.

What are the honours and riches of this world, when compared with the glories of a crown of life.?

Love not the world, for it's a *moth* in a Christian's life.,

To despise the world, is the way to enjoy heaven; and blessed are they who delight to converse with God by prayer.

What folly can be greater than to labour for the meat that perisheth, and neglect the food of eternal life?

God, or the world, must be neglected, at *parting* time; for then is the time of trial.

To seek yourself in this life, is to be lost; and to be humbled, is to be exalted.

The epicure that delighteth in the dainties of this world, little thinketh that those very creatures will one day witness against him.

On Suffering.

It is not every suffering that makes a man a martyr; but suffering for the word of God after a right manner; that is, not only for *righteousness*, but for righteousness' sake; not only for *truth*, but out of love to truth; not only for God's word, but according to it: to wit, in that holy, humble, meek manner, as the word of God requireth.

It is a rare thing to suffer aright, and to have my spirit in suffering bent against God's enemy, sin. Sin in doctrine, sin in worship, sin in life, and sin in conversation.

Neither the devil, nor men of the world, can kill thy righteousness, or love to it, but by thy own hand; or separate that and thee asunder, without thy own act. Nor will he, that doth indeed suffer for the sake of it, or out of love he bears thereto, be tempted to *exchange* it, for the good will of the whole world.

I have often thought that the best of Christians are found in the worst times; and I have thought again, that one reason why we are not better is, because God purges us no more: Noah, and Lot, who so *holy* as they in the time of their afflictions! And yet, who so *idle* as they in the time of their prosperity?

Of Death, and Judgment.

As the devil labours by all means to keep out other things that are good, so to keep out of the heart, as much as in him lies, the thoughts of passing out of this life into another world; for he knows if he can but keep them from the serious thoughts of *death*, he shall the more easily keep them in their sins.

Nothing will make us more earnest in working out the work of our salvation, than a frequent meditation of mortality; nothing hath a greater influence for the taking off our hearts from vanities, and for the begetting in us desires for holiness.

O! sinner, what a condition wilt thou fall into when thou departest this world; if thou depart unconverted thou hadst better have been *smothered* the first hour thou wast born; thou hadst better have been plucked one limb from the other; thou hadst better have been a dog, a toad, a serpent, than to die unconverted; and this thou wilt find true if thou repent not. A man would be counted a fool to slight a judge before whom he is to have a trial of his whole estate; the trial we are to have before God, is of *otherguise* importance; it concerns our eternal happiness, or misery, and yet dare we affront him.

The only way for us to escape that terrible judgment, is to be often passing a sentence of condemnation upon ourselves here.

When the sound of the trumpet shall be heard, which shall summon the dead to appear before the tribunal of God, the

righteous shall hasten out of their graves with joy, to meet their Redeemer in the clouds; others shall call to the mountains and hills to fall upon them, to cover them from the sight of their Judge; let us therefore in time be *posing* ourselves to know which of the *two* we shall be.

Of the Joys of Heaven.

There is no good in this life, but what is mingled with some evil. Honours perplex, riches disquiet, and pleasures ruin health. But in heaven, we shall find blessings in their purity, without any ingredient to imbitter; with every thing to sweeten it.

O! who is able to conceive the inexpressible, inconceivable joys, that are there? None but they who have tasted of them. Lord, help us to put such a value upon them here, that in order to prepare ourselves for them, we may be willing to forego the loss of all those deluding pleasures here.

How will the heavens echo for joy, when the bride, the Lamb's wife, shall come to dwell with her husband for ever!

Christ is the desire of nations, the joy of angels, the delight of the Father; what solace then must the soul be filled with, that hath the possession of him to all eternity.

O! what acclamations of joy will there be, when all the children of God shall meet together, without fear of being disturbed by the Antichristian and Cainish brood.

Is there not a time coming when the godly may ask the wicked, what profit they have in their pleasure? what comfort in their greatness? and what fruit in all their labour?

If you would be better satisfied, what the beatifical vision means, my request is, that you would live *holily*, and go and see.

Of the Torments of Hell.

Heaven and salvation is not surely *more* promised to the godly, than hell and damnation is threatened to, and shall be executed on the wicked.

O! who knows the power of God's wrath? none but damned ones.

Sinners' company are the devil and his angels, tormented in everlasting fire with a curse.

Hell would be a kind of paradise, if it were no worse than the *worst* of this world.

As different as grief is from joy, as torment from rest, as terror from peace; so different is the state of sinners from that of *saints* in the world to come."

Chandler & Wilson.

It will occur, I think, to every considerate reader, that all this could hardly have been said by Bunyan, during the short and sharp illness which terminated his life. He was, indeed, both calm and collected throughout; but still, his fever was "violent," and it proved fatal in "ten days." I am compelled, therefore, to regard most of these sayings as his occasional remarks during the whole period of his "sweating distemper," which lasted, Doe says, "some weeks." True, these were "weeks of going about:" but Strudwick's house was evidently Bunyan's *home;* and thus his sayings would be marked from the first by a family who loved him, when they saw him sinking under unnatural and severe perspirations. It required but little knowledge, and implied no weakness, to regard a *distemper* of this kind, even in a robust frame, as the forerunner of a speedy death. Thus the Strudwicks would begin to treasure up Bunyan's sayings, from the day they saw that he was no longer a healthy man.

CHAPTER XLVI.

TRADITIONS AND RELICS OF BUNYAN.

It is not because I have now but little room left, that this chapter is short; but because I am jealous of whatever seems *apocryphal*, in the case of Bunyan. Perhaps, too much so: for I have rejected not a few stories, which were brought under my notice, during my tours of inquiry. The fact is—I have felt deeply the responsibilities of my position; because, when my collections are restored to their several owners, this volume must be the chief *guide* of future biographers; and I would not, willingly, mislead them, nor tempt them into fruitless researches. There are, however, some traditions, which claim credence; and others which are worth clearing up, in the case of John Bunyan. His tomb, in Bunhill Fields, is one of the latter. There is more uncertainty rests upon that than I can account for. The public take for granted, because a panel of that tomb bears his name, and the date of his death, that the author of the Pilgrim's Progress is underneath. He was interred, however, at first, in the back part of that ground; now known as "Baptist Corner." The tradition (and I think the *probability*) is, that his friend Mr. Strudwick had "given commandment concerning his bones," that they should be transferred to the present vault, whenever an interment took place in it. Strudwick's own funeral was the first, in 1695; and, from the elegance of the tomb, he seems to have intended it rather for Bunyan than for himself. It does not say, however, that Bunyan is underneath: and I know persons of respectability, who affirm that he is not there. One gentleman assures me that the coffin was shown to him in another vault, in quite another quarter of the ground. My friend, Joshua Wilson, Esq., was told, twenty years ago, that Bunyan was not buried in Strudwick's vault. In like manner, some of the undertakers, who have interred in that vault, more than doubt the tradition, and regard the tomb as a cenotaph. On the other hand, the nephew of the late Chaplain of Bunhill Fields informs me, that his uncle invited him to see Bunyan's coffin in Strud-

wick's vault; and the son of the late Manager of the Graves always understood his father to mean, when he said "that Bunyan was not buried there," that it was not his *original* grave.

Such is the conflicting evidence in regard to this question. The probability is, however, that Bunyan's remains are in the vault of his friend Strudwick. On no other supposition can I account for his *name* being upon the *side*-panel of the tomb. Still, there are difficulties surrounding this supposition. The lowermost coffin in Strudwick's vault is of *lead;* and thus it is most likely his own. Besides, it is allowed that the coffin immediately above it is not a *leaden* one. Now, as Bunyan was, if not the Chaplain of Sir John Shorter, the Lord Mayor of London, yet his acknowledged "Teacher," as Dr. Southey has proved from Ellis' Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 161; and as there was an elegy on his death published under *civic* authority, a copy of which is in the possession of John Wilks, Esq.; he was evidently popular enough to obtain a leaden coffin when he died. But there are not two at the bottom of Strudwick's vault. This is acknowledged by those who have seen it, in the course of the present century. This fact bears equally hard, however, upon the coffin in the other vault: for if it be not lead, it could not have lasted till now, so as to be identified. Besides, there is no *vault* so old as 1688, in the "Baptist Corner" of Bunhill Fields.

I do not willingly *disturb* the public associations with Bunyan's tomb. Indeed, I regret that my own have been disturbed. It is, however, my duty to state opinion as it now stands; that, in the event of any future discovery, it may be known that we were neither ignorant of, nor indifferent to any thing connected with the memory of John Bunyan. For the sake of foreigners, I would add that his ostensible tomb is 25 E. 26.W. 26. N. 27. S., in Bunhill Fields, according to the present ground-plan. The inscription, so far as it regards him, has been repaired by the present Curator of the Cemetery, Mr. Upton, at his own expense.

I have spent much time in fruitless endeavours to trace out the descendants of Mr. Strudwick, in order to discover, if possible, some of Bunyan's private letters. Charles Doe says that his letters were "many:" I shall not, therefore, believe, *soon*, that they are all lost. Let others, however, help me in my researches.

I *gossip* away on the subject of Bunyan, as if every one

sympathized with my own enthusiasm : whereas many will *laugh* at me. Be it so. More will forgive me, and posterity will thank me, for "gathering up the fragments" with *zest* as well as zeal.

Bunyan's cottage is still, substantially, at Elstow, although somewhat modernized. The gable wall does not seem to have been much altered, when the side walls were rebuilt. Accordingly, the old woman who now occupies the cottage shows the place where Bunyan's *forge* was, and attests the identity of the chimney-piece where his *chair* stood. This chair she knew long and well, from having nursed in it a very old man, who was the owner of whatever remained of Bunyan's furniture. It was, she says, very heavy and roomy ; and she thinks that it is now in the Polehill family, in the neighbourhood. Indeed, she almost believes that one of that family was *chaired* in it, when he was elected a member of Parliament. Bunyan's other chair is in the possession of the Whitbread family, as is also his pulpit Bible.

Amongst Bunyan's furniture, which her old master inherited, she recollects some *book-shelves*, "black as coal, and highly polished ;" and a remarkable *chest*, which she could never find another name for, but "Noah's Ark," it was "so strange and roomy." She waxes quite eloquent, as she describes this ark ; and especially when she tells how often the old floor gave way beneath her feet up-stairs, before she could "bring her mind to let the cottage be pulled down." Almost the only thing she now has to *doat* upon, is the main beam of the old building ; and that she has cut so many *chips* from, in order to gratify visitors, that even I was afraid to tempt her to cut one for me. I left, indeed, with a very small one ; but her husband sent a larger to me, by Miss Hillyard.

These are the chief traditions and relics of Bunyan, at Elstow. His seat in the church is still pointed out; and the bell-tower, where he rang and trembled, is still perfect ; and the green, where he played at *bat*, retains all its dimensions and verdure ; but besides these things, I saw nothing unaltered, save the *moon* which shone upon them. Not a tree, nor a hedge, could be identified with Bunyan's early sports, or subsequent sorrows. The villagers, however, are all *alive* to the distinction he gave to Elstow.

The chief relic of him (for his house is just pulled down) in Bedford, is his Church Book ; and that is nearly perfect, except on one leaf, from which a specimen of Bunyan's writing

has been ripped off by some person. Next in curiosity to this book, and to the deed now transferred to it, is an ancient cabinet, of small size, but of exquisite workmanship, which Mr. White, the bookseller, purchased for the chapel, from the widow of a Baptist minister in the neighbourhood. It was long the property of a very old lady, usually called Madam Bithray, who was related to Bunyan. She gave it to the Rev. Mr. Voley, as a relic of the Pilgrim. The Pilgrim's *staff* also is in the possession of one of Mr. Voley's sons, who, it is said, would not part with it for any money. No wonder !

There is, in the Baptist Library at Bristol, a Concordance of Bunyan's, although not *the* Concordance which he had in prison. It is Dr. Owen's edition of Vavasor Powell's Pocket Concordance, and was most likely Bunyan's companion in his itineracies as a home missionary. The autographs it contains are unquestionably Bunyan's. His copy of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, so long in the possession of the Wontner and Parnell family, in London, was sold by auction some years ago, at a high price; but to whom, I cannot tell. The public have, however, in Dr. Southey's, and in Mr. Ivimey's Life of Bunyan, fac-similes of what he wrote under some of the prints in Foxe. I have not copied these, because I have presented better, although fewer. The signature of his deed is only a fair specimen of his usual handwriting. His *spelling*, however, seems to have been bad at all times. Here is a specimen of it in 1662:

> "Hear is John *hus*, that you may see,
> Uesed indeed with all crulity;
> But now leet us follow, and look one him,
> Where he is full feeld indeed to the brim."

It was not much better twenty years afterwards. The printers must, therefore, have taken great pains; for even their first editions of some of his books are very correct. This is, no doubt, one of the reasons why his publishers opposd Doe's folio edition. They had expended not a little money in bringing out the separate books. Not upon the *paper*, however; for it seems to have been the very worst they could obtain.

Amongst the few relics in my own possession is a shilling of Charles II., 1663, which was dug up in Bunyan's garden, and seems to have been presented by him, as a new coin, to his second wife. It has her initials, E. B. scratched upon it, in letters very like Bunyan's.

What I value most in my little Museum, is a piece of Bunyan's original Pulpit, obtained for me from a Home Missionary, by my friends, the Rev. Mr. Holland, and Mr. Paul, Banker, of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire. The public will be almost reconciled to the breaking of this pulpit, when I inform them that "HOWARD, the Philanthropist, gave thirty pounds for it, and a new pulpit which cost him forty pounds." "At the same time, the benevolent Samuel Whitbread, Esq. gave towards the other improvements of Bunyan's Chapel 126*l.*, part of which was expended upon the Chandaliers."—*Kilpin and White's Notes.* Both Howard and Whitbread had pews in the Chapel, which still remain. Howard built also a small house, which is still perfect, by the side of the Chapel yard, for his accommodation on Sabbath. "In 1796, S. Whitbread, Esq. left 500*l* in the 3 per cents, as a bread-fund for ever to the poor of the congregation. His celebrated son raised the fund to 980*l.*, the sum which 500*l.* purchased in his time; and since then, the present representative of the family has renewed the bond, and pays the interest 29*l.* 8*s.* annually."—*Notes.* Thus the loss of the old Pulpit lead to the gain of the Poor, as well as to the improvement of the Chapel. What Howard did with it, I do not know. Mr. Hillyard has, however, a small Table, which was made from it; on which he places occasionally Bunyan's Cup. That cup is a beautiful curiosity, and of exquisite workmanship. It seems, from the splendour of the colours, and the chasteness of both the form and ornaments, to be of foreign manufacture. It will hold about a pint; and tradition says, that Bunyan's *broth* was brought to chapel in it, for his Sunday's dinner in the vestry.

There is one fact in the history of Bunyan's Chapel, which illustrates the progress of public opinion. In 1806, the Magistrates allowed the County Hall to be *licensed* as a place of worship for the Rev. S. Hillyard and his Congregation, whilst the Chapel was shut up for repairs. Such was the influence of Bunyan's fame; of Howard's and Whitbread's example; and of the character of the Pastor and his flock! This fact speaks volumes, as well as redeems the character of Bedford.

The traditions about Bunyan's Prison are somewhat contradictory. Some of them place him in the Town Jail, and others in the County Jail; and he may have been in both. The traditions in favour of the former, which stood on the old

Bridge, are, however, the most numerous and consistent. Grose has preserved drawings of that Jail, which show at a glance that it is large enough to contain many prisoners, and strong enough to keep them. Bunyan's Prison Thoughts, also, agree best with the scenery from the Bridge. In like manner, it is well known to many that the late venerable and Reverend Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnell, the friend of Cowper and Newton, always paused as he crossed the Bridge, to pay homage to the memory of John Bunyan. Mr. Kilpin of Bedford was with Mr. Bull on one of these occasions, and well remembers his solemn pause, and his sublime exclamations. I have, therefore, leaned to the traditions which run in the *best* channels, in placing Bunyan in the Bridge-Jail.

Mr. Bull, and many of his contemporaries, always believed that the original of Bunyan's Slough of Despond, was a *bog* on the road from Bedford to Newport Pagnell. This may be true; but I know some who find it in *Stowe's* description of *old* Moorfields. The fact is, any part of the Bedford Level, in Bunyan's time, would have furnished him with an emblem of David's "fearful pit, and miry clay." It is more difficult to find out the *originals* of the Delectable Mountains and the Hill Difficulty, in any of the scenery of Bunyan's circuits.

I have been unable to identify the spot in the lilied Ouse, where Bunyan was baptized. It may have been the well-known spot, where his successors administered baptism, until a Baptistry was introduced into his Chapel. The old Table over that Baptistry is an extraordinary piece of furniture, which for size and strength might have been the banquet-table of a Baronial Hall. It is evidently older than even the original Chapel.

There is a Tablet in the wall of the burying ground, to the memory of Hannah Bunyan, a great grand-child of Bunyan's, who died in 1770, aged 76 years. I could not find out where either his first or second wife was buried. His Elizabeth died in 1691, just as Doe had published his Folio; and thus "soon followed her faithful Pilgrim," says a contemporary, "to dwell in the Celestial City in the presence of her King and her husband for ever." His son, Thomas, was a *preacher* at that time; but he never acquired any notoriety, although he was much respected. Bunyan's *blind* Mary; for whom he feared so much, and whom he loved so deeply, died some years before himself. Nothing is known of John, Joseph, Sarah, or Elizabeth, unless we suppose that Cristiana's children sym-

bolize his own family: which is highly probable. Mr. Ivimey thinks that Bunyan intended a Third Part of the Pilgrim's Progress, to embrace their history. He founds this conjecture upon a passage at the end of the Second Part. Bunyan says there, that "Cristiana's children are yet alive, and so would be for the *increase* of the Church in the place where they were." This proves that he thought well of them, on the whole. There seems, however, to have been some *doubts* in his mind, as to their decision: for he adds, "I may give an account of what I am now *silent* about. Meantime, I bid my readers, Adieu!"

None of Bunyan's descendants are now known in England. Thirty years ago, I knew some Antiburgher Ministers in Scotland of the same name; one of whom was not unlike the best portraits of Bunyan: but as there were no Baptists amongst the Scotch Bunyan's then, and none of *any* name in that quarter of the country until then, it is not likely that the family sprung from the Pilgrim. Of the spots consecrated by Bunyan's memory, is the "dell in the dark wood near Hitchin," where he often preached at midnight; and the chimney-corner of a cottage, where he found shelter. A thousand people, it is said, have assembled there to hear him. The venerable Mr. Geard, A. M. of Hitchin, told me, that Bunyan was once at a conference of Ministers there, when Paul's *groans* of the creation were discussed, (Rom. viii. 19;) but he would only say with Luther, "The Scriptures are wiser than I. The meaning of this Scripture, I could never find out." Mr. Ivimey says, justly, "what a reproof to conceited and dogmatical interpreters!" Bunyan could reprove even Biblical Critics. Charles Doe says, "A scholar overtook him near Cambridge, and asked him, how dare you preach, seeing you have not the *Original*, (Scriptures,) being no scholar? Then, said Mr. Bunyan, have *you* the original? Yes, said the scholar. Nay but, said Mr. Bunyan, have you the very *self-same* copies that were written by the Penmen of the Scriptures? No, said the scholar; but we have *true* copies of them. How do you *know* that? said Mr. Bunyan. How, said the scholar: why, we *believe* what we have is a true copy of the original. Then said Mr. Bunyan,—so do I believe our English Bible to be a *true* copy of the original. So, away rid the scholar!" *Doe's Circular.*

Doe adds, "I once asked him his opinion on a *common* religious point, and offered my opinion for the general of it:

but he answered,—that where Scripture is *silent*, we ought to forbear our opinions; and so he *forebore* to affirm either for or against; the Scripture being altogether silent on this point." —*Ibid.*

I cannot part with Doe, without stating that he generally calls Bunyan, "Our Bunyan;" and triumphs in the assurance that "the Champion of our age" will be quoted in the Pulpit, "to future ages," thus,—"The Great Convert Bunyan, said so and so." Such facts may well excuse Doe's omission of some of Bunyan's works, in the List he drew up.

It is said by some, that the genius of Bunyan so awed that miscreant Foote, the player, that he uttered one of the most eloquent eulogiums on the Pilgrim's Progress, ever pronounced. This eulogium was once repeated to Robert Hall, at Cambridge; but he declared it to be "as much *above* Foote, as it was *unlike* Foote." I cannot repeat it; and, therefore, have no right to give an opinion. Very bad men, however, have said splendid things of the best. Foote felt,

"How *awful* Goodness is,"

in the presence of Whitefield; and may have felt the same when perusing the Pilgrim.

But I must bring this *gossip* to a close. The only *practical* joke of Bunyan's, I ever heard of, was played off upon one of his friends, who was a cooper. He saw, on passing his shop, some *tubs* piled one above another, and threw them down. "How now, master Bunyan," said the cooper, "what harm do the tubs to you?" "Friend," said Bunyan, "have you not heard, that every tub should stand on its *own* bottom?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

BUNYAN'S GENIUS.

BUNYAN is the Shakspeare of theology. Like the bard of Avon, he had no equal among his contemporaries, and has no rival among his successors. Indeed no one thinks now of disputing the palm with Shakspeare and Bunyan: it is distinction enough for *modern* ambition to be critically acquainted with their peculiar excellences, and feelingly alive to their characteristic beauties.

It is a singular fact, that while philosophers may be found, who think themselves qualified to improve upon *Newton*, neither the poets of the present age presume to vie with Shakspeare, nor the moralists to *imitate* Bunyan. Had the author of the Pilgrim's Progress "placed cherubim and a flaming sword" over the gates of ALLEGORY, it could not have been more effectually guarded, than it has been by his own *success;* that has planted in every bosom a living conviction of his lasting superiority in this department of literature. He has so endeared his name by the work which dignifies it, that the bare idea of "*another* pilgrim" is painful. Perhaps no one ever wished for a *second*, so completely is "the eye satisfied with seeing, and the ear with hearing" the *first*. Were an appeal made to the public at large upon this subject, their reply might be confidently anticipated to be:—"What can the man do who cometh after the king?" This is true fame, and it must be *eternal*, because Pilgrim embodies in himself, not the accidental, nor the occasional feelings of our nature, but the hereditary and essential ones. His soul is composed of portions from the spirits of all men. Were it possible to concentrate in one being the souls of mankind, so that they should form but a *single consciousness*, Pilgrim would be a correct miniature of the whole; for he is not an *individual* of our species; he is any man, and every man, by whom Christianity

has been, is, or will be felt. So long, therefore, as nature and grace remain the same, the fame of Bunyan is deathless: nothing short of a change in our species, from human to angelic, or to infernal, could destroy the interest of the Pilgrim's Progress; and even then, it would be interesting as the representative of a race which *had* been.

Upon the supposition, that any sinless world is ignorant of the moral process by which man is "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," this book, of all others, is best adapted to furnish the inhabitants of that world with information, and to interest them in our success. They could not mistake the generic character and condition of the human race, after reading it. This is more than could be said, either of *Doddridge's Rise and Progress*, or of *Hall's Zion's Traveller*, characteristic as these excellent works are. They are, indeed, better adapted than the Pilgrim to teach *us* the sober realities of personal religion; but both would leave a superior order of beings at a loss what to think of us; and for this reason;—the ordinary business of life is not sufficiently connected with the practice of godliness, to show the whole character of a Christian. In these books he is seen only in the closet, or in the sanctuary,—upon his knees, or in his chair; and his mind exhibited only while wrought upon by its *own*, or divine influence; and not as it is affected by public intercourse and conversation; whereas, Bunyan's Christian moves over the whole platform of real life,—fills up every hour of the day,—and never disappears from morning till night. We are even made partners in his dreams, as well as companions of his walks. Not so with the Christian of Doddridge: we are only admitted into his company during the brief periods of retirement and devotion. We lose sight of him entirely until "the hour of prayer" return, and can only conjecture how he has been employed in the interval, by the cast of his next meditations. Owing to this, Doddridge's Rise and Progress would only exhibit to the inhabitants of another world, "*the inner man*" of a Christian; whereas Bunyan's Pilgrim would make them familiar with both the *outward and inner man* at once. This contrast will account, in some measure, for the superior interest excited in his behalf: he is ever before us.

The world and the church have done justice, long ago, to the genius of Bunyan. He has obtained already, all the heart-homage which can be paid to an author, and stands in no need

either of a vindicator or an eulogist. The monument of his fame has not been built with hands; but, like the typic stone of Daniel, "it has become a great mountain," by natural and unaided growth. For, with the exception of *Cowper*, no one has formally aided the triumph of Bunyan. He has had commentators, indeed; so have the Cartoons of Raphael; but both had gained the applause of the world before their beauties were pointed out by a critical wand:—like the sun, they revealed themselves by their own light, and reached their meridian tabernacle by "horses" of their own "fire." This is more than can be said of Shakspeare or of Milton. Indeed, judging from the efforts *still* making in *their* behalf, by lecturers or critics, one is tempted to suspect, that their admirers have a lurking fear, lest their favourite poets should sink in public estimation. Granting, however, that the only motive which influences modern critics, is, to do justice to our national poets, by acquainting every one with their beauties; surely the writings which can dispense even with this labour of love, and herald themselves into general notice and admiration, must be of no ordinary character,—must have a charm peculiar to themselves. It would be worse than foolish to say, that critics do not think Bunyan *worth* analyzing: perhaps they do not; but the world think him worth reading and quoting; and he has gained, without assistance, both the kind and the degree of homage, which it is the object of criticism to exact for the poets. If it be "true fame to find his work in every cottage window," Bunyan has it:—his Pilgrim's Progress is an *heir-loom* in every family who read any thing. It is, therefore, in vain to insinuate the charge of fanaticism or cant against Bunyan; for, could it be substantiated from the very pages of his Pilgrim, it would only render his triumph more singular, because it would show, that his beauties are such, as not even his own hand could tarnish, nor his own foibles depreciate. Indeed, the more defects that ignorance and impertinence impute to the author, the more astonishing is his success, which, it seems, nothing can hinder.

The grand distinguishing characteristic between Bunyan and every other writer is, that almost all his admirers were made so whilst but *children*. No other genius, as yet, has had this fascination,—no other work beside the Pilgrim, this fame. The works which have immortalized others are, without exception, such as childhood can neither relish nor comprehend. Their chief merit is, that they amply gratify the maturity of

intellect required to grasp them; that they come up to, and exceed, the expectations of cultivated and expanded minds; that they fill the arms of ambition to the utmost. But, whilst "they have depths for the *elephant* to swim in," they have "no shallows in which the *lamb* can wade;" whereas, the Pilgrim is so constructed, as not only to interest minds of every age and order, but the very things which are "*milk for babes*," are actually "*strong meat*" to the same persons, when they become *men*. What is admired as *history*, in childhood, is admired as a *mystery* in youth; what is admired as ingenuity in manhood, is loved as experience in old age. The successive *phases* of our minds are, to the materials of the Pilgrim, what the *reflectors* of the kaleidoscope are to the motley cabinet of atoms,—every revolution varies the figure, but none exhausts our curiosity; the last view is as fascinating as the first. The eye of childhood, and of old age, is equally dazzled and delighted by the same objects.

The annals of literature furnish no parallel to this fact. The Cyrus of Zenophon comes nearest to it; for it would be difficult to conceive how a school-boy could cease to feel interested, when he became a man, in the enchanting simplicity of that narrative. But still the interest is of an inferior kind, —rather intellectual than moral; rather literary than either. Whereas, the Pilgrim actually exercises the maturity of those minds it engaged in youth; and what was read for pleasure during many years, is read and remembered in the evening of life, both for pleasure and edification. This feature in the genius of Bunyan will become more familiar by a reference to works better known than the Cyropædia. The books which please us in childhood are in general "*childish things*," which we "put away" when we become men; or, if we ever recur to them in after life, it is to wonder at the trifles which interested us in early life. Even Watts' Divine Songs, although they do not *sink* in our estimation as we advance in years, do not *rise* in it, *upon our own account*. In regard to our own improvement, they are thrown aside, in common with real trifles, or brought into notice only for the sake of children. *We* expect to learn nothing from them by continued study. How different from all this is the growing interest we feel in Bunyan's Pilgrim! In childhood, we sit, as it were, on Christiana's knee, listening to the tale of his

"Hair-breadth escapes
By flood and field."

In youth we join him upon his perilous journey, to obtain directions for our own intended pilgrimage in the narrow way. Before manhood is matured, we know experimentally that the Slough of Despond, and Doubting Castle are no fictions. And even in old age, Christians are more than ever convinced of the heights, and depths, and breadths, and lengths of Bunyan's spiritual wisdom. The faltering tongue of decrepitude utters, as sage maxims, the very things it had lisped as amusing narrative; and we gravely utter, as *counsel* to the young, what we prattled, as *curious*, to our parents.

The writer is aware, that he dwells, even to repetition, upon this characteristic of Bunyan's genius: he does so intentionally, because the same things never have been said, nor can be said, of any uninspired author. He is the rainbow of experience, fascinating for ever. And these unparalleled excellences are the more remarkable, from their being almost *unconsciously* produced by their author. They are not the result of design on his part,—not the fillings-up of a studied plan; but the very *unity* of the narrative arises more from the nature of the subject, than from the intention of the writer. We are indebted to Bunyan himself for our knowledge of this; otherwise we should have given him credit for an acquaintance with the rules of Aristotle, so rigidly does he adhere throughout to the unities of epic poetry. The following is his own account of the origin and progress of his great work:

> "When at first I took my pen in hand,
> Thus for to write, I did *not* understand
> That I at all should make a little book
> *In such a mode:* nay, I had undertook
> To make *another*, which, when almost done,
> *Before I was aware*, I this begun."

There is no reason to question the truth of this account; for, to say nothing of the integrity of the author, it accords with the experience of every writer in whom imagination is predominant. A modern critic has said of the Germans, that "they do not sit down to write because they are full of a subject, and therefore *must* write, but because they are of opinion that *much* may be made of it." Now if by this remark, he intends to insinuate that Spenser was "*full*" of the Fairy Queen; or Milton "*full*" of the Paradise Lost, or Shakspeare of his historical tragedies, the assertion is more than questionable: it contradicts the recorded

acknowledgments of these writers, and is at variance with the consciousness of every man who has composed a poem of any length. Indeed it is not in the nature of genius to sketch an *outline* of intended creations, and then to work by that plan. She must, of course, have some indefinite idea of the object she proposes to herself; but, instead of sitting down, like an apothecary, to make up a given prescription by weight and measure, genius produces unity and effect, owing to one happy thought suggesting another, and to the harmony which subsists among natural truths. This is not, however, the place in which to amplify this opinion, nor to confirm it by any facts, except the one before us;—the confession of Bunyan. Now, the unity and effect of the Pilgrim are strictly epic, and yet he was unconscious of any such design at the outset.

> "And thus it was: I writing of the way
> And race of saints in this our gospel day,
> Fell *suddenly* into an allegory
> About their journey, and the way to glory,
> In more than twenty things, which I set down.
> This done, I twenty *more* had in my crown;
> And they again began to *multiply*,
> Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly."

This frank and familiar account of the Pilgrim's origin and growth, explains the true secret of its perfection as a whole, and enables us to determine with certainty to what class of genius Bunyan belongs.

These remarks formed the first chapter of this Work in 1818, and were published then in the Congregational Magazine, in order to pledge myself and tempt others, to investigate the scattered Remains and floating Traditions of Bunyan: I am not accountable, therefore, for any resemblance which these hints bear to criticisms of a later date. Bunyan's *critic*, indeed, is not yet born. After all that has been written in compliment and illustration of the Pilgrim's Progress, it is still what Dr. Radcliffe called it, "A Phœnix in a *Cage*." The progress, however, of both critical and popular opinion in regard to it, would form an instructive chapter: and that, I intend to present in my Standard Edition of the Work. Not that Bunyan needs "letters of commendation" from the critics, or to the public; but that it may be seen at a glance, how

minds of all orders, and men of all parties, have assimilated around this magnetic centre of unity. There are, indeed, exceptions to this rule; but they are few, and all pitiable or contemptible. Dr. Towers, of the Biographia Britannica, is one of them; and a writer in the Penny Cyclopædia another. This is the place, therefore, in which to embalm these *Bats*, for the inspection of posterity: and that will be best done, perhaps, by applying to them what Dr. Johnson said, with less reason, to Bishop Percy's little daughter. The Philosopher took the child upon his knee, and asked her how she liked the Pilgrim's Progress. She said that she had not read it. "No!" said the Doctor, "then I would not give *one farthing* for you." He set her down, and took no further notice of her. Johnson's own opinion will give weight to this *new* application of his censure. "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," he says, "has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story: and it has had the best evidence of its merit;—the general and continued approbation of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale. It is remarkable, that it begins very much like the poem of Dante: yet there was no translation of Dante when Bunyan wrote. There is reason to think he had read Spenser."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, p. 243.

I have thus done whatever I could, to collect and embody the Remains of John Bunyan: and now, on closing this volume, I claim, as a *right*, to be judged by the fact, that nearly a century and a half intervened between me and my subject; and that I have had to write at a time when it is unusually difficult to hold the balance between Churchmen and Dissenters, firmly or fairly. If I have ever confounded tradition with truth, or misrepresented any party, I have not done so wittingly. I might, certainly, have thrown more doubts upon Bishop Barlow's claims to the gratitude of posterity, for the release of Bunyan. Anthony Wood, as well as John Howe, rebuked his spirit; and his own Letter to his Clergy in 1684, both enforces and justifies the persecution of Dissenters, as wise and necessary to "bring them to a sense of their duty, by the blessing of God; for that, *afflictio dat intellectum!*" *Remains*, p. 642. This is infamous: but still, time-server as he was, even Wood proves that he had *fits* of moderation. He alternately loved and hated James II.; and thus may have pitied Bunyan. I know of no other questionable tradition in the volume; except that about Farry, the lawyer, defrauding

a widow. In that, he seems confounded with *Yarrow*, a lawyer of Ampthill, who was hung for robbing Farry's own widow.—*Geard's Notes.*

I close this Work, just as the venerable Mr. Geard, of Hitchin, has joined Bunyan in heaven. If any thing *new* be ever added to the Traditions, it will be from his papers.

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